

*Voice and Action*

# Cornell University Library

BOUGHT WITH THE INCOME  
FROM THE  
SAGE ENDOWMENT FUND  
THE GIFT OF  
**Henry W. Sage**  
1891

A.94999

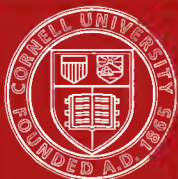
7/7/96

Cornell University Library  
arV14398

A new and practical system of the cultur



3 1924 031 321 122  
olin,anx



Cornell University  
Library

The original of this book is in  
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in  
the United States on the use of the text.





New and Practical System

OF THE CULTURE OF

# VOICE AND ACTION,

AND A COMPLETE ANALYSIS OF

THE HUMAN PASSIONS,

WITH AN

APPENDIX OF READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

DESIGNED FOR

PUBLIC SPEAKERS, TEACHERS, AND STUDENTS,

BY

PROF. J. E. FROBISHER.

DIRECTOR OF THE COLLEGE OF ORATORY AND ACTING, NEW YORK.

IMPROVED EDITION.

---

EARNEST EXPRESSION : NOT DELICATE DECLAMATION.

---

IVISON, BLAKEMAN & COMPANY,  
*PUBLISHERS,*  
NEW YORK AND CHICAGO.

---

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by  
IVISON, PHINNEY, BLAKEMAN, & CO.,  
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States,  
for the Southern District of New York.

---



## P R E F A C E.

---

HAVING been professionally engaged a number of years, as a Reader in Public, and also as a Teacher of Elocution in New York, I have frequently been consulted with reference to various works upon the subject. When a thorough investigation, a complete analysis was desired, I have heartily recommended "THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE HUMAN VOICE," by Dr. RUSH; otherwise, I have suggested different text-books, according to the intentions of those making the inquiries.

At times, in the latter case, I have had misgivings as to the results of my advice; for, in none of the lesser works I have recommended, would *all* the means of vocal expression sufficiently correspond in style to those I inculcated, and it seemed to be the FORM alone that many persons PARTICULARLY desired.

Furthermore, I have needed a manual by which instruction, in a method which I claim in many respects to be new in its plan and arrangement, could be imparted more reliably than by oral means alone. I have, therefore, prepared this volume, as an *improvement* upon my former efforts, the last published five years ago, which I now send forth to accomplish what it may in the furtherance of the noble art of reading and speaking *well*.

In the following treatise I have inserted, occasionally, quotations from authors on art and painting, as well as elocu-

tion; but as, in many instances, I have *very considerably changed* their *phraseology* to adapt them to *my meaning*, I have omitted entirely the usual punctuative marks, which, if used, would be variously scattered throughout, as well as placed at the sides of the pages, and thus tend to disfigure their typographical appearance.

I have borrowed incidentally another's vehicle, making the necessary alterations, to transmit my own impressions at a smaller sacrifice of time than by contriving a means altogether original.

If the critic chooses, however, to be captious and illiberal with such an arrangement he may be so at his pleasure. With the more indulgent of mankind I sincerely hope my intentions will justify the course I have pursued.

I have drawn from numerous sources, but my chief inspiration is due to a thorough, laborious study of "*The Philosophy*" of Dr. Rush. Many of the *illustrations*, though in a *form of my own*, are from the above-mentioned work.

In the *practical* part of this system I have so *enlarged* upon the elements, and *mechanized* the examples, that many will doubtless pass a *hasty* judgment upon its efficacy. My *own observation* and *daily experience* satisfies me, however, that the art of elocution can be *successfully* taught *only* in some such manner as I herein suggest. I also feel satisfied that a CAREFUL STUDY and TRIAL of this system, not a MERE PERUSAL, will induce others to believe as I do.

Speaking is an ART; and in ONE sense ALL arts are *mechanical*. They have all SEEMINGLY arbitrary principles, or laws. Music, Painting, and Sculpture, have an infinitude of details; and there is no reason whatever why Elocution should be exempt from some such similar restraints, or limits, which do not ENFEEBLE art by this necessary restriction, but GUIDE

and IMPEL it in the proper direction only to INCREASE its NATURAL tendencies.

In this method I have simply done what the conjoined experiments of voice, ear, and eye, have suggested to be the BEST means of showing OTHERS how to practice by *analysis*, instead of relying on mere impulse and INSTINCTIVE unguided effort. To be sure, I have multiplied the combinations of principles in a great variety of ways, but if the student will remember that there are but FIVE great leading principles, and the object is to DEVELOPE them more successfully, he will not become alarmed at the abundance of means before him.

These FIVE principles, as enumerated by Dr. Rush, embrace EVERYTHING. They are as follows:—QUALITY, which includes the NATURAL, the FALSETTE, the WHISPERING, and the OROTUND VOICES; FORCE, which comprehends the different *stresses* &c.; QUANTITY, which refers to the TIME of syllables and PAUSES in discourse; ABRUPTNESS, the STACCATO of speech, which differs essentially from slow or rapid time; and PITCH, to which belong the SKIPS, SLIDES, and WAVES, of whole tones and semitones.

The great trouble of studying Elocution without the living teacher arises, principally, from the novitiate MISTAKING COMBINATIONS and the higher graces for the PRINCIPLES THEMSELVES, and thus becoming disheartened at the SEEMING amount of work before him. If *properly* pursued, Elocution becomes one of the most delightful of studies, and it is hoped that these pages may tend to prove it such.

The selections for reading and speaking, in the latter part of this Manual, were chosen, in most instances, because less frequently found in works of this kind. The author has only taken such old pieces, for practice with pupils, as he deemed necessary, and then endeavored, *as far as possible*, to add *new*

material, of a humorous as well as serious style, hoping thereby to suit a variety of tastes. How far he has succeeded in this attempt he leaves others to judge.

---

In this improved edition, besides important changes in the selections for reading and recitation, a number of physical exercises have been introduced, and also numerous corrections made in the practical portion relating to the cultivation of the voice.

---

Since the first issue of **VOICE AND ACTION** it has been supplemented by various lesser productions, such as the **SERIAL READINGS**, **BLOOD AND BREATH**, and **POPULAR RECITALS**. These are now to be followed by a much larger and more comprehensive work than all, embracing, in the aggregate, over fifteen years of labor and research, entitled **ACTING AND ORATORY**.

J. E. F.

NEW YORK, *January*, 1878.

# CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE.
<b>CULTURE OF THE VOICE.</b> —Public Speaking.—The Throat and Lungs how used.—Irritation of the Throat.—Energizing the Voice.—Healthy Lungs and Loud Speaking.—Voice for Distance.—Clear, Sonorous Sounds.—Capacity of the Lungs.—Retentive Breath.—Increase of Volume and Power.....	11
<b>THE SILENT PRACTICE.</b> —Inward Mental and Outward Physical Force.—Subdued Vocality.—Intense Will.—Vehement Gesticulation.—Pacing the Room.—To prevent straining.....	21
<b>EXPRESSION.</b> —Reality and Sensibility.—Earnest Orators, Delicate Declaimers.—Simplicity.—The Two Extremes.—Commiseration.—Artlessness in Vehemence.—Rapid Speech.—The Most Eloquent Manner.—Extraordinary Means.—The Display of Self.....	22
<b>READING.</b> — Dramatic, Theatrical.—Far-Fetched Expression.—Familiar Conversation.—Defects and Excellencies.—The Voice in Public.—Another's Opinion.—Reasoning out the Language.—The Ruling Passion; Prevailing Sentiment.....	29
<b>READING OF POETRY.</b> —Pausing. — Sing-Song. — Dwelling on Rhymes.—Blank Verse.....	32
<b>PERSONATION.</b> —Changing the Voice.—The Face and Chest.—Analysis of Characters.—Peculiarities of Expression.—Two or more persons.—Humorous styles.—Garrick, Webster, Clay.—The Most Successful.—To be a Well-Balanced Orator.....	32
<b>ACTION.</b> —Awkward Attitudes.—Retention of Expression, Attitude and Action.—The Graces of Gesture.—The Habits of Students.—Different Styles.—Dropping Gestures.—Alternating.—Watching Children.—The Hawk and Eagle.....	36

	PAGE
THE PASSIONS.—Developed and Trained.—To Counteract Exaggeration.—The Greatest Effects.—Servile Copying.—The Eloquence of a look.—Highly Intensive States.—Imitation.—Orators and Actors.....	40
THE FEATURES.—The Eyes, the Eye-Brows, the Nose, the Mouth, and lips.....	44
THE GREAT MASTERS.—The Great Orators and Actors.—The Stage.—Mrs. Siddons.—Edmund Kean.—The Elder Booth...	45
HABITS OF THE ORATOR.—Smoking and Chewing.—The Food.—Speaking after Eating.—The Teeth.—The Clothing.—The Muscles of the Throat.—Clergymen.—Things to Improve the Voice.—Hoarseness.—Nostrils.—Drinking Water.....	48
ESPECIALLY FOR STUDENTS.—Going on to the Stage.—Bowling.—The Correct Way.—Commencing.—Reading an Essay.—Reasons for Gestures.—The Method of Study.—After an Oration is Committed.— <i>Prompting, on Public Occasions</i> .....	50
GENERAL DIRECTIONS.—Beginning.—Feeling at Ease.—The Way to Acquire Assurance.—The Manner of Looking at an Audience.—Changing position.—A <i>Listening</i> Audience.—Unconscious Breathing.....	54
SHORT HINTS.—Reading and Feeling.—Declaiming and Talking.—Force and Rant.—Suppressed Power.—Concentration.—Beauties of Delivery.....	57
PRACTICAL ELOCUTION.—BREATHING.—Inner Lining and Muscles of the Throat.—Method of Breathing.—Dizziness.—Time Occupied in Breathing.—Expansion of the Lungs.—Elasticity of the Chest.— <i>Breathing Through the Nostrils</i> .—Audible; Forcible Breathing.—Sighing, Gasping, Panting.—The Loud Whisper.....	59
ARTICULATION.—Method of Practice.— <i>Pure Tone</i> .—All the difficult Combinations.....	61
FORCE.—Nine Degrees.—The Stresses.....	88
PITCH.—Singing and Speaking.—Skips, Slides, Waves.—Questions and Answers.—High Notes.—Conversation, Public	

	PAGE.
Speaking, Drawing and Monotony.—Radical and Vanishing Movement.—Modulation and Melody.—The Six Cadences.—Intonation at Pauses.....	87
TIME.—Quantity.—Pausing.—Supplying the Lungs.—Rules for Pausing.—Rythmus.....	100
EXPRESSION.—Quality.—Tones.—The Natural, Orotund, Falsette and Whispering Voices.....	104
GROUPING OF SPEECH AND EMPHASIS.—Syllables.....	105
INTONATION.— <i>Expressive Intonation</i> .....	107
ACTION AND GESTURE.—Six Gestures.—The Fingers, Palm, Arms,—Motion, Direction, Manner.—The Face, Feet.—Explanations.—Examples.....	108
THE PASSIONS.—A Graduated Scale.—A Complete Analysis of the Passions.—With Examples.....	123
READINGS FOR PRACTICE.....	142
THE POCKET GYMNASIUM.—Exercises.....	162
FREE EXERCISES.....	170

## SELECTIONS.

The Devil and the Lawyers.....	171
Very Dark.....	172
Pat and the Pig.....	173
The Old Man Dreams.....	O. W. Holmes. 174
Popping Corn.....	175
The Battle.....	Geo. W. Birdseye. 177
The Birth of Erin.....	180
Metaphysics.....	182
E Pluribus Unum.....	185
<i>A Scene in Ventriloquism</i> .....	186
The Old Chapel Bell.....	John G. Saxe. 190
The Frenchman and the Flea Powder.....	193
Pat and his Musket.....	194
Mulrooney.....	195

Early Rising.....	John G. Saxe.	196
Human Dominion..		198
Supposing.....		199
The Cavalry Charge.....		199
The First and Last Dinner.....		201
<i>Mary Stuart.—Scene from.</i> .....		204
Cromwell and Charles I.....		208
The Creation of Man.....		210
White Devil.....		211
Aunt Tabitha.....		214
The Last Redoubt.....		215
Zara's Earrings.....		217
Sir Huon and the Sultan.....		218
The Pipe.....		221
Uncle's Love-Life.....		222
Roland Gray.....		226
The Beggar and his Dog.....		228
Leedle Yawcob Strauss.....		230
The Face against the Pane.....		231
Love and Latin.....		234
Sebastian Gomez.....		235
Killed at the Ford.....		238
Paso Del Mar.....		240
A Categorical Courtship.....		242
Mutual Assistance.....		243
The Courtin'.....	J. R. Lowell.	244
Jonteel Homme.....		246
Billy and Betty.....		248
The Clearin'.....		250
Love came Flying in at the Window.....		253
Swerting's Revenge .....		255
Psalm 137th.....		257
Slain at Sadowa. ....		257
Children in the Moon.....		259
Maud and Madge.....		260
Classes—Readings. ....		263
Testimonials.....		263



## CULTURE OF THE VOICE.

---

To one who has paid but little attention to the subject the study of Elocution seems to be a great undertaking. Much has been said, and many panegyrics have been pronounced upon the art ; indeed a vast amount has been written also upon the necessity of study and practice of elementary elocution in order to become a good reader or speaker ; and yet all that has been said and written, in both ancient and modern times, can be condensed into the very concise and limited expression—**BE NATURAL.**

Nature is harmonious, and, being governed by immutable laws, produces only sweet concords of sound and motion. When these laws are violated, discord is the inevitable result. This holds good—particularly so—in human speech. Man, when closeted from active life, engaged in the depths of philosophic pursuits and studies, becomes a passive receptacle of thought. He thus perverts and violates Nature's laws by the expansion of his mental, at the sacrifice of his vocal and physical powers.

Public speaking should be energetic in its character. The larger public spaces are to be filled with a fulness and strength of voice that comes from a more than mere every-day conversational power of expression ; and unless persons have already this character of voice, they must of *necessity*, by an elementary and persistent thorough practice, *tone up* their vocal organs requisite

to the demand, prior to any considerable effort in the use of them, or *failure will be inevitable*. Articulate words, to be heard agreeably by an audience, must be well filled and made round, with air expelled from strong, active lungs. It behooves us, therefore, in the first place, to see that the breathing apparatus is in good working order. To regulate this portion, and to see that it works easily and appropriately, should be our first effort toward improvement in this noble art. By training our lungs so that we can breathe deeply and thoroughly, and fill the very lowest air-cells in them, and thus speak with the *whole*, as it were, of ourselves and not simply with the lips and throat, we shall experience none of those distressing feelings which so harass the larger portion of our public speakers, in the shape of bronchitis and other annoying throat-diseases. The *throat* should very *rarely be used other than as an extended or widened passage*, straight in its direction, for breath to come up from the lungs, and thus be made a *secondary* instrument in forming articulate expression of our thoughts.

All *irritation* of the throat, as far as regards its use in public speaking, arises from the comparative *exclusiveness* of its employment, and thus making it do nearly all the work, when it should be used *merely* as an assistant.

This straining the throat, instead of energizing the voice, proves the ruin and misery of many who might, under proper cultivation, become celebrated among the gifted.

The lungs are the great means ; the throat, mouth, tongue, teeth, lips, and even the nose, only assist in forming that wonderful feature, the human voice. They would all work with comparative ease and comfort to their individual owners, from the first beam of intelli-

gence upon infantile mind, even into advanced age, were they not cramped by enervating, artificial habits. The atmosphere of ill-ventilated, over-heated school-rooms, dwellings, churches, places of business, public halls, colleges, and, in short, all sedentary pursuits, have the strongest tendency to weaken the lungs and prevent their proper action. The air breathed in such places, and under such circumstances, becomes greatly insufficient and impure ; the lack of exercise also lessens the animal heat of the body, and artificial heat is supplied and kept in the rooms with *closed doors and windows*, till it is breathed *over and over again*, and rendered fearfully poisonous and totally unfit for further use.

This weakens all parts of the system, but chiefly the lungs, and the muscles, membranes, and delicate linings of the throat. These lose their vigor, and become doubly susceptible to the slightest chafing.

Now the sooner a person learns to breathe, and learns that the air must be fresh and pure, the sooner he will feel what it is to have sound lungs and throat, and furthermore, what it is to speak at least with ease and comfort, if not with skill and elegance.

In order that the lungs and vocal apparatus may be strengthened correctly, they should first be exercised independently of language, by a series of vocal gymnastic exercises.

But, even with healthy lungs and a strong voice, there is great liability to mismanagement of the vocal powers in loud speaking ; for, when uncultivated, the voice seems inclined naturally, when energetically used, to rise to a high and piercing pitch in vociferation, making the effort extremely painful to the speaker and unpleasant to the hearer. This manner of speaking tears the sides of the throat, producing inflammation and bronchitis. In the immediate exercise it over-exhausts

the air from the lungs, causing an inward pressure and sinking of the chest, which gives rise to sharp, acute pains.

Those who speak from *pure excitement* alone, *especially novices* in the art, are most likely to affect this style. They lose all command of the voice, and make sad havoc of themselves by the *very powers* which, if cultivated to the necessary standard, would prove wonderfully effective.

How many clergymen do we see that have broken themselves down by an improper management of the lungs and voice! They have struggled on in the violence of their excitement until they have prematurely ruined themselves. By a just application of principles, they could have controlled their voices at pleasure, and made them subserve any reasonable and satisfactory demand.

Many a voice is said to be feeble because it is formed in the throat, with the least perceptible assistance of the lungs, and an improper use is made of the vocal organs. At the very time such a voice may be strong, but its power is smothered by erroneous application of means.

Demosthenes, whose voice was weak, whose articulation was defective, by a course of systematic training such as few have ever subjected themselves to, demonstrated that the practical application of the principles of this art can be learned. Cicero, even after he had attained to some eminence as a pleader, his voice being harsh, and as in high excitement he rose to a high pitch, fearing he might strain himself, applied to teachers, and even went to Asia and other places, to hear the best, and receive further instruction. The ancient orators thought the culture of the voice the matter of first importance.

Curran cultivated his powers with the utmost assiduity. His voice and utterance were naturally shrill and impeded; or, as he remarked, *in a state of nature*. He daily read aloud, slowly and distinctly, and studiously observed and imitated skilful speakers. The success of this exercise was so complete that his greatest excellencies were the clearness of his articulation and a graduated intonation. His person was without grace or dignity, short and ill-proportioned, and to conceal these *deficiencies* he practised continually before a mirror to acquire the proper *action*. He debated questions alone, as if he were before the club. He declaimed from Junius, Milton, Shakspeare and others. By industry he rose to eminence.

Dr. Rush says, few persons are aware of the influence that loud speaking or vociferation has on the quality of the voice. It is one of the artificial modes of producing the orotund. It takes the voice from its meagre mincing about the lips, and transfers it, at least in semblance, to the back of the mouth, or to the throat. It imparts a grave fulness to its quality; and, by creating a strength of organ, gives confidence to the speaker in his more forcible efforts, and an unhesitating facility in all the moderate exertions of speech.

When the mind is prepared by elementary and by systematic practice, the feeling which prompts expression will find the confirmed and pliant organ ready to effect a satisfactory and elegant accomplishment of its designs.

The organs of speech are capable of a certain range of exertion. To fulfil all the demands of a complete Elocution, they should be carried to the full extent of that capability. No one can read correctly or with elegance, if he does not both understand and feel what

he utters. But these are not exclusively the means of success. Sense and feeling must have a well-tempered material in the voice.

In speaking of the mental requisites for good reading, we must not overlook our frequent neglect to discriminate between strong feelings and delicate ones.

The mind, or nervous temperament, must furnish the design of Elocution; the ear must watch over the lines and coloring of its expression.

An ability to measure nicely the time, force, and pitch of sounds, is indispensable to the higher excellencies of speech. It is impossible to say how much of the musical ear, properly so called, is the result of cultivation.

The voice, for public speaking, must be **LARGER** than for conversation, and be properly proportioned. In illustration, to a certain extent, might be cited the story of the statues. A large public edifice required a statue as the crowning piece upon its loftiest tower high above the rest of its architectural designs. Orders were issued that the various sculptors of the country might compete in furnishing an appropriate figure. The day appointed at length arrived, and among the rest was a huge, rough, but well-proportioned statue, giant-like in size, which was not only rejected by the judges without deliberation, but was the ridicule of all.

The finest and most suitable of the others was then selected; it was raised aloft to the tower, but it was too small to be in keeping with the great height, and its polished surface so reflected the rays of the sun as to make it an undistinguishable mass of stone.

It was lowered to the ground, and after some hesitation it was decided at last to try the large one so rudely rejected. To the surprise of all it was none too

large, and its roughness only served to absorb the glare of the sun and to give a just and agreeable reflection to the eyes of those who gazed upon it.

Thus it is with public speaking; an ordinary voice is too small. Distance and large spaces require a large voice. As regards the application of the foregoing illustration, the voice has decidedly the advantage, for it can be cultivated to a strong sonorous condition, and be used with the utmost delicacy in conversation, and sound immeasurably richer than a puny voice, or it can be applied in the most energetic manner to public speaking, with equal facility. Its public exertion need not destroy its private delicacy.

The clear and robust sounds depend upon breathing gently; not forcing the breath, but sparing it, that the delicate muscles of the throat and palate may not be irritated, but become more elastic, and expand into an arch-like shape. Sounds are more sonorous and clear from the space they vibrate in. Thus knowing how to spare and make good use of the breath is of the greatest importance, as this gives the power of expanding and sustaining firm sounds, of sending forth the voice in the *most energetic or most delicate manner*, and so coloring every emotion the sense requires.

Sometimes early defective example places the student in a painful and embarrassing position. When his manner is formed, and the organs of speech are hardened into almost inflexible rigidity, he discovers something wrong. He then applies himself to the study of Elocution, in hope of effacing, in a few lessons, the habits, and acquiring, in a short time, the mastery of an art, which, from the union it requires of judgment, taste, and feeling with natural qualifications and mechanical skill, is, perhaps, surpassed by none in difficulty of acquisition. Discredit is thrown upon the

art, which properly belongs to the *artist*, at such a time.

He has, it is true, an arduous, though *not insuperable* task. He must retrograde and *begin* again. Let him labor steadily and perseveringly in private, but cast aside all attention to manner when in public. Let improvement be the gradual and unconscious result of previous practice. He should avoid all appearance of display, and of a puerile preference of the means to the great ends to be attained.

Elocution cannot be taught by *rules*. One is sure to employ the inflections of voice that are natural and suitable, the *shortest* and *easiest* way, if the voice is sufficiently *trained*, and the meaning *understood*. Aim *directly* at becoming a *good speaker*. When this end is attained, rules are needless.

ALL have the public voice but with most it is undeveloped. With such it requires faithful, systematic, long-continued practice.

A young man once applied to a celebrated vocalist for instruction. The agreement was that he would be received one year on condition that he would patiently, faithfully practise as he was directed. The instruction commenced on a plain but irksome exercise, which was repeated day after day without the least variation, except as to a rigid, exacting increase of skill in its execution. This continued for three, for six months, and then the pupil thought there would certainly be some change. But no; the entire year was exhausted on this one, simple, but all-efficient exercise. Now what?

The pupil agreed to another year, and to his surprise it was merely another feature for the entire twelve months. One more year of equal perseverance he was told would finish his instruction. To the utter



astonishment of the young man, another year passed with not even a new exercise, but a combination of those of the preceding years. Three years of toil had expired and he awaited the advice of the vocalist. He was told that he had received all that it was in the power of his teacher to impart as regarded the cultivation of his voice, and he was urged to go forth into the world and use it.

Thus it is with reading and speaking; the voice is first to be *formed*. It is to be strengthened by an *increased capacity* of the lungs, and an *acquired strong respiratory action*. Its thorough discipline must be mastered, from the *lightest whisper* to the *loudest shouting*; not with a view to actual use, but for securing a command over every degree of force and pliancy. Even in a few weeks a stentorian power can be imparted to a comparatively weak voice. This practice, if understood, is highly invigorating and enables a person to operate easily with either the lightest or the most energetic efforts.

When I speak of the capacity of the lungs, I do not mean a large chest simply, for the chest may be broad but the lungs may resemble the dried up meat of a filbert. Dumb-bells do not expand the lungs but merely enlarge their chamber. The only *true* means is by *systematic, artistic breathing*; and *hardening* the muscles around the neck by wearing the clothing sufficiently *loose* to allow the air to circulate freely around them.

It is absolutely necessary, before fluent and easy utterance, to have command over a greater quantity of air in the lungs, and to invigorate and brace up the muscles around the throat, to give them an expansive energy to admit and expel air to any degree of intensity whatever, without injurious effects.

To make speech sonorous and metallic in its character the sides must be practised to expand well with the head erect, the chest forward and the lungs kept filled. The lungs are like the bellows to an organ; for it will not emit full, musical sounds unless the bellows freely supply the air.

In reading even in a sitting posture never huddle up or bend over, but sit erect, and keep otherwise as near as possible to a standing posture.

Whether the voice is used as by a reader or not, those who value their lungs and vocal powers should attend particularly to the ventilation of their apartments, especially those in which they sleep. They should never sit or sleep in a room that is not *properly aired*. The author, even in mid winter has his windows lowered several inches, both day and night, or in some manner a door ajar, leading to another apartment or to a hall way, through which fresh air is constantly admitted.

The vocal organs become enervated and paralyzed for want of action, but a far *worse* fate awaits them if deprived of *pure air*, for then they become *diseased*.

When actually speaking do not mistake *loudness* for *intensity*. The one is merely voice or bellowing: the other is the meaning deeply imbued with the bright hues of feeling.

The orator may gesticulate with the desperation of a lunatic and shout loud enough to tear the welkin, but this is monstrous; all that is needed when the voice is strong, is earnestness. The practice of the voice is one thing; its application, very nearly another. The voice must be practised to its fullest capability to render it strong and flexible, but no one need to shout while actually speaking. He who vociferates at any time without judgment, will injure the vocal organs;

he who smothers the voice will be heard with difficulty. It must be clear and penetrating; every stroke of the voice should be perceived, every vibration instantly apprehended.

Pure, firm, decided tones are formed only on a full, retentive breath and by a quick opening of the mouth; like the foot promptly lifted as in marching without shuffling. Deep tones express our inmost feelings; and it is by a perfect control, a power to *economize* the breath, that great speakers hold audiences in breathless expectation, as they alarmingly but gradually increase the volume and deepen the tones of their voices, and then delicately diminish the power to almost a mere breathing expression.

When the student has at last learned the right way he will gladly leave the tones of conversation, when in public, and set utterance free from trammels, and urge it forth in broad emphatic speaking, the only style that sways and carries along an audience.

#### THE SILENT PRACTICE.

The best practice is in the open air; the next in a large hall or well-ventilated room. But if a person is so circumstanced as not to be able to practise aloud, without greatly annoying people, he can use a means, which I call the SILENT PRACTICE, by which the voice can be even skilfully improved. In this exercise he is to sufficiently intone the words to give them audibility, and by intense will and a determined inward mental and an outward physical force, *seem* to shout and gesticulate as if in the very depths of the forest or on the wild and lonely sea shore. It requires, however, rigid and exacting application; and thus effects nearly all that may be needed. Practice of this kind

cannot be heard even by those in an adjoining room, but great skill is necessary to prevent straining even by this method. The exercise must be *gradually* and not *directly* powerful, and yet be earnest enough in its character to produce the desired results.

To equalize and divide the labor with the voice, it is advisable to pace the room in a seemingly furious manner, to gesticulate freely and lustily, with the eyes full of fire and expression; and all this, even though the whole frame be excited to a glow of enthusiasm and animation, can be done without the least disturbance to others in the immediate vicinity.

If the room is well aired, and the person deeply inflates the lungs, and concentrates his mind on the purpose, it is impossible not to derive immense benefit.

Personal experience with pupils, has demonstrated that a radically weak voice can be made strong by such a method. Breathing alone would do much toward the attainment of the end proposed, but a combination with the efforts of the body tends to facilitate the matter.

This apparently extravagant exercise is merely for practice, and it renders all the speaking powers extremely strong and pliant.

In private, the breath may be violently drawn in and as violently expelled, but in public, it must be imperceptibly supplied. The same with action; if either is obtruded it mars the expression. The public use of both should be mainly characterised by simplicity and strength.

#### EXPRESSION.

When the voice is prepared by elementary training, and is capable of fulfilling all demands, then public

speaking should be earnest ; not merely with a louder noise and more vehement gesture, as in practice, but with reality and sensibility. It is difficult to acquire the habits which induce that native feeling, and freshness of expression. It must be living, soul-kindling. It can be professedly cultivated, and even mechanically, but with the sincerity and earnestness of a man bent on great effects ; as of realities which he understands and feels in the very depths of his soul. This is the only means of producing what the age demands—powerful, earnest orators, and not graceful, delicate declaimers.

The simplest truths when communicated powerfully come to us warm and living from the speaker's soul. Sometimes a single sentence uttered in this manner goes deep into the hearer's heart and teaches more than could be gathered in hours from the written page. There is not an atom to spare in the works of nature, and its greatest structures are its simplest. Simplicity is the highest and the most enduring of all qualities. It is the mean of extremes and exactly answers to its end.

The orator should have his language red-hot with passion, but everything like effort should disappear ; and even the most exciting expressions should be given with a smooth, severe simplicity that is delicate as well as energetic.

The two extremes of speaking, between which is found this exact simplicity, are *rant* and *apathy*. The object of Elocution is to explain those natural principles already created, which properly control expression ; to develope and cultivate voice and feeling to the extent desired ; and to refine, not pervert nature ; and the greatest orators are those who have this art subservient to native powers. Even in the calmest and most subdued expression there should always be

evinced a great susceptibility of emotion and energy, or it will assume the character of sluggishness. In the gentlest mood, however light the feeling, to influence and move others we must ourselves be influenced and moved. In every shade of emotion persons should guard watchfully against styles—the bombastic, the theatrical, the lofty—which betray themselves by the tones of the voice failing to penetrate to the very bottom of the soul, and which are ready instantly to die away in the ear of the auditor which derives no internal animation from the effort.

Cicero says he requires not a feigned compassion, nor incentives to sorrow, but that which is real, flowing from the sighs of a wounded heart. He also remarks that commiseration ought to be of short duration, for nothing dries up sooner than a tear.

Even in pathos and emotions of pity the orator himself must not weep, but control his feelings, or the delivery is degraded.

The poet cannot see to write when his eyes are filled with tears; he must rise superior to his grief before he can sublimate his grief in song.

The artist is a master, not a slave; he wields his passion, he is not hurried along by it. He possesses and is not possessed. Art enshrines the great sadness of the world, but is itself not sad. Hazlitt says, that whatever is genuine in art must proceed from the impulse of nature and individual genius. The ideal is not the preference of that which exists only in the mind to that which is fine in nature, but to that which is less so. There is nothing fine in art but what is taken almost immediately, and as it were in the mass, from what is finer in nature. Where there have been the finest models in nature, there have been the finest works in art. In the study of this art, the

proper object, when a good foundation is laid in the voice, is the directness of one's endeavor to acquire that exacting habit which is able to exclude all that is foreign and omit nothing in expression that is essential to its just and elegant proportions.

A speaker should be *artless*, even in *vehemence*; and have a negligent air of naturalness, and yet be able to fill even plain truths with feeling. In the most exciting expressions the words must not be given so rapidly as to prevent the proper emphasis and thorough intonation of each syllable. Precipitation kills the meaning.

Sensibility will move even ordinary men to speak well at times; it is this which prompts the words that burn, but it must be genuine. It must be delicate, not tampered with; it *cannot* be *forced*. It must be an urgent thirsting for truth, a tortured mental struggling *within* for *outward* vocal life.

The voice can be cultivated to work out the feelings which are already in the soul ready to be summoned into action. It can breathe them out with a glow of animation and purpose that eventually assumes a character of reality. A few words show the presence of the orator; as with a painter the roughest sketch betrays the hand of the master. The most eloquent manner of speaking is the most easily acquired, for it is as simple as it is natural. Many overreach and work themselves up by *extraordinary* instead of *gentle* means beyond the fervid and simple style to a bombastic and frigid declamation.

The aim should be the repose, not absence of expression. Taste will refine a sufficiently cultivated voice; and sincerity, vigor, and power can never be harmonized until softened by taste.

When expression is the result of mere feeling, truth

is sacrificed for its appearance; show is mistaken for substance; and the result is violent, bizarre, capricious

There is also great danger of overdoing the technical principles, and mere imitation is imbecility. Here imitation is used as the end instead of the corrective, the improvement and bringing out of natural powers.

To imitate, for something beyond the principles will exalt not degrade originality.

When a pupil has once laid hold of a principle he will see where his teacher deviates, and even be able to correct him. Principles will also guide in the study of deformities for the very purpose of avoiding them.

The rules of criticism are not arbitrary. In the mind there is an innate power which only requires development to appreciate the true, and separate it from the false.

Wayward prejudices may for a time esteem even deformities as excellencies, and even take delight in distortion. Eye and ear may become the slave of habit and receive most pleasure from the peculiarities to which they have been accustomed.

Public speakers of all kinds, especially lawyers and clergymen, from the fact of their occupying high intellectual positions, have a great controlling influence over younger aspirants in the same directions.

Many speakers have faults peculiar to themselves, and they become, by their examples, the instructors of herds of worthless imitators. The youthful Demosthenes is told to watch the best (?) speakers; he copies alike both good and bad habits and the result is merely a confirmed imitation; the bad habits of course display themselves to a very disagreeable extent, as the idiosyncracies of the former do not sit well on the latter.



The only sure means is by a study of the *principles*, referring constantly to nature for their application. Nature is varied, refined, and subtle beyond retention, therefore refer to her continually; recur to her at every step and in this way *daily* renew strength. The principles of art endue nature with an air of intellect and sentiment.

If we are not natural we are repulsive. Affectation will be detected. Sometimes we put on airs when striving to be natural; this is absurd, for we ought rather to ascertain faults with a determination to remove them.

If the speaker feels the sentiment, even a bad voice will show it in every degree, for it *never* plays *false*, and there is no *substitute* for *reality*. We can seem to be real till living reality comes, and is gracefully natural. Discipline will effect this, and will awaken dormant energies to an extent little suspected by most people.

Success depends upon filling the soul with the *mighty* purpose of excelling; of shrinking from no labor that is essential to the purpose, and keeping constantly in view the reality and simplicity of nature. There should be a right-onwardness in expression; a rushing to the end, which keeps the mind awake and on the alert.

There should be a freedom from superfluousness of feeling, and a point or focus to which all should tend; everything foreign to this is ruinous, yet it should have all that is necessary to completeness.

Anxious, critical study, however, is apt, unless properly directed, to interfere with nature; for we study principles merely as such, and apply them to words merely as words, instead of cultivating the voice to bring out the meaning and feeling from those otherwise silent symbols

The voice, from improper application, is apt to be *loud*, instead of *intense*, *dignified*, and *conversational* in tone. This makes a speaker unnatural, no matter how natural his common utterance, and he displays *himself* like an actor ; for there are so few good actors that it is generally conceded that in the mass they do display themselves to the entire neglect of the characters they vainly strive to sustain.

The ancients represented *existencies*, we the effects ; they portrayed the *terrible*, we *terribly*. Hence our exaggeration, mannerism, *false* grace, and excess. *For when we strive after effect we never think we can be effective enough.*

Feeling cannot be expressed by words alone, or even by tones of voice ; but by the flash on the cheek, the look of the eye, the contracted brow, the compressed lip, the heaving breast, trembling frame, rigid muscle, the general bearing of the whole body.

A slight movement of the head, a turn of the hand, a judicious pause or interruption of gesture, or change of position of the feet, often illuminates the meaning of a passage and sends it glowing into the understanding ; and yet, there are times when even the wonders of the eye will lose much of their charm, if not supported by the still more imposing organ of the voice.

We are told by an author that it made the blood run cold and the hair almost stand on end to hear Edward Irving read the 137th Psalm, in the old Scotch version, (see Contents,) and it was the richest treat to hear him repeat the Lord's Prayer.

Mr. Windham, after hearing Pitt, walked home lost in amazement at the compass of human eloquence. But even Pitt writhed under the eloquence of Sheridan. On one occasion the House was adjourned, so as not to decide a question under the influence of such *powerful* eloquence.

Discipline must be preparatory and private ; must consist in practice of action, in loud reading and speaking, till all the excellencies of a good elocution become part of one's nature. (Nor will it be as long as we may have supposed, before we begin to experience these results.) Then we shall, as though they were gifts of nature, carry them into general use. Our private training will bring the graces imperceptibly into our public action, and all our defects will be gradually supplanted by them. Thus may we learn to speak by principles, yet we never need be embarrassed by them.

With a competent teacher, the learner may *aim directly* at great excellence. Avoid bad habits and awkward restraints ; thus, indirectly, the beauties and graces will ensue.

When, at last, through severe labor, and patient, assiduous toil, the powers are capable of exemplifying the sublime in oratory, the mind is so overpowered and taken such possession of that no room is left for minute details ; and the more intense the man's intellectual and emotional life becomes at the same time, the more he demands those effects which call forth such harmonious energizing of the soul, and constitute the highest luxury of expression.

READING.—The only difference between Reading and Speaking is in the degrees of force by which the principles are applied. Reading is necessarily more restrained than Speaking, but it is advisable to cultivate acute susceptibility in both.

Reading should have a dramatic character, which is not of necessity stage-like. Animated, earnest, expressive reading is not theatrical. It is like the conversation of an *earnest* person *thinking to himself aloud* ; and if one far-fetched, over-done expression is given the charm is gone.

It will be far removed from artificial or reading tones, and, though natural, will be superior to the familiar tones of conversation.

Dr. Rush says, that to read as we talk—that is, naturally and with expression—is an excellent rule ; but if our natural manner or accent be faulty, we should endeavor to correct rather than imitate it.

In this art a vulgar ear may perceive defects in the finest examples, but it takes a high degree of culture really to appreciate excellencies.

We should read slowly and distinctly, with the same pains that we take in talking ; so that if another were listening he would think we were talking instead of reading. In public we simply increase the power of this same manner. Reading is merely speaking what one sees in a book, just as he would express his own ideas as they flow in conversation ; and no one reads well until he does it in this natural way. Children read like parrots, for they never understand what they read ; they merely pronounce the words.

Pay no attention to the voice in public, but dwell intently on the sense, trusting all the rest to nature and prior practice for tones, emphasis, and inflections.

He who understands and fully feels, who earnestly occupies his mind with the matter, and is exclusively absorbed with that feeling, will be likely to communicate the same impression to his hearers. But this cannot be the case if he is occupied with the thought of what their opinion will be of his reading, and how his voice ought to be regulated ; if, in short, he is thinking of himself, and of course thus detracts his attention from that by which it should be altogether occupied.

In reading the Scriptures, or similar composition, we should use great judgment. The sentiments in such are not intended to appear as our own. In such ex-

ceptions pay close attention to the meaning, and leave the utterance to nature.

As you read reason out the language particular by particular, and yet do not give a feeble catalogue of terms, for that weakens the force. Do not be *too precise*, and yet have everything accurate.

The sense should be studied thoroughly, by attention to the various positions of the verbs and their nominatives, especially: then to the conjunctions, relative pronouns, adverbs, and prepositions, as being the next most important parts of speech.

By these particulars learn to grasp each period, and from them pass to paragraphs, until you can master the comprehensive whole of all the matter before you, and thus give the ruling passion or prevailing sentiment. By this method the mind can be assisted in holding the periods together, as the particulars are understood, by the tones of voice, gestures, looks of the eye, and a gentle swaying of the body. After the periods are formed, it is a very simple operation to unite them into paragraphs, and finally, by a similar but less intricate process, to combine them all together in one perfect whole. All can be summed up in a few words. At the outset, a person has so much to read; and he must present each part as belonging intimately to what may have gone before and what is to follow. The smoother and less fragmentary and disjointed the effort appears, the more agreeable will it be to both hearer and reader. It differs very essentially from the "*pumping* process."

Each part of a statue is carefully and accurately wrought out as belonging to a whole. In its appearance as a figure we see a perfect unity, and yet each detail will bear the closest scrutiny. In a painting we observe the same effects; all the parts form the pic-

ture. Disjoint the one, or rend the other, and we have only the fragments and the pieces.

So it is with reading; each word was written with a view to some other word, each period to another period, and yet everything with an idea to a whole, and as such should all be read.

Every part of the subject, to its minutest detail, should be given, and the unity of the whole be preserved unbroken. If a man has no enthusiasm, however, all will avail him nothing, for *rules* will be only *rules* to him, and he will display the words obtrusively, coldly, and unfeelingly.

When terrible or lofty feelings are pent up in the soul, then is a proper time to look within and carefully study those emotions—to be auditor, as it were, to them, to yourself.

Habits of this kind will enable you, when you understand thoroughly the meaning, to *commune* with and study the appropriate expression.

POETRY should be read very nearly like prose; and whatever pauses are made as to the melody alone, especially at the end of every line, should be of the suspensive kind denoting a continuation of the sense; this prevents that abominable sing-song style so common among cultivated persons, but not correct readers.

The reader should not dwell on the rhymes, but read them smoothly, aiming at the sense, and preserving just enough of the melody to distinguish the poetry from prose. Great skill and frequent practice are required to enable a person to read blank verse correctly.

#### PERSONATION.

Dialogues are excellent for practice, as, in reading them, the voice must frequently be changed in its tones

to represent the different persons ; and furthermore, the reading of them very nearly resembles ordinary conversation, or natural expression, and thus an interest is awakened.

In this style of reading, in public, as a general rule, the face must be turned a little aside, presenting to the audience only about a three-quarter's view, while the chest is kept directly to the front.

Each time a change of character occurs, the reader must so change his voice, his position, and direction of face, as to keep before the hearer a distinct picture of the entire group.

The face must be alternated according to circumstances, so as to show its right or left side to the audience ; and also regulated as to the distance it shall turn.

The face must *not front* the audience, nor be turned at exactly right angles from them, but have a direction between these extremes, in a general relationship with the characters represented.

But, above everything else, see that the chest has a *full front* to the auditors ; *never* turn the *side* to them if it can be helped, and what is far *worse*, the *back*. The audience wish to *see* the *face* and *chest*, not the *side* and *back* of the reader.

It is a difficult study to represent truthfully various men and women, both old and young. The author would recommend, as a practice, first to analyze each character by itself, as regards the tones of the voice, or the peculiarities of expression that may belong to the person represented. In the meantime, the last lines of each character that directly precedes it can be given, if desired, to assist the appearance of conversation with another.

In the recitation of poetry combining description

and colloquy, the descriptive parts, even to the minutest details, should be given directly to the audience.

Each word of either character is given as in dialogue, with the face partly turned from the audience, as though no one but yourself and the *seeming* characters were present, and yet with the full impression that they hear and thoroughly understand the sentiments, as if delivered directly to them.

The following will illustrate this style:—

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,  
And shook his very frame for ire,  
And—"This to me," he said;  
"An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,  
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared  
To cleave the Douglas' head."

All except what Marmion is made to utter should be delivered directly to the audience; but the instant he is represented as speaking, the voice should change, and the head turn to an angle from the hearers, to represent him as talking to Douglas; but the words "he said," should be given with the face to the front again, and *immediately*, in continuing the colloquy, the angle should be resumed as before.

When two or more persons read or speak in dialogue they should feel the sentiments, listen to the language, and look at each other, as in earnest conversation. Each speaker should be interested in all that is said. This gives it an air of reality, and brings out the full meaning.

Shakspeare furnishes the best examples for practice in pure dialogue; Milton (*Paradise Lost*) for lofty description and colloquy combined.

The practice of humorous description, and also amusing dialogue are by no means to be neglected, as their exercise is still more naturalizing in its effects, if not degraded into buffoonery, than any other means.



The practice of the lighter kinds of expression, embracing wit, especially in the form of satire and irony, gives one a greater ease and confidence in the grander flights of fancy and imagination, as it takes away the tendency to rigidity and mock solemnity, so likely to be induced by reading the sober and dignified styles of language.

Garrick, the great tragedian, was admirable in comedy, and even in farce. Daniel Webster, with all his profundity, Henry Clay, with all his skill, were both remarkable for their wonderful powers of mimicry, and either could "set the table in a roar."

Shakspeare excelled in writing comedy as well as tragedy ; he courted the comic as well as the tragic muse ; and in the midst of the highest tragedy he gives us the lowest comedy.

He puts the crazed King Lear and the Fool out in the same terrible storm ; and in Hamlet he gives us the unhappy Prince and the witty grave-diggers, even amidst the solemnities of burial, in jocular repartee.

Our best and most successful orators are those who are witty as well as wise. Their finest arguments are set off with illustrations of the most diverting and amusing character.

The young are too frequently discouraged in their attempts at wit, or in the recitation of humorous selections, from the fear of contracting light and frivolous habits. But this is wrong and highly injudicious.

To be a *well*-balanced, not a *one*-sided orator, a person should have an unerring command over expressions of both wit and gravity. *Dry-as-dust* oratory is not for the *present* age.

## ACTION.

Action is infinitely various, and requires to be well set off by great propriety of motion, by study and minuteness in the disposition of the body. Awkward attitudes and gestures detract the mind from the matter to the manner.

As it is in reading with expression, so the basis of real effective action is *real* feeling. So important is this that it will compensate defects; but there is no incongruity between feeling and the highest grace in action. When the feelings are truly enlisted these graces will increase their power, for they will come spontaneously from previous practice.

Even in pausing, the speaker should retain the expression, attitude and action, for they fill the chasm as though more were coming. By suspending the voice and changing to silence, the attention is arrested, and it seems as though nature were dictating; as though the speaker were reflecting. Cicero says, that the boat moves on from its momentum after the rowers have ceased their efforts.

In highly dramatic styles of language, attitudes are ravishing when graceful, appropriate, and occasional; but disgusting when crowded and awkward.

It is highly improper to get ready to start, in a passion. In nature sudden terror has no action of its own, but rivets us to the posture we are in; or at most averts the head from, or projects the arm against the object.

There should be no anticipation of sprawling, jerking, or distortion. In reading Shakspeare's Hamlet, for example, it is outrageous to make preparation to boldly stare the ghost in the face. It would be far

better for the reader to forget for a moment his own power a little, and think of the shadow.

The graces of gesture and action are simplicity, smoothness, and variety. They consist in changing from one position to another in the free, untrammelled movements of the ductile limbs, added to general symmetry and harmony; but before variety of grace can be obtained there must be flexibility.

The most awkward person may give expression, but rigidity of muscle and stiffness of body destroy graceful action.

The habits of students are especially awkward and ungraceful, from their physically inactive life which is continually cramping and restraining nature. They daily weaken vocal and muscular power and lose confidence in themselves as speakers. There should be no restriction on the mind such as uncertainty, bashfulness, and timidity.

The head should *slightly imitate* the hands in *every* motion. The speaker should not stand too erect, but gently wind his body in graceful keeping with the sentiments, using great judgment. The lower limbs should change with the ideas, but great caution must be observed, especially in dignified discourse.

Imitative gesture should be limited to the light styles of expression and never used in serious delivery.

When a man clenches *one* fist the *other* does not lie in a *quiescent* condition. While the *face* is stern and vindictive, there is energy in the *whole frame*; when a man rises from his seat in impassioned feeling, there is a certain tension and straining in every limb and feature.

If one of those parts were active while the others were in repose, he would present a cramped and spasm-like appearance.

The character must be uniform or there will be no

truth in the expression. Even in the most animated language some persons are like statues.

There should be nothing violent, no contortions, no forced attitudes for effect, but we should do just as we would even in the most exciting situations. Exaggeration of physical action is often mistakenly given for the quiet of deep mental emotion.

By long practice we acquire the power to appear *perfectly natural*, easy, and unlabored, without rule or apparent effort. Different styles of language require different styles of gesture. Tragedy, epic poetry, lyric odes and sublime description require bold, magnificent, graceful, and varied action in their highest cultivation. Orations, generally speaking, especially those abounding with plain arguments, need merely energetic, simple and slightly varied movements.

The gestures of the public speaker must be few and vary according to circumstances of situation, audience, and language, but they must be decided rather than merely graceful; earnest and manly, not delicate and effeminate.

The speaker should be cautious of adding the slightest trait to the simple but grand character of natural action, for instead of making the appeal stronger it is sure to weaken it. Each gesture should have a sufficient reason for its being used. Vigor is given by excitement of the breast, lips, and nostrils; while the posture and the look of the eye add direction and meaning.

By a *just energizing* of the functions we can work out *all* the *capability* of *expression* in the words as they severally make up the sense. We must never drop a gesture until the period has closed; but vary the movement in a suspensive manner as we continue until the voice falls at a cadence in the language.

The speaker must not alternate his gestures, by using one hand and then the other, in the same period of language.

In speaking of lake and river, of hill and valley, of the east and the west, use but one hand, in indicating the direction of each feature; or, what may sometimes be still better, in denoting extreme distance, bring up one hand to mark the first object or direction, and suspend it while the other is also raised to denote the opposite idea, and keep both hands out until the sense is concluded. In noting several consecutive objects, the one hand or both should be used in the same manner as in representing opposites. Sometimes the eye follows the gesture for a very short time, but never continuously. We should closely watch children before they become cramped and enervated by artificial habits. We should patiently, carefully observe statues and paintings from the best masters. We should not seem to have studied gestures, but conceal the art so as not to present the least appearance of design.

The bold flight of the hawk and the eagle might be given as illustrations of bold, free, and sweeping gestures.

In private, lay about lustily, to acquire the bold, sweeping, graceful style; in public, use gesture sparingly, but when used make it effective. The speaker should learn to stand still; to move to the word; to know how and when to move. Sometimes he must change instantly; at other times modulate through the language.

If the ideas are numerous, but similar, the gestures and actions should be few and similar; if dissimilar, then the actions should be varied. The practice of gesture and action may be cultivated to the highest state. Every part of the body and limbs must be

carefully and patiently exercised; even the neck can be used effectively in some situations; great flexibility of the fingers is positively needed in elegant and refined expression, and the eye can add wonders if properly used.

#### THE PASSIONS.

The passions are the impelling forces of life; and without these, a man is as useless in the world as if he were without brains. He cannot be good, he is only innocent. God gave us passions for a full, natural, symmetrical development; and the grandest type is one with these thoroughly trained. Eloquence is a complete paradox; one must have the power of strong feeling, or he can never command the sympathy of a varied, crowded auditory; but one must control his own sensations, for their indulgence would enfeeble execution. One must practise effects beforehand in his own mind.

The actor never improvises a burst of passion; everything is the result of pre-arrangement and forethought. The instantaneous agony, the joy that gushes forth involuntarily, the tone of the voice, the gesture, the look, all which pass for sudden inspiration, have been rehearsed again and again.

He who expects to excel must study from himself, and compare his own proved sensations under grief, happiness, anger, pain and all ordinary variations of human events and feelings, with the emotions he represents. His skill lies in the excellence of the imitative reality; for he is not nature, but art producing nature.

But whatever the sublimity, the terror or beauty, the necessary vigor of the action to convey the passion, we must not forget that there is a limit to all human expression, beyond which is distortion and grimace.

Men are subject to the laws of nature, and the most frenzied fancy is compelled to abide by them.

To counteract exaggerative effects, we should pay attention to living, breathing models; we should take every opportunity in the streets and in the social circle, to argue with persons and watch them. We should learn expression, by observing men and children—anxious, active, eager to talk; we should especially notice the terror and anguish of persons in scenes of danger and trouble; see their faces, hear their voices, particularly when their movements are unconscious. We should also turn to the calmer scenes of life and study the nobler but subdued passions, so greatly touching; the repressed softness of strong, great souls. Both should be well understood.

In the thorough acquirement of these extremes great skill is necessary, for every excellence borders on some deformity; the simple upon the cold and inanimate, the bold and expressive upon the blustering and overcharged, the graceful upon the precise and affected; the one becomes, the other distorts expression.

The greatest effects can be produced naturally by rules, yet as if unconsciously.

Nature will show you nothing if you set yourself up as her master. You must forget self and try to obey her; you will thus find obedience easier than you think.

Instead of servilely copying the style of another, imitate conceptions; do not tread in footsteps, but keep the same road; labor on principles to get the spirit.

Study not only the effect of the passions upon others but also the effect upon your own face, that you may distinguish the difference between an alteration of the features expressing the feelings, and the grimaces

that attend a play of the muscles. Errors will continually offend not only the informed, but even the uncultivated, although they cannot tell the reason.

Want of simplicity is destructive of dignity. There is a pure, chaste modesty, as it may be called, in opposition to a bold, impudent, glaring color of passion; but some think they cannot have enough of this violent contrast.

There is frequently more eloquence in a look than it is possible for any one to express in words. We are charmed, awed, incensed, softened, grieved, rejoiced, raised, or dejected according as we catch the fire of the speaker's passion from his face. The look muscularly stamped on the face makes the same impression on the body.

When a passion is lengthy in expression, stop and decrease the power; then burst again to shade the emphatic parts.

Highly intensive states of mind, such as alarm, terror, anger, and similar conditions, suppress the force of utterance; feeling gets control, and the whole soul, mind and heart are to be thrown into a few words.

Perturbation, confusion, perplexity, and like states of excitement have an aspirated, explosive energy; not pure quality or vocality.

In *terrible paroxysm* the *soul quivers* in majestic nakedness. In frenzy the tones of voice are dignified but terrible; although just before it the person is sometimes quiet.

In great excitement and intense feeling, the eye has a wild, frantic, savage, leopard-like glare. But the most awful idea of agony is a forcible burst of passion and then a sinking into the utmost softness.

By a strong effort the outward tokens of passionate grief must be restrained, for men will not have its



violence obtruded upon them. To preserve the dignity of his "character" the true actor permits those uncontrollable signs of suffering, alone, to escape which betray how much he feels and how much he restrains; and in quivering motions, gentle smiles, slight convulsive twitchings he shows the truth of nature. It is then that we have the most afflicting picture of human anguish. It is effected by a perfect, harmonious action of the heart, lungs, chest, neck and face.

Pausing in passion, when properly used, gives one an idea of vastness; if too frequent, it tortures the ear of the hearer. To re-commence after a pause with a single blow—a crash, is startling in its effects.

Imitate the passions until the habit becomes reality. As an assistant, conceive strongly first the image, or idea of the passion in fancy to move the same impressive springs within your own mind which form that passion when it is undesigned and natural.

Exercise very cautiously—be delicate even in the boldest expression; powerful, unguided emotion kills at a stroke. Public speakers have died in a burst of eloquence.

Though a person be in perfect health, mental agony will force blood from the nostrils, and cause instant death. Culture regulates and balances excessive tendencies; it teaches us to avoid apathy on the one hand, and overstrained energy on the other.

By their amazing powers of eloquence many orators have surpassed the best of actors. The orator inculcates great living truths; the actor plays only the semblance.

Mentally, Shakspeare illustrates the passions in their highest possible condition; he not only gives them, from the most delicate to the most furious, but he also minutely describes their appearance and effects.

Intellectually, Shakspeare was the Master of the passions and the human heart.

**THE FEATURES.**—When the soul is at rest the features are tranquil. Their proportion, harmony and union seem to mark the serenity of the mind. When the soul is excited the visage becomes a living picture. Each emotion is designated by some corresponding feature, where every impression anticipates the will and betrays it.

**THE EYES.**—The passions are particularly painted and soonest perceived in them. The eye seems to share every emotion, and belong to the soul more than any other feature; it receives and transmits impressions until general. The whole heart sometimes looks from the eyes, and speaks more feelingly than all the bursts of eloquence.

**THE EYE-BROWS.**—The eye-brows are the most apparent feature, and are seen farther than any other. Le Brun thinks they are the most expressive. The more movable they are in elevation and depression the more noticeable they become. The other features are not so much at command in this respect.

In pride and pleasure they are raised; in pain and thought, depressed. Those who have this feature most at command are most likely to excel in expression; but an excessive and improper use is disgusting.

**THE NOSE.**—The nose has slight motion in strong passions. Widening, it adds boldness.

**THE MOUTH AND LIPS.**—The passions have great power over them in different degrees.

The face with its muscles does more in expressing the passions, than the whole human frame besides. In Anger it is red, or pale; in Fear, pale. The mouth opened shows one state, and shut, another; the forehead smooth shows one, wrinkled, another.

The eyebrows can be arched, or drawn down. The eye has a different appearance in every different state. Joy opens and Grief half closes it; while it flashes in Hatred and Anger. Animation will light even heavy features. The expression of the face goes beyond and increases vocality in its effects.

#### THE GREAT MASTERS OF THE PASSIONS.

Those who seem to have had the greatest command of the passions were Demosthenes, Cicero, Bourdaloue, Massillon, Curran, Grattan, Pitt, Henry, Kossuth, Webster and Clay as orators; and Garrick, Mrs. Siddons, Talma, the elder Kean, the elder Booth, and Macready as actors.

We can append only a few ideas gathered from various sources that relate particularly to the passions, as illustrated only by actors. We have no traditional account of orators in this particular respect.

But first a word from the celebrated Dr. Rush. He says: "The actor holds, both for purpose and opportunity, the first and most observed position in the art of Elocution, and should long have been our best and all-sufficient Master in its school. The Senate, the Pulpit, and the Bar, with the verbal means of argument or persuasion almost exclusively before them, have so earnestly or artfully pursued these leading interests, that they have not observed nor indeed wished to observe, how far the cultivated powers of the voice might have assisted the honest or the ambitious purpose of their oratory. But with the stage, distinction is attained through speech alone. The stage, however, has not fulfilled the duties of its position; for though holding the highest place of influential example in the art, and enjoying the immediate rewards of popularity, it

has done little more than keep up the tradition of its business and routine; without one serious thought of turning a discriminative ear to their vocal excellence, and thereby affording available instruction on the means of their success."

MRS. SIDDONS—DR. RUSH.

"If she could now be heard, I would point in illustration to Britain's great mistress of the voice; since that cannot be, let those who have not forgotten the stately dignity of Mrs. Siddons, bear witness to the effect of that swelling energy by which she richly enforced the expression of Joy, and Surprise, and Indignation. A whole volume of elocution might be taught by her instances.

"All that is smooth and flexible, and various in intonation, all that is impressive in force, all that is apt upon the countenance, and consonant in gesture gave their united energy, and gracefulness and grandeur to this one great model of Ideal Elocution."

EDMUND KEAN.

His acting was a return to nature. He produced startling and wonderful effects, the most extraordinary and sudden contrasts. His acting was electric, vivid, terrific. He had the power of sending forth supernatural glances of the eye, which gave his utterance a fearful reality.

G. V. BROOKE.

He had a majestic carriage and delicate tenderness. He could evince subdued, yet most appalling despair, on discovering innocence after murder. (*Othello*.) In *Sir Giles Overreach*, he was an incarnate demon, blasted, paralyzed by lightning at the moment of triumph.

## MACREADY.

In the fifth act of *Werner* he could utter a cry or yell of agonized despair that was horrible; like the fearful utterance of a disembodied wretch upon the rack. It was wrung by Gabor from miserable, shrinking *Werner*, with his heart torn and lacerated till it breaks. .

## THE ELDER BOOTH.

Everything he uttered came with all the point and effect of which the matter was susceptible; every thought seemingly concentrated on the subject. His hate was violent and unrelenting. His villainy, bold and romantic, and he gloated in the sweet satisfaction of revenge.

## ISABELLA GLYNN.

Her death-scenes were poetic in conception, and supernatural in manner. Emotions by her were carried to the terrible. In *Margaret, the Prophetess*, her inspiration was marvellous, towering above till the beholder shrunk with shuddering dread; awfulness to her became familiar.

In *Cleopatra*, in the death-scene with the asp, there was a glory upon her countenance as she anticipated the meeting in the shades. She had a sublime, fearful energy in jealousy and rage, and possessed a physical nerve little suspected. She had great judgment, however, in deferring manifestation of power. Upon the whole it was rather that she was informed by metaphysical power, interpreted by mental indications, than material forces. Her mind was masculine, and endowed with extraordinary intellectual strength. She had a strong sense of independence and honor. Her life was

spent in close study and practice. Her excellence was founded upon principles; each character was a new application of them.

She knew the value of long pauses; had great flexibility of voice, and not a word was lost in quick or slow time.

#### HABITS OF THE ORATOR.

THE PUBLIC SPEAKER should bathe frequently, and after drying the body, apply a gentle friction, for a few moments, by rubbing or patting the chest to keep the lungs healthy and active. He should also take exercise in the open air.

He should stoutly resist the temptations of smoking or chewing tobacco, as decidedly injurious to the pure quality of the voice

The excessive use of sweetmeats, nuts, and confections of any kind, has a clogging character on the vocal organs.

Warm bread, pastry, rich puddings, cake, and highly-seasoned, greasy, or salt food, affect the voice through the instrumentality of the stomach. In short anything that injures the latter affects the former.

It is highly injurious to speak just after a hearty meal, for the digestive and mental powers cannot operate well at the same time. The blood is drawn to the brain and throat at such a time, when it is needed to warm the stomach to aid it in assimilating the food.

The teeth should be kept clean as an aid to distinct articulation. It is well to brush them a short time before speaking.

Have the clothing *loose* to allow a free circulation of the blood. Be especially careful about the *neck* ;

have the collar-band *very loose*, and never *bandage* nor muffle the throat.

The muscles of the throat become soft and unelastic when kept from the air. A speaker absolutely needs them strong and firm, or he *cannot intone* his syllables with accuracy and purity of sound.

Clergymen abuse their throats by winding thick cloths about them, which produces a cramped and tender condition of the muscles, and induces irritation, huskiness, and "clergyman's sore throat"—the disease so prevalent among them.

A few things that tend to improve the quality of the voice for any *special* occasion, are figs, apples, soft-boiled eggs, oysters, raw—or, if cooked, without milk or butter—stale bread, crackers, or similar diet ; no milk, tea or coffee, but plain water, and by no means, stimulants. Plain sugar clears the voice.

The ancients used onions and garlic freely, to promote the tone and purity of the voice, but the age has so advanced in some respects that we might deem them objectionable.

For hoarseness do not take troches, or similar nostrums. They contain drugs which stimulate for the moment, but eventually destroy the voice. Habit begets the necessity of using them. Instead, take simple remedies ; drink cold water at night, or use plain syrup or molasses, or some other means as simple. Do not eat lemons or use acids for such a purpose just before speaking ; such things only clog the stomach, inflame the throat, and, consequently, cannot instantly improve, but rather injure, the voice.

If necessary to walk about much, or to any distance, before speaking, do it gently, not rapidly, so as to become fatigued and exhausted. Sit quiet, if possible, a short time before speaking.

Abstain from the use of water while speaking. It requires digestion to a certain extent, and must, therefore, more or less interfere with the oratorical powers. It is only a vicious habit to stop every few moments to swallow a large draught of water. A person must reform this habit, which he blindly commenced, if he desires an untrammelled use of his mental and vocal powers.

Even in the warmest weather, and when perspiration is freely induced, there is no necessity of drinking at the time of speaking, even if it should occupy an hour or more. A moderate quantity of water, not too cold, may be drunk half an hour before, or very soon afterward.

Form the habit of breathing while going to the place of public speaking. Sound the voice gently, in deep undertones, that you may appear in good condition when you commence to speak.

All this can be done without attracting the attention of passers by on the road or street, whether in the village or the city.

#### DESIGNED ESPECIALLY FOR STUDENTS.

In moving from your seat to the stage, rise easily, but firmly. As you approach the place, *feel* your *whole weight*, by a manly, dignified, yet simple walk. Do not bend the knees mincingly, but swing the lower limbs easily and gracefully at each step.

Let the lungs be slowly, quietly filled, until the moment of commencing; this efforts sends the blood to the brain, and gives it power to act with firmness and decision.

It prevents nervousness, and gives the voice fulness to start well. It prevents a burst of loudness, so common to young orators in commencing their orations.



In bowing to the President and other officers, (on public occasions,) let the movement be one of great respect. The whole form should bend slightly, and the hands should hang loosely by the side. To the auditors, however, as you turn to them, the effort should be but a slight inclination of the head.

The orator at that moment should see his audience, even to the farthest person *before* him, and *above* him, if the building have galleries.

The motion should be general in its character ; not with the mere formal idea of bowing, but feeling that the motion is really but the opening expression of the first sentence of the oration. It should be a kind of looking around the place, and a gathering together of the attention of the hearers *immediately* preparatory to the positive use of the voice.

There should be hardly a perceptible difference of effect between the bow and the beginning of the speech. Students, especially, often err in isolating the bow, by a protracted time in its application, from the vocality that follows. It is a part of the oration, not a separate, distinct feature, and if not given properly, there is a void—a something that cannot be agreeably filled, but must be forgotten as the orator proceeds.

The only way of doing this correctly is, slightly and slowly to bend the head, not the body, searching around with the eyes, and *seeing* the audience, and then to step forward and *begin* to speak, *while* the head is gradually resuming its natural upright position, thus beginning with the bow itself, and not after it is made.

You look into the eyes of persons with whom you converse, and you must do the same with an audience. from the moment you turn to them until you leave them.

Ordinarily there should be no gestures in commene-

ing ; the look of the eye and the slight movements and swaying of the head and body being sufficient.

In reading an essay it is proper to make a slight bow, but seeing the audience as in speaking. While uttering the first sentence move easily forward a few steps.

When you become deeply interested in your subject move occasionally, but do not step and walk needlessly about. Either extreme, of standing still, or of walking all over the stage, is to be avoided. There is a simple mean, which is, moving as though you were *impelled* to do so.

Become so thoroughly imbued with your subject, by frequent and repeated communings with it, that standing still will become almost impossible, and *stepping* about will disturb rather than assist you.

Be careful that every vocal expression is to the purpose, and that you have a good *raison* for every gesture, look, and movement. Speak and gesticulate as though you could not help speaking, and in just *that* manner, as though any other could not possibly answer the purpose.

Do not make mere motions, but study the *necessity* of gestures. Avoid alternating gestures ; use the same hand for pointing out different objects and localities, when enumerated in the same period of language. Vary the direction of the hand, and give another form to the motion, but do not drop one hand and raise the other, but if necessary use both. Be sure to sustain each gesture, by varying its direction, until the idea has closed with a cadence of the voice.

In preparing an oration or exercise for a public occasion, the first thing is to have a *general* understanding of the *whole* composition, by reading it all over carefully a number of times. Think of its prevailing spirit, and get a plan of it fixed in your mind.

Do not begin by memorizing the first sentence and then the second. That begets the depraved habit of only knowing the words. Study the entire oration in *meaning* first ; next separate the ideas ; then take the phraseology, and lastly the words.

It is only in some such manner that you will ever get the spirit of the language ; and learn to *listen* to *yourself*, with the assurance of having others listen to you with gratification and pleasure.

Even after the oration is well committed, review and reflect upon it sentence by sentence, until you get all you can out of each, especially just before using it in public, or it will only sound like a mere declamation.

The night before is an excellent time to make it fresh for the next day, no matter how often you may have previously looked at it. Search it through and through in a variety of ways. Study the words as so many links, and have their tone and full grammatical and expressional meaning. Keep it together as a whole in your mind.

Be especially cautious in the pronunciation of common words, such as been, again, against, often, little, and, none, nothing, ignorant, patriot, patriotism, national, government, &c., which are often frightfully distorted by students.

PROMPTING.—Of this I wish to make a special note. Above all things never allow yourself to be *prompted*. It is extremely annoying and disagreeable to refined and sensitive people to feel that a person has committed merely so many *words*, but it is far worse to know that another is ready with a manuscript to *prompt* his uncertain memory.

With such an exhibition, one “*spouting*,” another *prompting*, “primary” children might be pardoned but students ought to be ashamed.

It evinces the grossest indifference to the feelings of the audience, and betrays a servile dependence upon mere terms, instead of having thoroughly imbibed the true spirit of the subject.

To be sure, the words are necessary, but let them be *well committed*, and do not sacrifice, in the few minutes only, the patience of the *many* by the mere laziness of purpose in an *individual*.

It is even better and far more manly to take the manuscript from your pocket and read, than to be prompted. The best way is, to study it so completely that you will not need to do even that.

#### GENERAL DIRECTIONS.

Begin with a moderate voice. Try to feel at ease by looking around, and shaking off any stiffness of position. Keep your mind composed and collected. Guard against bashfulness, which will wear away by opposition. Think of what you are going to say, and not merely of the audience.

Be manly but simple. You must acquire assurance—*First*, by thoroughly mastering your subject, and the consciousness that you can make what you are to deliver worth hearing. *Secondly*, by wholly engaging in it, with the mind intent on it, and the heart warmed with it.

Never be influenced and moved by outside circumstances. Be *yourself* and *know* yourself.

Have a *presence* that fills the limits. Whatever changes you may have occasion to make in voice and gesture, should be simple and easy, so as not to detract from the interest. Have your gestures in argumentative language aimed directly to your audience; look into their eyes and not into a vacuum.

Make them *feel* that it is to *each* of them that you are speaking; yet speak to *all* at once. Search and penetrate the entire mass of listeners. Have the power to *distribute* expression.

The tendency of youthful orators is to look point blank directly in front of them, and to lean with the body towards the *right* hand *alone*. The position should be imperceptibly changed sufficiently often to keep the attention of *each* hearer constantly on the alert. Be sure that every one is listening to you, and yet do not *individualize*, as it is extremely disagreeable to an auditor to find himself selected from the rest.

Look around frequently from side to side, from end to end, quietly and easily, and control all your hearers. Instead of simply making them hear you, have them listen to each word by your pronouncing it clearly and distinctly. At each new idea note the pitch and cadence.

Do not speak too loud, but have the intonations of the voice full, strong, and sonorous. Do not betray *mannerisms* in either voice or action.

Whether you speak before a large assembly, or in a small room, do it naturally, but in either case have the requisite power to properly *fill* the space with your voice. Address yourself, at each moment, however light the sentiment, to the farthest person in the place, for *everybody* wishes to hear.

When you have attained the strength beyond which you cannot go without forcing the voice, stop there until you have acquired the requisite power by elementary drill. Never raise the pitch, but increase the force.

In echoing buildings, speak slowly and distinctly, pause often, and try to adapt the voice to the peculiarities of the place.

Even under the most annoying circumstances, be composed and listen to your own ideas as if you were an auditor instead of the orator. This will prevent declamation.

Never get out of breath, nor appear to be fatigued. Breathe unconsciously, by forming the habit ; every kind of puffing and panting is disagreeable.

By breathing deeply we stir the blood, animate the thinking powers, and *prevent* nervousness and hesitation.

Never lose or relax entirely the grasp in expression ; increase or diminish the force, raise or lower the pitch, but never entirely slacken the nervous power that holds all together to the end.

Even in the *lightest* sentiments *breathe* out the expression, so that the *meaning* of *each* word is felt by *all*.

Deliberate, reflect, think, as it were, from head to foot, of what you are saying, word by word, and yet spanning it as a whole ; retaining the meaning, by intonations, looks, and actions, and still collecting ideas that follow, till the entire subject is brought to a satisfactory termination. This makes an audience *listen* rather than simply *hear*.

They can then understand line by line, idea after idea, each exactly and accurately as a part of the whole.

The mind must act *comprehensively*, and hold sway over the *entire* subject, as the voice intones and deals out the parts ; the sense is to be held *suspended* and swayingly, without break or interruption, to its close.

Appropriate gesture and action will assist very materially to hold and bind it together in this desired manner. It helps to point out, to note the meaning by the movement of the hands, the head, the eyes, the body and feet—in fact by all parts of the frame. Ges-

ture is not absolute, yet must not be merely impulsive motions.

In reading from a book or manuscript, hold it low enough to allow everybody present to see your face; a good rule is, that the top of it would touch your chin if inclined toward the body.

In reading look from the book or paper as frequently as possible, as if you were speaking, but with less action. Practice first in private, in a conversational manner, and when in public give satisfactory force. In ending take great pains to give an appropriate cadence. (See page 98.)

#### SHORT HINTS.

Be natural ; do not aim at *too much* ; do not try to *read*, but to *feel* ; do not declaim, but talk ; be colloquial, yet not prosaic ; be *forcible*, but not ranting. Be in earnest, profoundly in earnest. Be moderate in gesture ; be impetuous and ardent ; do not command by sympathy, but by power, passion, will—*indomitable will*. Keep the body firm and braced in high excitement ; keep the sinews braced up like the strings of a harp or violin ; be simple and without parade. Speak as though the *whole* thought was your own ; give passionate thoughts a rapid condensation ; give the words a vibratory intonation ; *suppress* force, and treasure strength and power. *Concentrated* tones of passion are better than the *highest fury*. Imbue each thought with *all* its capability of expression, and conceive *fullest* force in *each* particular. Be *intense* and *passionate* in *intonation*, the *whole* soul absorbed. In the *severest* passions *delineate* to *appal* ; be *real* ; let the *form fill* the eye of the listener. Effect by tone of voice, the power of the eye, the motion of the hand, and the quality of the sound given. Fervor is *sure* to effect. Read like one possessing good sense *unconsciously* ; be the character,

forget self. *Conception* of character, or passion, comes long before *execution*, is not imitation but *reality* of feeling. To be a hero, feel to be so. Do not despise *trifles*. Do not *guess* but *determine* abilities. Practice often, for the vocal organs become *paralyzed* for want of *action*.

BEAUTIES OF DELIVERY. (ABBREVIATED).—DR. BARBER.

*Voice*—full, strong, agreeable.

*Simple Melody*—not monotonous.

*Enunciation*—exact, audible ; not affected preciseness.

*Recurrent Melody*—not monotonous.

*High Tones*—on emphatic words free from monotony.

*Radical Stress*—effectively used.

*Quantity*—not drawled, or sung.

*Consonants*—free from drawl.

*Slides*—Pitch, downward. Rad., positive.

*Var. Stress*—not monotonous.

*Cadence*—proper place.

*Parenthesis*—*Paragraphs*—changed by transitions of Pitch, Time, and Quality of Voice.

*The Sense*—vividly expressed by the vocal powers.



# PRACTICAL ELOCUTION.

## BREATHING.

VOICE is breath converted into sound ; and the lungs, acted upon by the muscles of the diaphragm, as the handle to the blacksmith's bellows, are the principal organs of respiration. The more breath, and the greater the power of these muscles, the stronger and fuller the voice. There should be no more action of the inner muscles and lining of the throat than is *absolutely necessary for complete and firm intonation*, for in *this manner the throat receives no injury*. Practice this either in the *open air*, or be sure to have *plenty of fresh air* in your room.

EXERCISE.—Stand erect, throw the shoulders back, keep the neck straight, concentrate the mind on the lower muscles that propel the air from the lungs, giving them all *possible space*. Breathe a few times naturally.

Then draw in air *slowly, steadily*, making little effort, through a *very small* orifice of the mouth, with the lips compactly “pursed” together. When the lungs are completely filled, retain the air for a moment, then breathe all out slowly and quietly, letting the chest down very gradually. Then breathe once full, then out, in the ordinary manner.

It is well, during the breathing, to gently pat the lungs with the hands. Practice this *very cautiously* at first. If dizziness ensue, stop for a while, move about, and relief will follow.

If the exercise is too severe, for beginners, do not repeat the effort often until custom has made it easier. When able to do this without injurious effects, practice it rigidly as of the first importance.

**NOTE.**—The *greater length* of time occupied in this exercise the better. The author can breathe easily for two or three minutes inwardly, and then, reversing the effort, breathe out, occupying very nearly the same amount of time.

**EXERCISE.**—Breathe out all you can of the natural air that may be in the lungs; press the chest and ribs inwardly, and crowd them about under the arm-pits with the heels of the hands to squeeze out what air may be left, and breathe back again quickly.

Move the shoulders forward, when breathing out, and backward when breathing in to aid these efforts.

A variety of these exercises should be devised by the pupil. They promote the *expansion* and *capacity* of the *lungs*, and the *elasticity* and *mobility* of the *chest*. Immense advantage will be derived from gymnastic drills of this character.

**EXERCISE.**—Arms forward at right angles with the chest; breathe slowly till the lungs are comfortably filled. Draw the arms *gently* back, emptying the lungs, then project them. Then throw them *violently* forward, then backward, closing the fists as they return. Do not *overdo*. If a person should practice nothing else than the foregoing exercises, he would find the voice improving wonderfully in strength and fulness within a *few weeks*.

**REMARK.**—As soon as practicable, learn to breathe through the *nostrils* instead of the mouth, especially when drawing in the air, as this process is less liable to parch the throat, and produce irritation. This manner of breathing will widen the nasal cavity, strengthen the muscles of the *nostrils*, keep the lungs healthy, and improve the quality of the voice. Persons unaccustomed to an energetic employment of the lungs find it exceedingly difficult to use the *nostrils* effectively. The preceding exercises are designed to develop a little lung power first, and are not likely to prove injurious if the air is drawn *very slowly*, and through a *very small aperture* of the lips. Even when *walking*, especially if *moving rapidly*, learn to keep the mouth *firmly shut*, and breathe *exclusively* through the *nose*. Lung and even other diseases, are brought on more frequently from an *open* mouth, particularly when *sleeping*, than from almost any other cause. By putting the mind upon

it with a *determination* to succeed, the habit of keeping it shut can be acquired both for waking and sleeping hours, for the results of what is resolutely done in the *one* time will *unconsciously* be carried into the *other*. There is a philosophy in this breathing process that perhaps need not be explained in a work of this character.

## EXERCISES.

**AUDIBLE.**—Fill the lungs slowly through the nostrils; then open the mouth, and slowly give the sound of K (*Kh*).

**FORCIBLE.**—Fill the lungs and cough, or explode the voice upon the sound of HA!!! or draw in the air and then expel it with the utmost vehemence without vocality.

**SIGHING.**—(An extreme condition.) Open the mouth, fill the lungs suddenly, and also emit suddenly.

**GASPING.**—Similar to sighing, but the air cannot pass in fast enough through the mouth and nostrils combined; it is an unnatural, exhausted condition, a struggle for breath.

**PANTING.**—Is somewhat similar to sighing and gasping. The air is drawn in quickly and violently, and emitted loudly.

**LOUD WHISPER.**—In this the voice is high, with pure aspiration. It is an excellent practice but must be indulged in with great caution. Count, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.

**EXERCISE IN VOCALITY.**—Slowly fill the lungs through the nostrils, and then very deliberately count 1,—2,—3,—4,—5,—6,—7,—8,—9,—10.

**EXERCISE.**—Slowly fill the lungs, and then with the mouth WELL OPENED and ARCHED, gently repeat, in a pure, firm, steady-toned voice, a—e—i—o—u—oi—ou. Have the sounds strike the roof of the mouth.

**NOTE.**—Persons with weak lungs and throats sometimes refrain from such exercises; but the practice is even recommended as a *cue* for bronchitis and pulmonary complaints.

## ARTICULATION.

VOWELS.—<sup>1 2 3 4</sup> a, a, a, a, — <sup>1 2</sup> e, e, — <sup>1 2</sup> i, i, — <sup>1 2 3 4</sup> o, o, o, o, — <sup>1 2 3</sup> u, u, u.  
 DIPHTHONGS.—oi, ou.

CONSONANTS.—The consonants are given thus:—Stand firm, *every muscle braced*, fill the lungs with air, and then holding them distended a moment, pronounce the word so as to feel the *whole body* partaking of the sounds. The *lungs* should be the *chief* object of your attention in these exercises. Dwell solidly on the initial sound a moment, then pass on to the vowel sound between, and finally, firmly bear the voice upon the closing sound. If properly given, these exercises will strengthen the muscles of the mouth and neck, and remove the least tendency to irritation of the delicate membranes of the throat.

<sup>4</sup> B-a-b	<sup>3</sup> J-o-j	<sup>2</sup> P-i-p	<sup>ou</sup> W-o-w	<sup>1</sup> Sh-u-sh
<sup>2</sup> D-i-d	<sup>2</sup> K-i-k	<sup>1</sup> R-o-r	<sup>oi</sup> Y-o-y	<sup>2</sup> Th-in-th
<sup>1</sup> F-i-f	<sup>3</sup> L-a-l	<sup>2</sup> S-e-s	<sup>2</sup> Z-u-z	<sup>1</sup> Th-o-th
<sup>4</sup> G-o-g	<sup>2</sup> M-u-m	<sup>4</sup> T-a-t	<sup>2</sup> Ch-ur-ch	<sup>2</sup> Wh-u-wh
<sup>2</sup> H-a-h	<sup>2</sup> N-o-n	<sup>1</sup> V-e-v	<sup>2</sup> <sup>2</sup> Si-ng-i-ng	<sup>zh</sup> A-z-ure

The vowels in the preceding are to be sounded as in <sup>1</sup>*fate*,  
<sup>2</sup>*far*, <sup>3</sup>*fall*, <sup>4</sup>*fat*, — <sup>1</sup>*me*, <sup>2</sup>*met*, — <sup>1</sup>*pine*, <sup>2</sup>*pin*, — <sup>1</sup>*no*, <sup>2</sup>*move*, <sup>3</sup>*nor*, <sup>4</sup>*not*,  
<sup>1</sup>*tube*, <sup>2</sup>*tub*, <sup>3</sup>*bull*. In these two exercises are all the elementary sounds of the English language, and also the combinations *oi*, *ou*, *ch*, *ng*, *sh*, *th*, (light) *th*, (heavy) *wh*, and *z* (*zh*). C, Q, and X are represented by other letters.

[NOTE.—*Pure tone* should be aimed at in all these exercises. Persons may thus distinguish pure from impure tones. A word or sound spoken with pure tone is given in such a manner that *all* the breath thus employed, is converted so completely into *clear* vocality, that if a small lamp or candle were held within an inch even of the mouth, the flame would scarcely tremble. Impure tone, on the contrary, would have so much respiration or breath as to immediately extinguish the light thus held. If the candle is not at all times convenient, the experiment may be illustrated by using the hand. A pure-toned sound cannot be felt when uttered against the back of the hand, for the sound is not forced from the mouth, but reverberates within it. An impure tone is felt, like the breath, in proportion to its impurity or aspirated character. This shows that the more intonation the breath can have, the better, except in such expressions as call for aspiration.]

However desirable distinct articulation may be, you should never DWELL on a sound, but give it forcibly and instantly change to the next without appearing to interrupt the free course of the breath.

Enunciation is the basis of the art; it is this which gives nerve and energy to accomplished speakers: which fills language with VITALITY, and renders it REAL and LIVING.

TONIOS.—<sup>3 2 4 1 1 1 1 2 2 2</sup>  
a, a, a, a, ou, i, o, e, o, e, i.

SUBTONIOS.—B, D, G, V, Z, Y, W, Th, Zh, Ng, L, M, N, R<sup>2</sup>

ATONIOS.—P, T, K, F, S, H, Wh, Th, Sh.

ABRUPT ELEMENTS.—B, D, G, P, T, K. (*See Rush, on the Voice.*)

### ARTICULATION.—VOWELS.

aye, age, late, gale.—He gave to the gale his snow-white sail.  
bereave, redeem, agree.—Swift instinct leaps; slow reason feebly climbs.

tie, rye, why, mine.—The primal duties shine aloft like stars.  
roll, dome, tone, woe.—The freed soul soars to its home on high.

tube, hue, value, new.—There is music in the deep blue sky.  
far, bar, palm, ah.—The calm shade shall bring a kindred calm.

mat, man, and, at.—The good man has perpetual sabbath.  
met, let, well, end.—Thence the bright spirit's eloquence hath fled.

captain, if, hit, bit.—The sick earth groans with man's iniquities.

all, call, walk, awe.—Of all that's holy, holiest is the good man's pall.

truth, doom, rule, true.—Blows were our welcome, rude bruises our reward.

full, push, wolf, spot.—For his own good alone man should not toil.

wad, blot, odd, was.—The quality of mercy is not strained.

*up, come, run, muff.*—Some fretful tempers wince at every touch.  
*soil, point, voice, oil.*—It is the voice of joy that murmurs deep.  
*sound, loud, vow, how.*—Thou look'st beyond life's narrow bound.

## SIMPLE CONSONANTS.

*babe, mob, bib, sob, rob.*—Life may long be borne ere sorrow breaks its chain.  
*did, dead, deed, aid.*—Death deals with all, of high or low degree.  
*fife, if, whiff, fine.*—Fond fancy retraces the far off past.  
*gag, rag, bag, gig, log.*—Life itself must go to him who gave it.  
*hat, how, hall, hope.*—I heard—and the moral came home to my heart.  
*ball, pall, call.*—Lonely and lovely was the silent glen.  
*maim, mum, mammon.*—All men think all men mortal but themselves.  
*ninny, none, nine, noon.*—To err is human ; to forgive divine.  
*pip, pipe, apple, hope.*—Wave your tops ye pines in praise and worship.  
*right, row, rang, rope.*—The rocks are riven, and rifted oaks upturn. (trilled.)  
*car, star, far, morn, warn.*—His cheek is imperled with a mother's warm tear. (smooth.)  
*vive, vivid, save, vine.*—Fast the wave of life is ebbing from our veins.  
*woe, won, went, wave.*—What most we wish with ease we fancy near.  
*year, yarn, yoke, yes.*—Then from glad youth to calm decline my years would gently glide.  
*judge, ginger, age.*—Eden's pure gums angelic legions keep.  
*kick, kept, cake, kite.*—Where the sickle cuts down the yellow corn.  
*cease, miss, sister.*—So sweet her song, that sadness weeping smiled.

*tint, tent, bent, lent.*—We take no note of time, but from its loss.

*was, zoue, rose, has.*—Wisdom mounts her zenith to the stars.  
*song, thing, bang, rung.*—It mingles with the dross of earth again, and mingling falls.

*push, lash, flash, dash.*—List to the shout, the shock, the crash of steel.

*thin, theme, breath.*—Faith touches all things with the hues of heaven. (light.)

*than, thou, beneath, thus.*—Then shalt thou find that thou wilt loathe thy life. (heavy.)

*which, when, what, where.*—When and where shall we seek repose?

*azure, measure, treasure.*—No rapture dawns, no treasure is revealed.

*six, flax, mix, tax.*—Empires wane and wax, are founded and decay.

*hags, exact, exist.*—Let us exult in hope, that all shall yet be well.

EXERCISE SLOWLY—THEN RAPIDLY, BUT DISTINCTLY.

a-b, e-b, i-b, o-b, u-b,—b-a, b-e, b-i, b-o, b-u, b-oi, b-ou.

a-d, e-d, i-d, o-d, u-d,—d-a, d-e, d-i, d-o, d-u, d-oi, d-ou.

a-f, e-f, i-f, o-f, u-f,—f-a, f-e, f-i, f-o, f-u, f-oi, f-ou.

a-g, e-g, i-g, o-g, u-g,—g-a, g-e, g-i, g-o, g-u, g-oi, g-ou.

a-k, e-k, i-k, o-k, u-k,—k-a, k-e, k-i, k-o, k-u, k-oi, k-ou.

a-l, e-l, i-l, o-l, u-l,—l-a, l-e, l-i, l-o, l-u, l-oi, l-ou.

a-m, e-m, i-m, o-m, u-m,—m-a, m-e, m-i, m-o, m-u, m-oi, m-ou.

a-n, e-n, i-n, o-n, u-n,—n-a, n-e, n-i, n-o, n-u, n-oi, n-ou.

a-p, e-p, i-p, o-p, u-p,—p-a, p-e, p-i, p-o, p-u, p-oi, p-ou.

a-r, e-r, i-r, o-r, u-r,—r-a, r-e, r-i, r-o, r-u, r-oi, r-ou.

a-s, e-s, i-s, o-s, u-s,—s-a, s-e, s-i, s-o, s-u, s-oi, s-ou.

a-t, e-t, i-t, o-t, u-t,—t-a, t-e, t-i, t-o, t-u, t-oi, t-ou.

a-v, e-v, i-v, o-v, u-v,—v-a, v-e, v-i, v-o, v-u, v-oi, v-ou.

a-z, e-z, i-z, o-z, u-z,—z-a, z-e, z-i, z-o, z-u, z-oi, z-ou.

a-ng, e-ng, i-ng, o-ng, u-ng,—ch-a, ch-e, ch-i, ch-o, ch-u, ch-oi, ch-ou.

a-sh, e-sh, i-sh, o-sh, u-sh,—sh-a, sh-e, sh-i, sh-o, sh-u, sh-oi, sh-ou.

a-th, e-th, i-th, o-th, u-th,—th-a, th-e, th-i, th-o, th-u, th-oi, th-ou.

a-th, e-th, i-th, o-th, u-th,—th-a, th-e, th-i, th-o, th-u, th-oi, th-ou.

a-x, e-x, i-x, o-x, u-x,—a-x, e-x, i-x, o-x, u-x, oi-x, ou-x.

a-zh, e-zh, i-zh, o-zh, u-zh,—zh-a, zh-e, zh-i, zh-o, zh-u, zh-oi, zh-ou.

a-j, e-j, i-j, o-j, u-j,—j-a, j-e, j-i, j-o, j-u, j-oi, j-ou.

h-a, h-e, h-i, h-o, h-u, h-oi, h-ou,—w-a, w-e, w-i, w-o, w-u, w-oi, w-ou,—a-wa, a-we, a-wi, a-wo, a-wu.

y-a, y-e, y-i, y-o, y-u, y-oi, y-ou,—wh-a, wh-e, wh-i, wh-o, wh-u, wh-oi, wh-ou.

## COMBINATIONS OF THE CONSONANTS.

*Bd.*—ebb'd, sobb'd.—Prejudices are often imbibed from custom.

*Bdst.*—prob'dst, stabb'dst, robb'dst.—Then thou prob'dst the wound which now has healed.

*Bl.*—able, blow, bubble, noble.—Why should gold man's feeble mind decoy?

*Bld.*—disabl'd, doubl'd, trembl'd.—'Tis but the fabl'd landscape of a lay.

*Bldst.*—trembl'dst, hobb'l'dst.—Thou trembl'dst then, if never since that day.

*Blz.*—bubbles, pebbles, nobles.—The heart benevolent and kind the most resembles God.

*Blst.*—humb'l'st, troubl'st.—Hence! thou troubl'st me with vain requests.

*Br.*—brave, bright, breeze.—Ocean's broad breast was covered with his fleet.

*Bz.*—robes, ribs, webs.—They bowed like shrubs beneath the poison blast.

*Bst.*—rob'st, robb'st.—With no gentle hand thou prob'st their wounds.

*Dl.*—handle, ladle, meddle.—The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more.

*Dld.*—bridl'd, paddl'd.—Thy mind once kindl'd with each passing thought.



- Oldst.*—handl'*dst*, fondl'*dst*.—Stung by the viper thou fondl'*dst* when young.
- Dlz.*—handles, bundles.—Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
- Dlst.*—kindl'*st*, paddl'*st*.—In thine upward flight thou dwindl'*st* to a speck.
- Dp.*—gold'n, lad'n, lead'n.—Angels drop on their gold'n harps a pitying tear.
- Dnd,* sad'n'd, burd'n'd.—Death never sad'n'd your scenes of bloom.
- Dnz.*—gard'ns, ward'ns.—Our hearts are eased of burd'ns hard to bear.
- Dr.*—drop, dress, drive.—The dread beat of the drum broke the dreamer's sleep.
- Dst.*—didst, hadst, addst.—Thou biddst the shades of darkness fly.
- Dth.*—width, breadth.—The width of the stream again dismayed him.
- Dths.*—breadths, widths.—It took four breadths of cloth to make the cloak.
- Dz.*—buds, weeds, odds.—These shades are the abodes of undissembled gladness.
- Dzh.*—edge, lodge, image.—Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness.
- Dzhd.*—imag'd, fledg'd.—Their winglets are fledged in the sun's hot rays.
- Fl.*—flay, fleece, flow.—At every trifle scorn to take offence.
- Fld.*—risl'd, baffl'd.—The war drum is muffled, and black is the bier.
- Fldst.*—trifl'*dst*, stifl'*dst*.—Now tell me how thou baffl'*dst* thine enemy.
- Flz.*—rifles, baffles, ruffles.—Not to know some trifles is a praise.
- Flst*—stifl'*st*, shuffl'*st*, baffl'*st*.—Thou trifl'*st* with what is not thine own.
- Fn.*—stiff'n oft'n, sof'n.—Here shall the billows stiff'n and have rest.
- Fnd.*—sof'n'd, deaf'n'd.—The woods are deaf'n'd with the roar.

*Fnz.*—*sof'ns, stiff'ns.*—Truth *sof'ns* the heart with its simple tones.

*Fr.*—*frame, friend, refresh.*—Labor is but *refreshment* from repose.

*Fs.*—*whiffs, puffs, laughs.*—Mortals, on *life's* later stage, still grasp at wealth.

*Fst.*—*puff'st, laugh'st.*—Thou *scoff'st* at Virtue's homely joys.

*Ft.*—*oft, soft, waft.*—*Oft* from apparent ills our blessings rise.

*Fth.*—*fifth, twelfth.*—For the *fifth* time I called in vain.

*Fts.*—*lifts, rafts, wafts.*—Death *lifts* the veil that hides a brighter sphere.

*Ftst.*—*waft'st, lift'st.*—O'er the desert drear thou *waft'st* thy waste perfume.

*Gd.*—*begg'd, rigg'd.*—The very elements are leagued with death.

*Gdst.*—*bragg'dst, dragg'dst.*—Thou *begg'dst* in vain the hermit's blessing then.

*Gl.*—*gleam, glove, eagle.*—Through *glades* and *glooms* the mingling measures stole.

*Gld.*—*struggl'd, hagg'l'd.*—He gazed enraptured on the *span-gled* canopy.

*Gldst.*—*singl'dst.*—How thou *mingl'dst* life and death.

*Glz.*—*eagles, juggles.*—I have roamed where the hill foxes howl, and *eagles* cry.

*Glst.*—*mingl'st, struggl'st.*—Thou *struggl'st*, as life upon the issue hung.

*Gr.*—*grow, grip, grief.*—The *groves* of Eden yet look *green* in song.

*Gz.*—*logs, figs, dregs.*—The fisherman drags to the shore his laden'd nets.

*Gst.*—*begg'st, digg'st.*—Thou *begg'st* in vain, no pity melts his heart.

*Kl.*—*cling, cliff, clove.*—The sea gems *sparkle* in the depths below.

*Kld.*—*sparkl'd, circl'd.*—Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front.

*Kldst.*—*buckl'dst, circl'dst.*—Star, that *twinkl'dst* on the shepherd's path.

*Klz.*—*sparkles, circles.*—Time writes no *wrinkles* on thine azure brow.

*Klst.*—sparkl'*st*, freckl'*s'*.—Thou sparkl'*st* like a gem of earth.  
*Kn.*—tok'*n*, deac'*n*, falc'*n*.—By the storms of circumstance  
 unshak'*n*.

*Knd.*—wak'*n'd*, dark'*n'd*.—With quickened step brown night  
 retires.

*Kndst.*—black'*n'dst*, heark'*n'dst*.—Thou heark'*n'dst* not when  
 wisdom bade thee heed.

*Knz.*—tok'*ns*, falc'*ns*, thick'*ns*.—Mist darkens the mountain,  
 night darkens the vale.

*Inst.*—beck'*n'st*, wak'*n'st*.—Thou awak'*n'st* there a warmer  
 sympathy.

*Kr.*—kraken, crime.—There crystal streams with pleasing  
 murmurs creep.

*Ks.*—oaks, sticks, rocks.—Ye mouldering relics of departed  
 years.

*Kst.*—shak'*st*, wak'*st*, next.—Many a holy text around she  
 strews.

*Ksth.*—sixth, sixth.—Henry the sixth bids thee despair.

*Kt.*—sect, wak'*d*, rock'*d*.—He waked at the vessel's sudden  
 roll.

*Kts.*—acts, sects, respects.—It gilds all objects but it alters  
 none.

*Ktst.*—act'*st*, lik'*dst*.—Thou act'*st* the manly part.

*Lb.*—bulb, Elbe, Albert, filbert.—The river Elbe glides gently.

*Lbz.*—bulbs.—The bulbs have taken root.

*Ld.*—gild, field, mild.—He toiled and moiled each day.

*Ldz.*—fields, folds, wilds.—It gilds the mountain's brow.

*Ldst.*—hold'*st*, shield'*st*.—Thou yiel'*st* to fate without a sigh.

*Lf.*—Self, wolf, gulf.—O how self fettered is the grovelling  
 soul.

*Lfs.*—sylphs, gulfs, elfs.—It is the wolf's dreary cave.

*Lft.*—ingulf'*d*.—The lake is ingulf'*d* amid the hills.

*Lfth.*—twelfth.—Shakespeare's twelfth night.

*Ldzh.*—indulge, hilge.—Indulge no useless wish.

*Ldzhd.*—indulg'*d*, bilg'*d*.—He indulged his wit and lost his  
 friend.

*Lk.*—elk, milk, bulk, silk.—List to the milkmaid's song.

*Lks.*—silks, elks, bulks.—In silks and satins new we worship  
 in these days.

*Lkst.*—*milkst.*—Thou *milk'st* the kine at early dawn.

*Lkt.*—*milk'd.*—The goats were *milked* at eve.

*Lm.*—*elm, film, realm.*—The heathen heel her *helm* has crushed.

*Lmd.*—*film'd, whelm'd.*—He was *overwhelmed* with doubts.

*Lmz.*—*films, realms.*—*Films* slow gathering dim the sight.

*Imst.*—*overwhelm'st.*—Thou *overwhelm'st* them with the whirlwind.

*Ln.*—*stol'n, swol'n.*—Even our *fall'n* fortunes lay in light.

*Lp.*—*help, pulp.*—He shrieked for *help* in vain.

*Lps.*—*pulps, whelps.* The *alps* have pinnaced in clouds their snowy *scalps*.

*Lpst.*—*scalp'st, help'st.*—Thou *help'st* me now in vain.

*Lpt.*—*help'd, scalp'd.*—I was the first that *help'd* him.

*Lptst.*—*help'dst.*—Those crumbling piles thou *help'dst* to rear.

*Ls.*—*false, dulce, else.*—Oft by *false* learning is good sense defaced.

*Lst.*—*ru'l'st, fill'st, fall'st.*—Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs.

*Lt.*—*bolt, guilt, wilt.*—Misery is wed to *guilt*.

*Lth.*—*wealth, filth, stealth.*—*Health* consists with temperance alone.

*Lths.*—*healths, tilths.*—In drinking *healths*, men but invite disease.

*Lts.*—*bolts, melts, faults.*—The *assaults* of discontent and doubt repel.

*Ltst.*—*halt'st, melt'st.*—Thou *melt'st* with pity at another's woes.

*Lv.*—*twelve, value, solve.*—O, fix thy firm *resolve* wisdom to wed.

*Lod.*—*involv'd, resolv'd.*—No fate with mine *involv'd*.

*Lvz.*—*wolves, elves, valves.*—Man *resolves*, and re-*resolves*, then dies the same.

*Lvst.*—*revolv'st, dissolv'st.*—Thou *solv'st* the problem at the expense of life.

*Lz.*—*toils, steals, calls.*—Peace *rules* the day, when reason *rules* the mind.

*Md.*—*fam'd, nam'd, bloom'd.*—Let us keep the soul *embalmed* in living virtue.

*Mdst.*—illum'dst, bloom'dst.—Thou doom'dst thy victims to death.

*Mf.*—nymph, triumph.—He has set the triumph-seal.

*Mfs.*—nymphs, triumphs.—What are man's triumphs?

*Mft.*—triumph'd.—Life's last rapture triumph'd o'er her woes.

*Mp.*—pomp.—lamp.—Through the swamp and meadow.

*Mps.*—lumps, lamps.—How poor the pomps of earth.

*Mpst.*—thump'st, damp'st.—Thou damp'st their zeal already.

*Mz.*—gems, plums, comes.—Thou art freedom's now and fame's.

*Mst.*—doom'st, seem'st.—How wretched thou seem'st.

*Mt.*—prompt, contempt.—Be ever prompt to answer duty's call.

*Mts.*—tempts, prompts.—He tempts the perilous deep at dawn.

*Mtst.*—tempt'st, prompt'st.—Thou prompt'st the warrior now.

*Nd.*—end, land, mind.—With heart and hand together stand.

*Ndz.*—ends, blends, bonds.—The rivulet sends forth glad sounds.

*Ndst.*—hend'st, send'st.—Answer how thou found'st me?

*Ng* — { sing, long, ring.—Ding-dong, ding-dong! go the bells.  
singing, swinging.—Exulting, trembling, raging, faint-  
ing, running, leaping.

*Ngd.*—wrong'd, wing'd.—The snowy winged plover.

*Ngdst.*—twang'dst, wrong'dst.—Thou wrongd'st thyself to write in such a case.

*Ngz.*—songs, fangs, rings.—Peace scatters blessings from dewy wings.

*Ngst.*—ring'st, cling'st, sing'st.—Thou cling'st in vain.

*Ngth.*—strength, length.—He was the proudest in his strength.

*Ngths.*—lengths.—Short views we take nor see the lengths behind.

*Ngk.*—drink, rank.—His drink, the crystal well.

*Ngks.*—pranks, lynx.—In each low wind methinks a spirit calls.

*Ngkst.*—thank'st, think'st.—O, deeper than thou think'st I have read thy heart.

*Ngkt.*—rank'd, thank'd.—He thanked me for my trouble.

*Ngkts.*—precincts.—He has left the warm precincts of the cheerful day.

*Ndzh.*—hinge, range, fringe.—Possessions vanish and opinions change.

*Ndzhd.*—reveng'd, chang'd.—The pine is fring'd with a softer green.

*Ns.*—tense, sense, dance.—In search of wit some lose all common sense.

*Nst.*—canst, against.—Give what thou can'st.

*Nsh.*—bench, launch.—Now launch the boat.

*Nsht.*—launch'd, wrench'd.—He wrenched the chain.

*Nt.*—lent, rant; went.—He went to see money made not spent.

*Nth.*—tenth, hyacinth.—Few speak, wild, stormy month, in praise of thee.

*Nths.*—tenths, hyacinths.—See the hyacinths in bloom.

*Nts.*—wants, tents, events.—Coming events cast their shadows before.

*Ntst.*—haunt'st, want'st.—Why haunt'st thou the land.

*Nz.*—lens, means, vanes.—Slow and steady wins the race.

*Pl.*—plume, plaid, plod.—The ploughman plods along.

*Pld.*—dimpl'd, tramp'd.—Morn is gleaming in the dappl'd east.

*Pldst.*—tramp'd'st, peopl'd'st.—Thou tramp'd'st them down.

*Plz.*—temples, ripples.—Age has on their temples shed her silver frost.

*Plst.*—tramp'l'st, rippl'st.—Thou tramp'l'st in scorn on the flower

*Pn.*—deep'n, op'n.—His ears are open to the softest cry.

*Pnd.*—op'n'd, sharp'n'd.—There stands the rip'n'd grain.

*Pnz.*—sharp'ns, op'ns.—The ceaseless flow of feeling deep'ns still.

*Pr.*—pride, praise, print.—Prompt to relieve, the prisoner sings his praise.

*Ps.*—lips, traps, hops.—Thought stops and fancy droops.

*Pst.*—droop'st, hōp'st.—Thou wrapp'st the world in clouds.

*Pt.*—wept, slept, tripp'd.—The clouds be few that intercept the light.

*Pts.*—precepts, intercepts.—Just precepts are from great examples given.

*Ptst*—accept'st, intercept'st.—Accept'st thou in kindness the favor?

*Pth.*—depth.—Launch not beyond thy depth.

*Pths.*—depths.—From the depths of air comes a still voice.

*Rb.*—orb, garb, curb, verb.—Curb, O curb thy headlong speed.

*Rbd.*—disturb'd, garb'd.—No drums disturb'd his morning sleep.

*Rbdst.*—curb'dst, disturb'dst.—Then thou curb'dst thy mad career.

*Rbz.*—orbs, garbs, barbs.—Not a breath disturbs the deep serene.

*Rbst.*—curb'st, absorb'st.—Thou barb'st the dart that rankles sore.

*Rd.*—bird, cord, herd.—Embroidered sandals glittered as he trod.

*Rdz.*—birds, words, cords.—Silver cords to earth have bound me.

*Rdst.*—regard'st, reward'st.—Thou reward'st the evil and the good.

*Rf.*—turf, serf, dwarf.—Every turf beneath their feet.

*Rfs.*—serfs, dwarfs.—When dwarfs and pigmies shall to giants rise.

*Rg.*—iceberg.—The iceberg has sealed their fate.

*Rgz.*—icebergs.—In polar seas where icebergs have their home.

*Rdzh.*—large, urge.—Toward the verge sweeps the wide torrent.

*Rdzhd.*—scourg'd, urg'd.—Like the slave scourged to his dungeon.

*Rk.*—dark, lark, work.—Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed.

*Rks.*—marks, barks, larks.—He marks their tracks in the snow.

*Rkst.*—work'st, mark'st.—Mark'st thou, my son, yon forester?

*Rkt.*—lurk'd, work'd.—For this he work'd, for this forsook his bed.

*Rktst.*—bark'dst, lurk'dst.—Of yore thou lurk'dst in caverns.

*RL.*—curl, snarl, pearl.—There the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow.

*Rld.*—world, curl'd, fur'l'd.—Round his head the war-cloud curled.

*Rldst.*—fnrl'dst, hurl'dst.—Thou hurl'dst the spear in triumph.

*Rlds.*—worlds—What are worlds of wealth?

*RLz.*—pearls, curls, snarls.—They are glittering pearls.

*Rlst.*—*curl'st, fur'l'st.*—Again thou unfur'l'st thy wings.

*Rm.*—*arm, warm, harm.*—Arm, arm ! and haste to battle.

*Rmd.*—*arm'd, harm'd.*—Armed, armed say you ?

*Rmdst.*—*harm'dst, warm'dst.*—Thou arm'dst the hand that laid thee low.

*Rmz.*—*arms, forms, storms.*—The surly storms are softened.

*Rmst.*—*charm'st, alarm'st.*—Thou charm'st the ear of man.

*Rmth.*—*warmth.*—With honest warmth he met me.

*Rn.*—*morn, scorn, urn.*—Live, stung by the scorn of thine own bosom.

*Rnd.*—*burn'd, scorn'd.*—Warned by the signs, they fly in haste.

*Rndst.*—*return'dst, warn'dst.*—It is well thou learn'dst that lesson young.

*Rnz.*—*morns, urns, horns.*—On the golden wave the sunset burns afar.

*Rp.*—*harp, warp, sharp.*—Time is the warp of life.

*Rps.*—*harps, warps, sharps.*—They sing to their golden harps.

*Rpt.*—*warp'd, usnrp'd.*—Trade hath usurped the land.

*Rs.*—*purse, scarce, curse.*—Fierce to the breach they sprang.

*Rsh.*—*harsh, marsh.*—O'er marsh and moor.

*Rst.*—*first, worst, burst.*—There came a burst of thunder.

*Rsts.*—*bursts.*—A flood of glory bursts from all the skies.

*Rt.*—*art, port, dirt, cart.*—How vast is art, how narrow human wit.

*Rts.*—*arts, ports, hearts.*—The sports of children satisfy the child.

*Rtst.*—*start'st, hurt'st.*—With these thou flirt'st, and smil'st.

*Rth.*—*earth, worth, forth.*—From this day forth give each his worth.

*Rths.*—*earths, hearths.*—Our hearths shall brightly blaze.

*Rtsh.*—*march, larch.*—We may resume the march of our existence.

*Rtsht.*—*aearch'd, parch'd.*—Pygmies are pygmies still, though perched on Alps.

*Rv.*—*nerve, starve, curve.*—Swerve not from duty's path however rough.

*Rod.*—*curv'd, starv'd.*—Life is thus preserved and peace restored.

*Rodst.*—*starv'dst, preserv'dst.*—Thou preserv'dst his life.



*Rvz.*—*nerves, curves.*—Then the firmest *nerves* shall tremble.

*Rst.*—*nerve'st, swerve'st.*—I thank thee ; thou *nerve'st* my arm.

*Rz.*—*bars, stars, wears.*—We leap at stars, and fasten in the mud.

*Sf.*—*sphere, sphynx.*—The freed soul soars beyond this little *sphere*.

*Shr.*— { *shrill, shrink.*—The bat *shrill* *shrieking* flies away.  
 { *shrine, shriek.*—And freedom *shrieked* as Kosciusko fell.

*Sk.*—*skill, skip.*—It is a land unscathed by *scorching* tear.

*Skr.*—*screen, scribe.*—Across the wiry edge he drew the *screaking* file.

*Sks.*—*desks, tasks.*—He *asks* no more than is right.

*Skst.*—*ask'st, bask'st.*—*Ask'st* thou to whom belongs this valley fair ?

*Skt.*—*ask'd, bask'd.*—He *risk'd* his own, another's life to save.

*Sl.*—*shine, whistle.*—*Slow* tolls the village clock.

*Sld.*—*whistl'd, nestl'd.*—The loud blast *whistled* shrill.

*Slz.*—*nestles, thistles.*—The grass *rustles* drearily over his urn.

*Slst.*—*rustl'st, nestl'st.*—Thou *wrestl'st* singly with the gale.

*Sm.*—*smile, smoke.*—The *smooth* stream now *smoother* glides.

*Sn.*—*snow, pers'n.*—The moonlight sleeps upon the *snow*.

*Snd.*—*less'n'd, list'n'd.*—He *listened* to the music.

*Snz.*—*list'ns, pers'ns.*—How the eye of beauty *glistens*.

*Snst.*—*less'n'st, hast'n'st.*—Onward thou *hasten'st* home.

*Sp.*—*span, speed, spar.*—*Sport* leaped up and seized his beechen *spear*.

*Spl.*—*spleen, splendid.*—The *splendor* of such sights.

*Spr.*—*spray, spring, sprig.*—In *Spring's* footsteps *sprang* herbage and flowers.

*Sps.*—*grasps, lisps, clasps.*—The youthful ivy *clasps* the oak.

*Spt.*—*clasp'd, grasp'd.*—Pope *lisp'd* in numbers, for the numbers came.

*St.*—*stand, stop, star.*—*Hast* thou a charm to *stay* the morning *star* ?

*Str.*—*stroll, strive, strong.*—They have *strown* the dust on the sunny brow.

*Sts.*—*mists, tastes, coasts.*—All things seem large which we through *mists* descry.

*Stst.*—*tast'st*, *list'st*.—Now, with what awe thou *list'st* the wild uproar.

*Thn.*—*length'n*, *strength'n*.—Who would *lengthen* life?

*Thnd.*—*length'n'd*, *strength'n'd*.—These proclaim my *length'n'd* years.

*Thndst.*—*length'n'dst*, *strength'n'dst*.—Palsied is the arm thou *strength'n'dst*.

*Thnz.*—*strength'ns*, *length'ns*.—He *length'ns* the hour, in vain.

*Ths.*—*youths*, *faiths*.—*Youth's* bright hours are fleeting.

*Tht.*—*betroth'd*.—She was early *betroth'd* to a Highland Chief.

*Thr.*—*throb*, *throne*, *thrill*.—Soft as the *thrill* that memory *throws* across the soul.

*Thd.*—*breath'd*, *sooth'd*, *bath'd*.—They *sheathed* their swords for lack of argument.

*Thz.*—*bathes*, *tithes*, *paths*.—The *paths* of glory lead but to the grave.

*Thst.*—*smooth'st*, *writh'st*.—O guilt! thou *bath'st* the world in tears.

*Thdst.*—*smooth'dst*, *writh'dst*.—Thou *smooth'dst* his lonely brow.

*Tl.*—*title*, *cattle*, *rattle*.—The reef-points *rattle* on the sail.

*Tld.*—*rattl'd*, *titl'd*.—He *prattled* less, in accents void of guile.

*Tldst.*—*rattl'dst*, *startl'dst*.—Thou *startl'dst* the slumbering tenants.

*Tlz.*—*titles*, *turtles*, *battles*.—How the blood *mantles* in his cheek.

*Tlst.*—*startl'st*, *rattl'st*.—The wild deer thou *startlst* in the shade.

*Tn.*—*kitl'n*, *mitt'n*, *butt'n*.—How blessings *brighten* as they take their flight.

*Tnd.*—*whit'n'd*, *sweet'n'd*.—The snow now *whit'n'd* the earth.

*Tnz.*—*whit'ns*, *sweet'ns*.—Thy mercy *sweet'ns* the cup of woe.

*Tr.*—*tribe*, *tread*, *trade*.—Time's a giddy arch with *trembling* foot we *tread*.

*Tsh.*—*charm*, *chime*, *church*.—Youth is not *rich* in time.

*Tsht.*—*touch'd*, *watch'd*.—Hence have I *watched* while others *aslept*.

*Tsh'tst.*—snatch'dst.—Thou touch'dst his wounded heart.

*Ts.*—bats, roots, hats.—Ten censure wrong, for one who writes amiss.

*Tst.*—sitt'st, shout'st.—Once on Phyle's brow thou satt'st.

*Vd.*—liv'd, lov'd, sav'd.—He sav'd thy life.

*Vdst.*—lov'dst, sav'dst.—Thou depriv'dst me of all.

*Vl.*—ev'l, shov'l, hov'l.—Their hopes still grov'l on this earth.

*Vld.*—shov'ld shriv'ld.—It seared and shriv'ld up his heart.

*Vlst.*—shov'l'st, shriv'l'st.—Thou unrav'l'st the very threads of being.

*Vldst.*—rav'ldst.—Thou unrav'ld'st the yarn.

*Vlz.*—ev'ls, shriv'ls.—So shriv'ls the leaf in the Autumn blast.

*Vn.*—sev'n, driv'n, crav'n.—Thy bonds are riv'n.

*Vnz.*—rav'ns, heav'ns.—Heav'n's sapphire arch is its resplendent dome.

*Vnth.*—elev'nth, sev'nth.—You came at the elev'nth hour.

*Vz.*—waves, groves, leaves.—The groves were God's first temples.

*Vst.*—mov'st, rav'st, prov'st.—Weigh well thy words before thou giv'st them breath.

*Zd.*—gaz'd, rais'd, us'd.—Sudden he gaz'd, but knew not what to do.

*Zl.*—haz'l, dazzle, puzzle.—It is a puzzle indeed.

*Zld.*—dazzl'd, puzzl'd.—My eyes are dazzled with the flame.

*Zldst.*—dazzl'dst, puzzl'dst.—Thou puzzl'dst the brain of the sage.

*Zlst.*—puzzl'st, dazzl'st.—Thou dazzl'st the eye with thy rays.

*Zlz.*—haz'l's, puzzl's.—He puzzles over a doubt.

*Zm.*—prism, chasm.—The sky shone through the fearful chasm.

*Zmz.*—prisms, chasms.—The billows sink to chasms low.

*Zn.*—blaz'n, crims'n.—He sinks on the frozen ground.

*Znd.*—blaz'n'd, crims'n'd.—It is blazoned forth to all.

*Znz.*—seas'ns, blaz'ns.—Thou hast all seas'ns for thine own.

*Znst.*—reas'n'st, blaz'n'st.—How well thou reason'st, then.

Bu- <i>lb</i> ,	<i>sph</i> -ere,	mo- <i>rn</i> ,	me- <i>lts</i> ,
Ga- <i>rb</i> ,	icebe- <i>rg</i> ,	les- <i>s'n</i> ,	pro- <i>mpts</i> ,
Pro- <i>b'd</i> ,	(tsh)	writ- <i>t'n</i> ,	eve- <i>nts</i> ,
Abso- <i>rb'd</i> ,	be- <i>nch</i> ,	ae- <i>v'n</i> ,	preci- <i>ncts</i> ,
Be- <i>gg'd</i> ,	ma- <i>rah</i> ,	fro- <i>z'n</i> ,	pre- <i>cepts</i> ,
Belo- <i>ng'd</i> ,	ch-arin,	he- <i>lp</i> ,	da- <i>rts</i> ,
(dzhd)	ma- <i>rch</i> ,	po- <i>mp</i> ,	mi- <i>sts</i> ,
Ima- <i>g'd</i> ,	wi- <i>dth</i> ,	ha- <i>rp</i> ,	thi- <i>rsts</i> ,
(ldzhd)	ti- <i>fth</i> ,	sp- <i>an</i> ,	so- <i>ft</i> ,
Bi- <i>lg'd</i> ,	twe- <i>lfth</i> ,	br- <i>ave</i> ,	ingu- <i>lf'd</i> ,
(ndzhd)	wea- <i>lth</i> ,	dr- <i>eam</i> ,	trium- <i>ph'd</i> ,
Ra- <i>ng'd</i> ,	wa- <i>rmth</i> ,	fr- <i>own</i> ,	lau- <i>nch'd</i> ,
Ur- <i>g'd</i> ,	le- <i>ngth</i> ,	gr- <i>een</i> ,	ton- <i>ch'd</i> ,
Go- <i>ld</i> ,	te- <i>nth</i> ,	shr- <i>ine</i> ,	ma- <i>rch'd</i> ,
Trem- <i>bl'd</i> ,	de- <i>pth</i> ,	cr- <i>ime</i> ,	fa- <i>ct</i> ,
Pad- <i>dl'd</i> ,	no- <i>rth</i> ,	scr- <i>een</i> ,	mi- <i>lk'd</i> ,
Min- <i>gl'd</i> ,	si- <i>xth</i> ,	pr- <i>ide</i> ,	tha- <i>nk'd</i> ,
Twin- <i>kl'd</i> ,	indu- <i>lge</i> ,	spr- <i>ain</i> ,	ma- <i>rk'd</i> ,
Dim- <i>pl'd</i> ,	ra- <i>nge</i> ,	tr- <i>ibe</i> ,	ba- <i>sk'd</i> ,
Wo- <i>rl'd</i> ,	ba- <i>rge</i> ,	str- <i>ive</i> ,	aa- <i>li</i> ,
(sld)	si- <i>lk</i> ,	thr- <i>ove</i> ,	(mt)
Whi- <i>stl'd</i> ,	tha- <i>nk</i> ,	pu- <i>ffa</i> ,	pro- <i>mpt</i> ,
Rat- <i>tl'd</i> ,	ma- <i>rk</i> ,	gu- <i>lfa</i> ,	wa- <i>nt</i> ,
Shri- <i>v'l'd</i> ,	ta- <i>sk</i> ,	triu- <i>mphs</i> ,	bu- <i>rnt</i> ,
Puz- <i>zl'd</i> ,	bl- <i>ind</i> ,	dwa- <i>rfs</i> ,	ke- <i>pt</i> ,
Na- <i>m'd</i> ,	cra- <i>dle</i> ,	tru- <i>ths</i> ,	he- <i>lp'd</i> ,
Whe- <i>lm'd</i> ,	fl- <i>oor</i> ,	brea- <i>dths</i> ,	wa- <i>rp'd</i> ,
Fo- <i>rm'd</i> ,	gl- <i>ove</i> ,	hea- <i>lths</i> ,	li- <i>sp'd</i> ,
La- <i>nd</i> ,	twin- <i>kle</i> ,	mo- <i>nths</i> ,	pa- <i>rt</i> ,
Har- <i>d'n'd</i> ,	pl- <i>an</i> ,	le- <i>ngths</i> ,	st- <i>eel</i> ,
Dēa- <i>f'n</i> ,	spl- <i>endid</i> ,	de- <i>pths</i> ,	pro- <i>b'st</i> ,
Dēa- <i>f'n'd</i> ,	fu- <i>rl</i> ,	hea- <i>rths</i> ,	cu- <i>rb'st</i> ,
Wa- <i>k'n'd</i> ,	al- <i>eep</i> ,	oa- <i>ks</i> ,	di- <i>dst</i> ,
Shar- <i>p'n'd</i> ,	gen- <i>tle</i> ,	si- <i>lks</i> ,	pro- <i>b'dst</i> ,
Wa- <i>rn'd</i> ,	sho- <i>v'l</i> ,	tha- <i>nks</i> ,	be- <i>gg'dst</i> ,
Les- <i>s'n'd</i> ,	daz- <i>zle</i> ,	ma- <i>rks</i> ,	gi- <i>ld'st</i> ,
Whi- <i>t'n'd</i> ,	rea- <i>lm</i> ,	de- <i>sk</i> s,	trem- <i>bl'dst</i> ,
Leng- <i>th'n'd</i> ,	wa- <i>rm</i> ,	pu- <i>lse</i> ,	bri- <i>dl'st</i> ,
Bla- <i>z'n'd</i> ,	sm- <i>ile</i> ,	de- <i>nse</i> ,	tri- <i>fl'dst</i> ,
Gna- <i>rd</i> ,	rhy- <i>thm</i> ,	li- <i>ps</i> ,	min- <i>gl'dst</i> ,
Pro- <i>v'd</i> ,	pri- <i>sm</i> ,	whe- <i>lps</i> ,	twin- <i>kl'dst</i> ,
Reso- <i>lv'd</i> ,	la- <i>d'n</i> ,	la- <i>mps</i> ,	tram- <i>pl'dst</i> ,
Sta- <i>rr'd</i> ,	dēa- <i>f'n</i> ,	ha- <i>rps</i> ,	cur- <i>rl'dst</i> ,
Ga- <i>z'd</i> ,	leng- <i>th'n</i> ,	li- <i>sp</i> s,	(sldst)
Brea- <i>th'd</i> ,	hea- <i>th'n</i> ,	ho- <i>rse</i> ,	ru- <i>stl'dst</i> ,
She- <i>lf</i> ,	to- <i>k'n</i> ,	foo- <i>ts</i> ,	star- <i>tl'dst</i> ,
Trium- <i>ph</i> ,	ato- <i>l'n</i> ,	tu- <i>fth</i> s,	daz- <i>zld'st</i> ,
Tn- <i>rf</i> ,	shar- <i>p'n</i> ,	fa- <i>cts</i> ,	sho- <i>v'l'dst</i> ,

see- <i>m'dst</i> ,	min- <i>gl'st</i> ,	(intst)	cu- <i>rls</i> ,
wa- <i>rm'dst</i> ,	spar- <i>kl'st</i> ,	pro- <i>mpt'st</i> ,	mus- <i>cles</i> ,
se- <i>n'l'st</i> ,	tram- <i>pl'st</i> ,	wa- <i>nt'st</i> ,	ti- <i>ties</i> ,
dëa- <i>f'n'dst</i> ,	fu- <i>rl'st</i> ,	acce- <i>pt'st</i> ,	(vlz)
hear- <i>k'n'dst</i> ,	ru- <i>stl'st</i> ,	he- <i>lp'dst</i> ,	e- <i>vils</i> ,
wro- <i>ng'dst</i> ,	star- <i>tl'st</i> ,	fli- <i>rt'st</i> ,	puz- <i>zles</i> ,
streng- <i>th'n'dst</i> ,	sho- <i>v'l'st</i> ,	enli- <i>st'st</i> ,	ti- <i>mes</i> ,
tu- <i>rn'dst</i> ,	daz- <i>zl'st</i> ,	bu- <i>rst'st</i> ,	overwhe- <i>lma</i> ,
( <i>sndst</i> )	see- <i>m'st</i> ,	lo- <i>v'st</i> ,	sto- <i>rms</i> ,
li- <i>st'n'dst</i> ,	whe- <i>lm'st</i> ,	reso- <i>lv'st</i> ,	logari- <i>thms</i> ,
rea- <i>s'n'dst</i> ,	wa- <i>rm'st</i> ,	prese- <i>rv'st</i> ,	pri- <i>sms</i> ,
lo- <i>v'dst</i> ,	ou- <i>nst</i> ,	( <i>tht</i> )	de- <i>ns</i> ,
se- <i>rv'dst</i> ,	wa- <i>k'n'st</i> ,	betro- <i>th'd</i> ,	ri- <i>ngs</i> ,
rewa- <i>rd'st</i> ,	shar- <i>p'n'st</i> ,	twe- <i>lve</i> ,	( <i>dnz</i> )
sco- <i>ff'st</i> ,	retu- <i>rn'st</i> ,	ne- <i>rve</i> ,	war- <i>d'ns</i> ,
ingu- <i>lf'st</i> ,	( <i>snst</i> )	so- <i>bs</i> ,	dëa- <i>f'ns</i> ,
triu- <i>mph'st</i> ,	li- <i>st'n'st</i> ,	bu- <i>lbs</i> ,	to- <i>k'ns</i> ,
be- <i>gg'st</i> ,	leng- <i>th'n'st</i> ,	o- <i>rbs</i> ,	shar- <i>p'ns</i> ,
bri- <i>ng'st</i> ,	rea- <i>s'n'st</i> ,	dee- <i>ds</i> ,	mo- <i>rns</i> ,
ra- <i>ng'st</i> ,—j,	hō- <i>p'st</i> ,	fie- <i>lds</i> ,	les- <i>s'ns</i> ,
indu- <i>lg'st</i> ,	he- <i>lp'st</i> ,	wo- <i>rl'ds</i> ,	streng- <i>th'ns</i> ,
u- <i>rg'st</i> ,	thu- <i>mp'st</i> ,	e- <i>nds</i> ,	mit- <i>t'ns</i> ,
awa- <i>k'st</i> ,	wa- <i>rp'st</i> ,	wa- <i>r'ds</i> ,	hea- <i>v'ns</i> ,
mi- <i>lk'st</i> ,	li- <i>sp'st</i> ,	ba- <i>gs</i> ,	rea- <i>s'ns</i> ,
tha- <i>nk'st</i> ,	wo- <i>rst</i> ,	icebe- <i>rgs</i> ,	wa- <i>rs</i> ,
ma- <i>rk'st</i> ,	shou- <i>t'st</i> ,	sai- <i>ls</i> ,	( <i>vz</i> )
ba- <i>sk'st</i> ,	li- <i>ft'st</i> ,	trou- <i>bles</i> ,	gi- <i>ves</i> ,
smoo- <i>th'st</i> ,	tou- <i>ch'dst</i> ,	pad- <i>dles</i> ,	she- <i>lves</i> ,
whi- <i>lst</i> ,	ena- <i>ct'st</i> ,	ruf- <i>fles</i> ,	cu- <i>rves</i> ,
hum- <i>bl'st</i> ,	mi- <i>lk'dst</i> ,	ea- <i>gles</i> ,	brëa- <i>thes</i> ,
fon- <i>dl'st</i> ,	lu- <i>rk'dst</i> ,	spar- <i>kles</i> ,	
ruf- <i>fl'st</i> ,	me- <i>lt'st</i> ,	tem- <i>ples</i> ,	

Rigidly practice upon these exercises until a distinct articulation is acquired

## ANALYSIS OF THE SIMPLE AND COMBINED SOUNDS.

Give each letter as it naturally sounds in the particular word.

Obscure sound—short. y not like ē, but i short.

a, e, i, o, u, y,—obscure.

ā-m-ī-ă-b-ī-l-ī-t-ŷ,	b-ă-r-b-ă-r-ī-t-ŷ,	ö-p-ū-l-ě-n-t-l-ŷ,
ē-v-ě-n-t-f-û-l,	â-l-t-ē-r-ă-b-l-ŷ,	p-ŭ-b-l-ī-sh-ē-r,
ī-d-ě-n-t-ī-c-ă-l-l-ŷ,	ă-c-ū-m-ī-n-ā-t-ě-d,	b-û-l-l-f-ī-n-ch,
ō-p-ă-l-ě-s-c-ě-n-t,	f-oo-l-ī-sh-l-ŷ,	c-ou-n-t-ē-n-ă-n-çə,
û-t-ī-l-ī-t-ā-r-ī-ă-n,	ă-d-ō-r-n-ī-ng,	ō-r-n-ā-m-ě-n-t,

### DIFFICULT COMBINATIONS.

p-r-o-b'-d-s-t,	b-i-d-d'-s-t,	d-r-a-g-g'-d-s-t,
t-r-e-m-b-l'-d-s-t,	h-u-n-d-r-e-d-th-s,	m-i-ng-l'-d-s-t,
b-u-b-b-l'-s,	ă-b-ö-d'-s,	j-u-g-g-l'-s,
e-m-b-r-o-i-l,	b-a-f-f-l'-d-s-t,	s-t-r-n-g-g-l's-t,
w-e-b-s—r-i-b-s,	r-i-f-l's,	e-n-g-r-a-ve,
r-o-b-b'-s-t,	s-t-i-f-l'-s-t,	l-o-g-s—b-o-g-s,
f-l-e-d-g'-d,	s-o-f-t'-n'-d,	c-i-r-c-le,
f-o-n-d-l'-s-t,	s-t-i-f-f'-n-s,	t-w-i-n-k-l'-d-s-t,
b-u-n-d-l'-s,	r-e-f-r-e-sh,	s-p-a-r-k-l'-s,
k-i-n-d-l'-s-t,	l-ă-u-gb'-s-t,	c-i-r-c-l'-s-t,
g-o-l-d'-n,	w-a-f-t-e-d,	t-o-k'-n,
g-a-r-d'-n-s,	f-i-f-th,	h-eă-r-k-n'-d-s-t,
d-r-ě-a-d-f-u-l,	l-i-f-t'-s-t,	f-ă-l-o'-n-s,

W-a-k'-n'-s-t,	b-o-l-t-e-d,	l-e-n-t,
I-n-c-r-ea-se,	h-ěa-l-th-s,	l-äu-n-ch'-d,
O-a-k-s,	m-e-l-t'-s-t,	a-g-ai-n-s-t,
S-p-ěa-k'-s-t,	i-n-v-o-l-v'-d,	t-e-n-th-s,
S-i-x'-th,	w-o-l-v'-s,	w-a-n-t'-s-t,
R-o-ck'-d-r-a-k'-d	r-e-v-o-l-v'-s-t,	g-l-e-n-s,
L-i-k'-d-s-t,	h-a-ll-s,	p-ěo-p-l'-d,
B-u-l-b-s,	b-l-o-o-m'-d-s-t,	t-r-a-m-p-l'-d-s-t,
G-i-l-d-e-d,	t-r-i-u-m-ph'-s-t,	r-i-p-p-l'-s,
F-o-l-d-s,	t-r-i-u-m-ph'-d-s-t,	s-c-r-u-p-l'-s-t,
H-o-l-d'-s-t,	s-w-a-m-p'-s-t,	sh-a-r-p'-n'-d-s-t,
G-u-l-f-s,	g-e-m-s,—t-o-mb-s,	o-p'-n-s,
I-n-g-u-l-f'-d,	s-ee-m'-s-t,	e-m-p-r-e-s-s,
T-w-e-l-f-th,	p-r-o-m-p-t'-s-t,	s-t-o-p-s,
I-n-d-u-l-g'-d,	l-a-n-d-s,—e-n-d-s,	d-r-o-o-p'-s-t,
M-i-l-k'-s-t,	s-e-n-d'-s-t,	r-a-p-t,
M-u-l-c-t,	s-i-ng-i-ng,	i-n-t-e-r-c-e-p-t'-s-t,
O-v-e-r-wh-e-l-m'-d,	s-o-ng-s,	d-e-p-th-s,
F-i-l-m-s,	r-i-ng-s-t,	h-a-r-b'-d-s-t,
Wh-e-l-m'-s-t,	l-e-ng-th-s,	o-r-b-s,
S-t-o-l'-n,	th-i-n-k'-s-t,	a-b-s-o-r-b'-s-t,
H-e-l-p'-s-t,	r-a-n-k-d-s-t,	a-b-s-u-r-d,
H-e-l-p'-d-s-t,	h-i-n-g'-d,	c-o-r-d-s,
R-ö-l-l'-s-t,	t-ě-n-se,	r-e-g-a-r-d'-s-t,

s-e-r-f-s,	p-r-e-s-e-r-v'-d-s-t,	s-t-r-e-ng-th'-n-s,
i-c-e-b-ē-r-g-s,	c-u-r-v-e-s,	f-ā-i-th'-s,
e-n-l-a-r-g'-d,	p-r-e-s-e-r-v'-s-t,	b-e-t-r-o-th'-d,
b-a-r-k'-s-t,	s-t-a-r-s—s-t-i-r-s,	th-r-o-b'-d-s-t,
b-a-l-k'-d-s-t,	s-ph-ē-r-e,	h-r-ē-s-th'-d-s-t,
w-o-r-l-d-s,	sh-r-i-ll—sh-r-i-ne,	p-a-th-s,
wh-e-n—wh-a-t,	sh-r-a-n <sup>ng</sup> -k, sh-r-i-ve	t-r-e-m-b-le,
c-u-r-l'-s-t,	s-c-r-ē-s-m-i-ng,	ch-a-r-m,
s-n-a-r-l-s,	h-a-s-k'-s-t,	w-a-t-ch'-d-s-t,
a-l-s-a-r-m-s,	r-i-s-k'-d,	sh-ou-t'-s-t,
ch-a-r-m'-d-s-t,	wh-i-s-t-l'-d,	s-a-v'-d-st,
f-o-r-m'-s-t,	m-u-s-c-l-e-s,	r-a-v'-l-l'-d-s-t,
w-a-r-m-th-s,	n-e-s-t-l'-s-t,	sh-o-v'-l'-s-t,
h-o-r-n-s,	s-m-i-l-e,	e-v-i-l-s,
r-e-t-u-r-n'-d-s-t,	p-e-r-s'-n,	h-e-a-v-e-n-s,
s-c-o-r-n'-s-t,	l-e-s-s-n'-d-s-t	e-l-e-v-e-n-th,
sh-a-r-p-s,	l-i-s-t-n'-s-t,	w-a-v-e-s,
h-a-r-p'-d-s-t,	s-p-l-e-n-d-i-d,	m-o-v'-s-t,
h-o-r-s-e,	s-p-r-i-ng-i-ng,	e-x-p-o-s'-d,
m-a-r-sh,	g-r-a-s-p'-s-t,	d-a-z-z-l'-d-s-t,
b-u-r-s-t'-s-t,	c-l-a-s-p'-d,	p-u-z-z-l'-s-t,
s-t-a-r-t'-s-t,	n-o-t-i-c'-d,	m-u-z-z-l'-s,
h-e-a-r-th-s,	m-i-n-s-t-r-e-l-s,	ch-a-s-m-s,
s-e-a-r-ch'-d-s-t,	e-n-l-i-s-t'-s-t,	b-l-a-z-o-n-s,



c-r-i-m-s-o-n'-d-s-t,    r-a-tt-l'-d-s-t,    m-i-tt'-n-s,  
 r-ē-a-s-o-n'-s-t,    m-a-n-t-le-s,    h-ow-e-v-e-r,  
 s-m-oo-th-s-t,    s-w-e-e-t'-n'-d,    l-e-ng-th'-n'-d-s-t,

Pronounce also daily from the columns of a standard Dictionary. Exercises of this kind improve the vocal organs more rapidly than reading.

Wastes and deserts; waste sand deserts.

He could { pain nobody.  
 pay nobody.

He whet a wet razor on his strap.

Whoever heard of such { an ocean.  
 a notion.

He ought to { prove } such a position.  
 approve }

He is content { in either } place.  
 in neither }

READING BY SOUNDS.

So | s t ā t e l y | h e r | b e a r i n g , | s o | p r o u d | h e r  
 a r r a y , | t h e | m a i n | s h e | w i l l | t r a v e r s e | f o r  
 e v e r | a n d | ā y e . H e | g a v e | t o | t h e | g a l e | h i s  
 | s n o w | w h i t e | s a i l . T h e | e a r t h | i s | v e i l e d | i n |  
 s h a d e s | o f | n i g h t . T h e | s o u n d i n g | a i s l e s | o f |  
 t h e | d i m | w o o d s | r a n g . F o r | l i f e , | f o r | c l i f e , |  
 t h e i r | f l i g h t | t h e y | p l y . F r o m | c l i f f | t o | c l i f f  
 | t h e | s m o k i n g | t o r r e n t s | s h i n e . W i l d | w i n d s  
 a n d | m a d | w a v e s | d r i v e | t h e | v e s s e l | a w r e c k .

FORCE.

EXERCISE.—Commence with the *lightest whisper* and *gradually* increase to the *loudest vocality*; then reverse the practice. In either direction be careful *not* to change the *pitch* or alter the *natural* level of the voice; also not to make the *loudest* sounds other than in a *pure*, round tone. When satisfied that they can be given properly then practice the forcible sounds with **ALL** the lung power you can possibly bear on them,

increasing to the last. If given in impure tones, the exercise will severely strain the throat and induce disease. When the sounds can be given pure and mellow, on the natural pitch, the voice improves wonderfully in strength in a very limited time.

*Pure tones* will never affect the throat, let them be given *ever so loudly*. Even a few weeks' practice, when properly conducted, will make a great change in the voice.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

. a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a .

With the foregoing severally unite Pitch, Time, Aspiration, (pure,) and the Tremor, and make a variety of exercises. Also add the same to the following:

*Awake! arise! or be forever fallen!*

*Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!*

*I call to you with all my voice.*

*Next Anger rushed, his eyes on fire!*

*He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down!*

*Loud surges lash the sounding shore!*

EXERCISE.—Let this be moderate at first; never FORCED; solidly, firmly, promptly, especially in the loudest tones. Do not raise the pitch of the natural voice. To vary the exercise, add separately, Pitch, the Tremor, Aspiration, (pure,) and the Semitone; each constituting an independent practice.

1. As soft as possible.

2. Very soft.

3. Soft.

4. Rather soft.

5. MIDDLE, OR MEAN.

6. Rather loud.

7. Loud.

8. Very loud.

9. As loud as possible.

MARCH! HALT! HALLOO! WOE!

#### FORCE—STRESSES.

The RADICAL STRESS is the explosive or bursting style of voice. It is used to express anger, rage, fear, impetuous cour-

age, and startling emotions. "HA! dost thou not see?" "To ARMS! They come! the GREEK! the GREEK!" "STRIKE till the last armed foe expires!" "Vic-tory! vic-tory! their colors fall!"

The MEDIAN commences easily, widens out to a full, round expression, then dies gradually away. It is used for pathos, dignity, deliberation, gentleness. "HAIL! universal Lord!" "All HAIL! thou l-o-ve-l-y queen of night!"

The THOROUGH is the power placed alike on all parts strongly and firmly, for vehemence, courage, determination "Up with my BAN-ners on the wall!" "Tried and convicted TRAITOR." "Down soothless insulter." (Suppressed force and vanishing stress on soothless, and aspiration on insulter).

The VANISHING commences very lightly, widens out into a full, open sound, and ends abruptly. Used for obstinacy, fixed, snllen determination, anxious alarm, peevishness. "I WILL have my bond." "I NE'ER will ask ye quarter." "Oh! ye Gods! ye Gods! must I endure all THIS?"

The INTERMEDIATE is a feeble, trembling voice: "I can go no further."

The COMPOUND (or Rad. and Van.). The radical begins and goes to the middle of the word or words, and then the vanishing does its part by ending. It is rarely used. It is an unpleasant, jerking sound. It is a national characteristic among the Irish; used in surprise, raillery, earnest questions, importunate entreaty. "ARM warriors! ARM for the fight!" "Gone to be MARRIED, gone to swear a PEACE?" "Dost thou come here to WHINE?"

#### THE SEMITONE.

The semitone is simply a plaintive, pitiful expression.

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man."

#### THE TREMOR.

Add a trembling, shaking voice to the above, and the effect will be greatly enhanced.

"Thou *g l o r i o u s* mirror,"—a-a-a, e-e-e, i-i-i, o-o-o, u-u-u, oi-oi-oi, ou-ou-ou.

## THE LOUD WHISPER.

The loud whisper is a most admirable practice—no vocality; a, e, i, o, u, oi, ou. It is very difficult, but will be found a great means of improvement. Not too frequent, and stop when giddy or pain is felt. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.

EXAMPLE.—“Who comes here? Hal thou art the ghost of my murdered friend! I cry you mercy. I implore you let me rest in peace. It harrowa up my very soul with terror and amazement.” Add Force, Pitch, Time, the Tremor, and the Semitone; and practice each separately.

## EXPLOSIVES.

The explosives are caloulated to give depth and rotundity to the voice. The orotund is the orator's true voice. With some it is natural; with all ordinarily good voices it can be acquired to a remarkable degree. It is the only voice capable of rendering the more majestic and heroic styles of language. To practice the exploaives, for its acquirement, and to give the voice outline and edge, the position must be erect, and the lungs filled to the greatest capacity. Hold the air thus accumulated until perfectly concentrated; then burst upon the sounds with a quick, percussive stroke of the voice. It is best to have consonants precede the vowel sounds. Let the burst of the voice come like a clear coughing sound, but be sure and have no aspiration. Let the sound be extremely pure, and no unpleasant effect will follow its emission. Hold the breath for a moment firmly on the consonant, and then burst it, like the report of a pistol, on the vowel.

EXPLOSIVES.—B-a! B-e! B-i! B-o! B-u! B-oi! B-ou!

 Practice these also with Pitch, Aspiration, and the Semitone.

EMPHASIS.—“I'm tortured to madness, to THINK of it.”

“A *cultivated* taste converses with a PICTURE.”

“Better to reign in HELL, than serve in HEAVEN.”

“God said ‘Let there be light’—and there *was* LIGHT.”

## PITCH.

Begin with the natural voice, and having the lungs completely filled make the sounds rise one above the other, as you would in music, except that the sounds must be spoken, and not sung. Make each sound, as you pass up this speaking scale, full and round. Rise as though counting 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, &c. The number of sounds will depend upon the slowness or rapidity of enunciation. Rise beyond where the voice breaks into the falsetto. Carry it up as high as it is possible to convert the air into sound. Begin again, with the natural voice, and pass down the speaking scale. Make each sound, as before, round, pure, and full, to the very lowest. Then pass up from the natural to the highest in uninterrupted sound, then down from the starting point to the very lowest note. The first manner of going up the scale may be called skipping, the latter sliding. The sounds may be called skips and slides, or discrete and concrete sounds. The skips or discretos, are used in the simplest forms of reading; the slides in very emphatic styles. The voice passing up the scale to any desired point, and then passing immediately down in one continuous movement, upon the same breath, is called a wave. It can be reversed, and commence by going down first and then rising. The greater the distance to which it rises and falls, or falls and rises, of course varies its intensity of expression. [See Exercises, page 88.]

Also, practice the Pitch with the Semitone, or Plaintive movement of voice, and afterward add the Tremor, or Tremulous style, and Aspiration.

In singing, the voice continues on the same level for each sound; while in speaking, it never rests for a single instant on the same pitch, but rises, or falls, according to the direction given to it until the sound ceases.

The Slide has great beauty; endearing in tone, and some times plaintive and desolate to tears.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

## INDIFFERENCE.—2d.

*Ques.*—Are those in commission yet returned?

*Ans.*—My liege, they are not yet come back.

## INTEREST.—3d.

*Ques.*—Did you not speak to it?

*Ans.*—My lord, I did.

## EAGERNESS.—5th.

*Ques.*—Do you then defy me?

*Ans.*—I do not fear you.

## PASSION.—8th.

*Ques.*—How now, are we turned Turks?

*Ans.*—Let's kill, slay, slaughter.

HIGH PITCH.—Oh! I could mount with rapture to the very stars.

NATURAL VOICE.—Morn is gleaming in the dappled east.

LOW PITCH.—Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!

## SKIPS

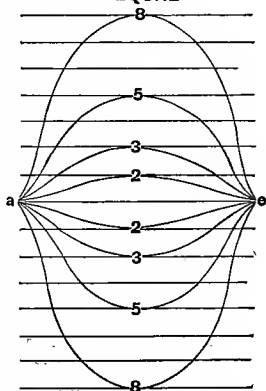
## SLIDES

10 a					
9 a					
Oct. 8 a 8 th.					PASS. 8 th. a?
7 a					
6 a					
5 a 5 th.					EAG. 5 th. a?
4 a					
3 a 3 rd.					INT. 3 rd. a?
2 a 2 nd.					IND. 2 nd. a?
N-V. 1 a					
2 a 2 nd.					IND. 2 nd. a!
3 a 3 rd.					INT. 3 rd. a!
4 a					
5 a 5 th.					EAG. 5 th. a!
6 a					
7 a					
Oct. 8 a 8 th.					PASS. 8 th. a!
9 a					
10 a					

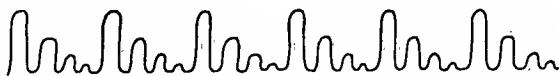
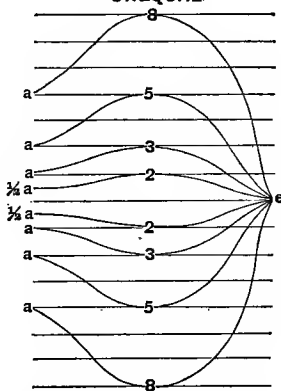
QUESTIONS: PASS. 8 th. a?, EAG. 5 th. a?, INT. 3 rd. a?, IND. 2 nd. a?

ANSWERS: IND. 2 nd. a!, INT. 3 rd. a!, EAG. 5 th. a!, PASS. 8 th. a!

## WAVES EQUAL



## UNEQUAL



**SIMPLE WAVE**—Direct; and inverted, thus:—

“I come to <sup>(direct)</sup>bury Cæsar, not to <sup>(inverted)</sup>praise him.

The waves of the third, fifth, and octave are rarely used, though, if practiced, they will assist in developing the voice. Take the sounds, and give a longer, fuller expression, until the thirds, fifths, and both octaves, direct and inverted, have been exemplified.

**DIRECT AND INVERTED WAVES**—Of equal thirds, fifths, octaves; unequal thirds, fifths, octaves:—a, e, i, o, u, oi, ou.

You talk of grief?    You a prince's son!  
(inverted unequal)      (direct unequal)

The unequal waves are for different degrees of time and fulness of the contemptuous and sneering styles of expression. As represented in the diagram, the sides of the wave are of unequal length.

**CONTINUED WAVE**—is a number of waves, seldom used—a, e, i, o, u, oi, ou. But it is an excellent practice.

*High notes tire* the muscles of the neck, but are excellent aids in *deepening* the tones of the voice, to *strengthen* and *invigorate* the vocal powers.

To *whisper* forcibly an octave *above* and then *below*, is exceedingly difficult, but is highly beneficial.

*Conversation* might be visibly represented by the size of the letters in which these lines are printed.

Public Speaking is only a *larger conversation*, and might proportionably be thus exemplified in *larger type*.

*Drawling* and *Monotony* might be illustrated in the extended style here given.

#### RADICAL AND VANISHING MOVEMENT.

e	e	e	e	e	e	e
a	a	a	a	a	a	a



Each vowel sound has its rad. and van. however light the latter. The following words exemplify it.

' t—(bat.)                      ' te—(fate.)                      ' le—(dale.)  
 b-a                                  f-a                                  d-a

10. As high as possible.—(*Vociferation.*)—"Strike, for the sires who left you free!"
9. Extremely high.—"I repeat it sir, let it come! let it come!"
8. Very high, spirited.—"Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty."
7. High.—"The sounding aisles of the dim woods rang."
6. Rather high.—"With music I come from my balmy home."
5. MIDDLE.—(*Firm, natural.*)—"A vision of beauty appeared on the clouds."
4. Rather low.—"Friends, Romans, Countrymen!"
3. Low.—(*Modest.*)—"And this is in the night! most glorious night!"
2. Very low.—(*Sublime.*)—"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean,—roll!"
1. As low as possible.—(*Solemn.*)—"Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought."

Begin with	—1-10	}	"Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
the very highest			Against the churches; though the
and descend	—2-9		yesty waves
line by line to	—3-8		Confound and swallow navigation
the very lowest			up;
note of the voice.	—4-7		Though bladed corn be lodg'd and trees blown down;
Then reverse by	—5-6		Though castles topple on their war- ders' heads;
<i>commencing</i>			Though palaces and pyramids do slope
with the very	—6-5		Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
lowest and rising	—7-4		Of nature's germins tumble all to- gether,
to the very high-		}	Even till destruction sicken, <i>answer</i> me
est.	—8-3		To what I ask you."
"This practice will			
<i>modulate</i>	—9-2		
the voice.	—10-1		

## MODULATION AND MELODY.

MODULATION, is the PITCH of *paragraphs* and *sentences*. MELODY, is the PITCH of *words* and *syllables* in each sentence. The *one* is the GENERAL pitch, the other the PROGRESSIVE.

### EXAMPLES.

(natural voice.)                      (rather high.)

The moon her- self is lost in heaven; | but art for ev-er thou

the same, | re-joic-ing in the brightness of thy course:

When the world is dark with pests, |  
(low pitch.)      tem-      (firm, nat. voice.)  
when thunder rolls,

and lightning flies, | (rather high.) | clouds,  
thou lookest in thy beauty from the

(*High.*)      est  
And laugh- at the storm. | But, to Ossian, thou look-est in vain.  
(firm, nat. voice.)

(nat. voice.) field, house,  
The fire blasted every consumed ever- and

(rather low)  
destroyed every temple.

(rather low.)  
Then shook the hills with *thunder* riv'n,

Then rush'd the steeds to bat-<sup>(rather high.)</sup> <sup>tle</sup> driv'n,  
n.

And louder than the bolts of <sup>(high.)</sup> heav-

Far flashed the red *artillery*.  
(rather low.)

(*rather high.*) *tower,*  
Ye are the things that that *shine*, whose smile

(*high.*) *glad,*  
kes  
ma- whose frown is ter-  
ri-  
ble.

(*r. high.*) *ing,*  
Ex-ult- rag- faint-  
ing, ing,  
(*n. v.*)  
trembling,

(*h.*)  
ed,  
(*n. v.*) de- light- (*r. h.*) raised, re- (*n. v.*)  
Dis-turb'd, fined.

(*rath. low.*) less, (*r. l.*)  
Season- herbless, tree- less, man- life-  
less—

death,— (*low.*)  
A lump of a chaos of hard  
clay.

How *poor*, how how abject, how au-  
*rich*, *gust*,

cate,  
How com- pli- how wonderful  
is  
man.

ILLUSTRATIONS, (*in a new form,*) FROM DR. RUSH.

Ti-  
drinks, but mon's sil- treads  
He er ver up-on his  
nev- lip.

He nev-er drinks, but Ti-mon's sil-ver treads up-on his lip.

---

He nev-er drinks, but Ti-mon's sil-ver treads up-on his lip.

---

That quar-ter | most the | skil-ful Greeks | an- noy, |

---

Where | you wild | fig trees join the | walls of Troy. |

---

## CADENCES.

1= Sweet' is' the' breath' of' morn.'

---

2= The' fanned' un'—num'—  
(Tripartite.) air' was' by' ber'd' plumes.

---

3=(1st Duad.)  
With' tur'—ret' and' sleek' en'— am'—el'd' neck.

---

4=(2d Duad.)  
The' mean'— ing', not' the' name', I' ca'—ll'

---

5=(Feeble Cadence.)  
No', by' the' rood' not' s'—o'.

---

6=(False Cadence.)  
Of' wiles' more' in'— ex'— I' boast'— not.

(10)

9 (*high.*)

8

7

6

MELODY AND MODULATION.

==NAT. VOICE.

5

4

3

2

1 (*low.*)

EXTRACT.—OTHELLO. (SHAKS.)

'and' tor' — 'ture' me',  
 'dost' 'der' her'  
 'If' thou' slan' —  


---

 'Nev'—er' pray' more': 'don' all' 're' — morse';  
 'a—ban' —  


---

 'hor—ror's' 'hor' — 'ac' — cum' — u'—  
 'On' 'head' 'rors' 'late';  


---

 'weep', all'  
 'n' 'earth' a' — 'maze' —  
 'deeds' to' 'make' Heav' — d';  
 'Do'  


---

 'For' 'noth'—ing' 'to' 'dam' — na'—tion' 'add';  


---

 'Great' — er' 'than' 'that.'

INTONATION AT PAUSES.

So' spake' the' ser' — aph' Ab' — faith'—ful' found',  


---

 A' — mong' the' faith' — Faith' — on' ly' he'.  
 less'.

A'—mong' in'— mer'— false' un'—moved',  
 Un'— shak'—en', un'— se'—duced', un'— ter'—ri'— fied';  
 His' loy'—al'— ty' he' kept', his' love', his' sea—  
 Nor' num'—ber', nor' ex'— am'—ple', with' him' wrought'  
 To' from' change' his' stant' mind',  
 swerve' truth'; or' con'—  
 Though' sin(g)'—  
 gle.

## INTERROGATIVE SENTENCES.

(*Rising 5th*) in thorough Interrogation used on *every* syllable.

G i- ve (oo)—t u a st a t (oo) i th s s s ?  
 Br u (n)— o t  
 An

Give Brutus a statue with his ancestors ?

(*Another form.*)

He (e)<sup>s</sup> said (d)<sup>s</sup> (oo)<sup>s</sup> were (r)<sup>s</sup> (n)<sup>s</sup> (e)<sup>s</sup> (e)<sup>s</sup> (e)<sup>s</sup>  
 you in— pa— ra— ble ?  
 com—

He said you were incomparable ?

$\begin{array}{ccccccc} \underline{(ve)}^3 & \underline{(e)}^5 & \underline{(ä)}^4 & \underline{(r)}^4 & \underline{(z)}^5 & \underline{(e)}^5 & \underline{(e)}^5 \\ \underline{(i)}^1 & \underline{(u)}^1 & \underline{(a)}^2 & \underline{(m)}^2 & \underline{(o)}^1 & \underline{(i)}^1 & \underline{(e)}^2 \\ \underline{(b)}^4 & \underline{(a)}^3 & \underline{(e)}^5 & \underline{(i)}^3 & \underline{(a)}^2 & \underline{(e)}^2 & \underline{(e)}^2 \\ Give^1 & ius^1 & a^1 & umph^1 & for^1 & his^1 & de^1 \\ & & & & & & lay^1 ? \\ Fab^1 & & tri^1 & & & & \end{array}$

Give Fabius a triumph for his delay ?

RISING OCTAVE.—Hath a dog money ?

PARTIAL INTERROGATION.—

Brother, good day ! *what means this armed guara*  
That waits upon your grace ?

#### SEMITONE AND TREMOR.

Pit—y the rows of a p—o—o—r  
sor— o—l—d— (d)—  
man'

O 'BANQUO, 'BANQUO,  
Our Royal master's m-u-r-der'-d.

#### DOWNWARD OCTAVE.

So frown'd the mighty combatants that **HELL**  
Grew darker at their frown.

#### DOWNWARD FIFTH.

(Concrete) used for emphasis.

$\begin{array}{ccccccc} & & & & i & & \\ & & & & (e) & & \\ S. & ee- & ms, & mad— & am, & it & s ! \\ & & & & & & \\ & & & & & & \\ & & & & & & \\ & & & & & & \\ & & & & & & \\ & & & & & & \end{array}$

Downward 5th on { Hence', hor'ri'ble' sha'dow',  
each syllable. { Un'real' mock'er'y', hence'

## OCTAVES.

(e)—ho  
 (e) —  
 (i) —  
 Heigh (oo)!

DOWNWARD FIFTH.—(*Discrete.*)

et' Bru' says' he' (grave surprise.)  
 was' am'—bi' tious.'

---

DOWNWARD THIRD (*Concrete.*)

None' but' the' None' the' bra'  
 brave'! but' ve'!

---

No' but' ve'  
 ne' the' bra' de'—serve' the' fair'.

---

Another Example.—(*Discrete.*)

(beginning of—the prepared cadence.)  
 Through' E'—den' their' i'—ta—  
 'took' sol'— ry' way.'

---

## WAVES.

(Higher intervals seldom used.)

EQUAL WAVE OF THE SECOND.—(Used on an average, in the loftiest description, on three syllables in ten. If used oftener drawing is the result.)

H-<sup>1</sup> gh' on' a' thr-<sub>o</sub> ne' of r-<sup>o</sup> y' sta'- which f-<sup>a</sup> r'  
 al' te',

---

Out'—sh-<sup>o</sup> ne' the wealth' of O-<sub>er</sub>—<sup>n</sup> mns' and' of' f-<sup>n</sup> d'.



Or whe-<sup>e</sup> re' the' g-<sup>o</sup> r'-geous' East' with' rich'-est' h-<sup>a</sup> nd'

---

Sh-<sup>o</sup> w'—ers' on' her' K-<sup>i</sup> ngs' bar'—ic' p-<sup>ea</sup> rl and' go'-ld,

---

Sa'— ex'— alt'— ed' sat.  
tan'

---

(Another example of the same.)

S'-<sup>o</sup> say'— i'— a' no'— ble' ke' he' lift'—ed' hi'-gh',  
ng,

---

Which' hu— but' so' swift' with' t'-em'—pest' fell',  
ng' not',

---

O-<sup>(o)</sup> n' the' pr-<sup>ou</sup> d' crest' of' Sa'— tan, that' no' si'-ght,'  
the' crest' of' tan, that' si'-

---

Nor' mo'— tion' of' thought', le-ss' could' his' sh-<sup>ie</sup> ld',  
swift'

---

Su'— ch' in' in'— ter'— cept.'  
r-<sup>n</sup> (oo) —

---

Some are not content with the beautiful simple melody of speech with an occasional wave or slide of the octave, fifth and third; but must continually deal out the higher intervals exclusively, thus allowing no repose to the ear and producing a most disagreeable drawling, and monotonous delivery.

Even in the loftiest and most imaginative styles of language, the simple rise and fall of the voice greatly preponderates: and the other intervals are applied occasionally to syllables, and are thus diffused through sentences.

Proper panning is better than the immoderate use of the wave and slide.

## TIME.

*Rapid.—Moderate.—Slow.*

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20.

1 2 3 4 1 2 1 2 1 2 3 4 1 2 3

a, a, a, a. e, e. i, i. o, o, o, o. u, u, u. oi,—on.

Even in quick time, seem to be rapid, but not so quick as to make the hearer lose what he would *gladly remember*. He then hears but forgets. Have the *syllables abrupt*, but *yet take sufficient time* in reading the words to be *well* understood. It requires great skill.

Take the utmost pains to have each sound distinct. In slow time breathe deeply, make the sounds full and round, and if there is any tendency to drawling, it will disappear.

## QUICK.

Like adder darting from his coil,  
 Like wolf that dashes through the toil,  
 Like mountain-cat that guards her young,  
 Full at Fitz James's throat he sprung.

## MODERATE.

There were light sounds of reveling. With music I come from my balmy home. There is no breeze upon the lake. The waves bound beneath me as a steed that knows his rider. A vision of beauty appeared on the clouds. The bells he jingled, and the whistle blew. Labor is but refreshment from repose.

## SLOW TIME—(GREAT QUANTITY).

O thou Eternal One, whose presence bright  
 All space doth occupy, all motion guide;  
 Being above all beings, mighty One!  
 Whom none can comprehend and none explore,  
 Who fill'st existence with thyself alone;  
 Being whom we call God, and know no more.

## PRACTICE.

1. As quick as possible.—Quick as the lightning's flash that illumines the night.
2. Very quick.—Charge for the golden lilies, now, upon them with the lance.
3. Quick.—Hurrah! the foes are moving.
4. Rather Quick.—Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a-wreck.
5. MEDIUM TIME.—What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted.
6. Rather slow.—Slowly and sadly we laid him down.
7. Slow.—The bell strikes one! we take no note of time, but from its loss.
8. Very slow.—Which like a wounded snake drags its slow length along.
9. The slowest time.—Slow tolls the village clock the droway hour.

Then with Aspiration, the Tremor, and the Semitone, Force and Pitch.

a, a, a, a, a.    <sup>1</sup> a—e.    <sup>2</sup> a—e.    <sup>3</sup> a—e.    <sup>4</sup> a—e.    <sup>5</sup> a—e.  
 a—<sub>6</sub>—e.    a—<sub>7</sub>—e.  
 a—<sub>8</sub>—(e)—e.

Now turn to some selection in the latter part of the book, and for practice, read first very slowly, then read the same piece in moderate time, and then just as fast as is possible to read and be distinct.

The power of *suspending* the voice at pleasure, is one of the most useful attainments in the art of speaking. It enables the orator to pause as long as he chooses and still keep his hearers in *expectation* of what is to follow. When well done, the effects are wonderful.

The speaker can take advantage of the pauses to inhale imperceptibly a copious supply of air, and collect his ideas.

The pauses relieve the ear from the incessant flow of sound, and animate the meaning; they also divide and enforce the harmony of language.

## RULES FOR PAUSING

- |         |   |   |
|---------|---|---|
| AFTER.  | { | 1. The nominative phrase.<br>2. The objective phrase in an inverted sentence.<br>3. The emphatic word or clause of force.<br>4. Each member of a sentence.<br>5. The noun when followed by an adjective.<br>6. Words in apposition. |
| BEFORE. | { | 7. The infinitive mood.<br>8. Prepositions (generally).<br>9. Relative Pronouns.<br>10. Conjunctions.<br>11. Adverbs (generally).<br>12. An Ellipsis.   |

## GENERAL RULE.

Pause after every two or three words, and at the end of every line in poetry. Pauses are not breaks, they simply suspend the sense. They are short in rapid, long in slow reading.

EXAMPLES.—The passions<sup>3</sup> of mankind<sup>1</sup> frequently<sup>3</sup> blind them.

With famine<sup>10</sup> and death<sup>2</sup> the destroying angel came.

He exhibits<sup>4</sup> now and then<sup>4</sup> remarkable genius.

He was a man<sup>5</sup> contented.

The morn<sup>5</sup> was clear<sup>12</sup> the eve<sup>5</sup> was clouded.

It is prudent<sup>8</sup> in every man<sup>7</sup> to make early provision<sup>9</sup> against the wants of age<sup>10</sup> and the chances<sup>8</sup> of accident.

Nations<sup>11</sup> like men<sup>8</sup> fail<sup>3</sup> in nothing<sup>9</sup> which they boldly attempt<sup>11</sup> when sustained<sup>8</sup> by virtuous purpose<sup>10</sup> and firm resolution.—*H. Clay.*

A people<sup>12</sup> once enslaved<sup>1</sup> may groan<sup>12</sup> ages<sup>3</sup> in bondage.

Their diadems<sup>12</sup> crowns<sup>8</sup> of glory.

They cried<sup>3</sup> "Death<sup>8</sup> to the traitors!"

NOTE.—Never pause between the *verb* and its objective case, in a *direct* sentence, unless other words intervene.

THE MIDDLE PAUSE.—So called because it most frequently occurs in the middle of a sentence.

EXAMPLE.—These<sup>3</sup> are the men+to whom++arrayed<sup>8</sup> in all the terrors<sup>8</sup> of Government+I would say++you shall not degrade us<sup>8</sup> into brutes.—*Burke.*

## MARCO BOZZARIS.

At midnight+in his guarded+tent,  
 The Turk+lay+dreaming+of the hour+  
 When Greece, her knee+in suppliance+bent,  
 Should tremble+at his power ;  
 In dreams, through camp+and court, he bore+  
 The trophies+of a conqueror ;  
 In dreams, +his song+of triumph+heard ;  
 Then wore+his monarch's+signet-ring ;  
 Then pressed+that monarch's+throne—a king ;  
 As wild+his thoughts, and gay+of wing,  
     As Eden's+garden bird.

An hour+passed on,—the Turk+awoke ;  
 That bright+dream+was+his last ;  
 He woke—to hear+his sentry's+shriek,  
*“ To arms ! they come ! the Greek ! the Greek ! ”*  
 He woke—to die+midst flame+and smoke,  
 And shout+and groan+and sabre-stroke,+  
 And death-shots+falling+thick+and fast+  
 As lightnings+from+the mountain-cloud ;  
 And heard, with voice+as trumpet+loud,  
     Bozzaris+cheer+his band :  
*“ STRIKE—till+the last+armed+foe+expires ;*  
*STRIKE—for your altars+and your fires ;*  
*STRIKE—for the green+graves+of your sires ;*  
     God,—and your native+land ! ”

They fought+like brave men, long+and well ;  
 They piled+that ground+with Moslem slain ;  
 They conquered,—but Bozzaris+fell,  
     Bleeding+at every+vein.  
 His few+surviving+comrades+saw+  
 His smile, when rang+their proud+hurrah,  
 And+the red field+was won ;  
 Then saw+in death+his eyelids+close+  
 Calmly+as+to a night's+repose,  
     Like flowers+at set+of sun.

## RHYTHMUS OF SPEECH. (STEELE.)

+ It is | now | six-teen or | seven-teen | years | + since I |  
 saw the | queen of | France, + | then the | Dau-phi-ness, | + at  
 Ver- | sailles: | + + | + and | sure-ly | nev-er | light-ed | + on  
 this | orb, | + which she | hard-ly | seemed to | touch, + | + a |  
 more de- | light-ful | vis-ion. | + + | + + | + I | saw her | just  
 a- | bove the ho- | ri-zon, | + + | dec-o- | + rat-ing | + and |  
 cheer-ing | + the | el-e-vat-ed | sphere | + she | just be- | gan  
 to | move in: | + + | glit-ter-ing | + like the | morn-ing | star:  
 | + + | full of | life, + | + and | splen-dor, | + and | joy. |

Oh! | what a | rev-o- | lu-tion! | + + | + and | what a |  
 heart + | must I | have, | + to con- | tem-plate | + with- |  
 out e- | mo-tion, | that + | + el-e- | va-tion | + and |  
 that + | fall. |

+ In the | sec-ond | cent-u-ry | + of the | Christ-ian |  
 e-ra | + the | em-pire of | Rome | + com-pre- | hend-ed the |  
 fair-est | part of the | earth + | + and the | most + | civ-  
 il-ized | por-tion | + of man- | kind.

## EXPRESSION.—STYLES.

*Soft and Delicate.*—The swan's sweetest song is the last he sings.

*Brilliant, Sparkling.*—Last came Joy's ecstatic trial.

*Fierce, Vehement.*—Strike! till the last armed foe expires.

*Spirited.*—Again to the battle, Achaians!

## QUALITY.—TONES OF VOICE.

{ NATURAL, OR  
 { PURE.—(high.)

*Cheerfulness.*—When cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue.

*Joy.*—Rejoice such tidings good to hear!

*Pathos.*—Ah! poor soldier! Ah! fond mother, you are sever'd now, for aye!

*Love.*—The loyal winds that loved it well.

*Solemnity.*—(at times.)—There is a world where there falls no blight.

*Sorrow.*—Kindred, friends! and have I lost you all.

## OROTUND.

*Pathos*.—And is this all that remains of Hamilton?

*Solemnity*.—Its solemn tones are ringing in my ear.

*Joy*.—(when dignified.)—Earth with her thousand voices ~~alls~~ <sup>alls</sup> on God.

FALSETTE.—(rarely used.)

*Terror*.—Help! help! mercy, oh! save me!

ASPIRATION.—(half vocally.)

*Wonder*.—Sir Richard, what think you, have you beheld it?

*Amazement*.—Gone to be friends? Thou hast mis-spoke mis-heard!

*Excess of Anger*.—Alive in triumph? and Mercurio slain?

*Revenge*.—If he 'scape, Heaven forgive him too!

*Fear*.—Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

(*Pure aspiration.*)

*Terror*.—I've done the deed—did'st thou not hear a noise?

*Haste*.—Haste me to know it, that I may swoop to my revenge.

*Remorse*.—I sm alone the villain of the earth, and feel I am so most.

*Despair*.—Comb down his hair, look! look! it stands upright.

## GUTTURAL.

*Contempt*.—Get thee gone, before I learn the worst.

*Malice*.—How like a fawning publican he looks.

*Impatience*.—He is my bane, I cannot bear him.

*Hate*.—When forth you walk, may the sun strike you with livid plagues.

*Loathing*.—I loathe ye with my bosom, I scorn you with mine eye.

## GROUPING OF SPEECH AND EMPHASIS.

EMPHASIS, is the whole life of expression. Try the *supposed* word or words, and fill in other words until *satisfied* as to which are emphatic.

*Examples of GROUPING with emphatic words.*—Art thou that traitor angel, art thou he who first broke *p-ea-ce*—in heaven, and *f-ai-th*—till then *unbroken*?

Say first, for *H-EA-V-EN*,—*hides nothing from thy view nor the deep tract of HELL*.

Having the wisdom to *fore-s-ee*—he took measures to *pre-vent*—*the dis-as-ter*.

After he was so fortunate as to save himself *FR-O-M*—he took es-p-e-cial care, never to fall again *into*—*THE*—*POLLUTED*—*STREAM*—*OF*—*AMBITION*.

Blew an *inspiring ai-r*—that dale and thicket *ru-ng*—  
The hunter's *c-a-ll*,—to Faun and Dryad known.

Then *wh-en*—I am thy *cap-tive*—talk of chains.

For soon expect to feel

His *thun-der* on thy head, *de-vour-ing* fire,

Then, who cre-*ated* thee lamenting *learn*,

When who can *un-create* thee thou shalt *know*.

#### INCENTIVES TO DEVOTION.

*Lo!* the un-lett-ered (HIND), *who never knew*  
To raise his *mind ex-cursive* to the *height*  
Of abstract *contem-plation*, AS HE SITS  
On the *green hillock* by the *hedge-row side*,  
*What time the insect swarms are murmuring,*  
AND MARKS, in silent thought, the *broken CLOUDS*,  
THAT FRINGE, with loveliest hue, the *evening SKY*,  
(FEELS) in his *soul* the HAND of NATURE ROUSE  
The THRILL of GRATITUDE, to him WHO FORMED  
The *goodly PROSPECT*; *he beholds the God*  
*Throned* in the west: and his reposing *ear*  
*Hears sounds angelic* in the fitful *breeze*  
*That floats* through neighboring *copse* or *fairy brake*,  
Or *lingers* playful, on the haunted stream.

\* \* \* \* \*

And shall it e'er be said, that a poor (HIND),  
Nursed in the lap of ignorance, and bred  
In want and labor, (GLOWS) with noble zeal



TO LAUD his Maker's ATTRIBUTES, while (HE)  
*Whom starry science in her cradle rocked,*  
 (CLOSES) his EYE upon the holy word,  
 AND, *blind to ALL but arrogance and pride,*  
 (DARES) to *declare* his INFIDELITY,  
 And o-PEN-LY CONTEMN the *Lord* of Hosts!

Emphatic syllables *diffuse* the expression through entire sentences. See the following EXAMPLE :—

*Par-don me, thou bleed-ing piece of earth.*

## INTONATION.

*Intonation* is the act of *sounding syllables*, and resembles the strokes given to the notes of a piano by a performer.  
 It is the vocalized body of the syllable.

## ODE ON ART.

(Voice *suspended* at the long dashes as if going on to the next word.)

WH-EN,——from the sa-cred gar-den driven,  
*Man—fl-ed* be-fore his Ma-ker's wra-th,——  
 An angel—le-ft—her place in heav-en,——  
 And crossed the wan-der-er's sun-less path.  
 'Twas—ART! sweet ART! new ra-di-ance broke—  
*Where—her—light—foot* flew o'er the ground :—  
 And—thus—with ser-aph—voice she spoke,—  
 Th-e c-urse——a—bless-ing shall be fou-nd.  
 \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

He—plu-cks the PEAR-LS—that stud the dee-p,—  
 Ad-mir-ing BEAUTY'S LAP to fi-ll :—  
 He breaks the stubborn mar-ble's sleep,—  
 And mo-cks his own crea-tor's skill.  
 With THOUGHTS that swell his glowing sou-l,—  
 He BIDS the ore ill-ume the page,—  
 AND proud-ly scorn-ing Time's con-trol,—  
 COM-MER-OES with an un-born a-ge.

In *fields* of air HE WRITES his na-me,—  
 And TREADS the cham-bers of the sky;  
 HE REA-DS the *stars*, and GRASPS the *flame*—  
 That *quivers* round the *throne* on *high*.  
 In *wa-r—re-nowned*, in *peace—sub-lime*,—  
 HE MO-VES in *great-ness* and in *gra-ce*,—  
 His POW-EE sub-du-ing spa-ce and ti-me,—  
 LINKS *r-ea-lm* to *r-ea-lm*, and *race* to *RACE*.

REMARK.—Some syllables are more capable than others of receiving what may be termed *Expressive Intonation*; but the *degree* and *quality* of *this intonation* is *relative*. It depends for its application *entirely* upon the *style* of the language in which such words may be used, whether grave or gay, lively or severe.

Any one will see that if any of the few selected were given in serious discourse they would have more weight, fullness and character than in more simple language. The judgment must be on the alert, and carefully observe the relation of these and similar words to the rest of the language where they may occur.

<i>Pow-erful</i>	<i>Large</i>	<i>Broad</i>	<i>Mass-ive</i>	<i>Sad-ly</i>
<i>Ter-rible</i>	<i>Pos-itive</i>	<i>Slow-ly</i>	<i>Brill-iant</i>	<i>Sub-lime</i>
<i>Beau-tiful</i>	<i>Daz-zling</i>	<i>Tig-er</i>	<i>Lord-ly</i>	<i>In-nocent</i>
<i>Mon-strous</i>	<i>Pret-tily</i>	<i>Beast</i>	<i>Meek-ly</i>	<i>Hor-rible</i>
<i>Ang-rily</i>	<i>Joy-ons</i>	<i>Dove</i>	<i>Spark-ling</i>	<i>Glo-rious</i>
<i>Grasp-ing</i>	<i>Peev-ish</i>	<i>Ea-gle</i>	<i>Scorn-ful</i>	<i>Burst-ing</i>
<i>Ener-get-ic</i>	<i>Firm-ly</i>	<i>Man</i>	<i>Aw-ful</i>	<i>Mag-nif-icent</i>

#### GESTURE.—POSITION.

Gesture is rather subordinate to vocality, but yet well-timed, discriminating movements add much vigor and expression to the language. All gestures should be flowing, graceful; well out from the shoulders, not from the elbows. The arms should be lifted boldly, not mincingly. Do not push them out in angles, but lift them out in curves.

POSITION.—Stand erect, shoulders thrown well back. Brace one foot firmly to the floor, the other only lightly touching. When standing in the ordinary position, have the

feet moderately apart, the foot in front at an angle of forty-five degrees from the other, at a distance of about four to six inches, sufficient to feel firm and solid. When walking on the stage do not mincingly bend the knees, nor stride; but take the mean between these extremes, by gracefully lifting the lower limbs sideways, with the toes turned out.

The following six gestures are designed more particularly for pupils of classes *personally* taught by Mr. Frobisher; the exercises after these for all persons. [NOTE.—Make the hands feel heavy while practising.]

1st EXERCISE.—Arms out in front, horizontally, palms touching; swing back and forth with firmness.

2d EXERCISE.—Arms down at side; swing above the head and down again rapidly, a number of times. These exercises give firmness to the arms.

1st GESTURE.—Hands curved naturally, and down by the side; out in front; curving the arms, carry out to side; turn hands over and down to side.

2d GESTURE.—Hands from sides across the body, fore-fingers touching; raise hands and arms vertically; turn palms of hands up; carry hands out; turn over; down to side.

3d GESTURE.—Crook hands at sides; push boldly out in front; lift hands and arms perpendicularly; let hands fall back; push forward; out to extreme; turn over; down to side.

4th GESTURE.—Curve arms over to the breast like two circles; turn the face to one side, hands to the other; alternate the action a number of times.

5th GESTURE.—Hands to sides, pointing downward; raise out to shoulders; arms and hands to top of the head, turning the backs of the hands to head; point out; alternate in this way till the movement becomes easy.

6th GESTURE.—Hands from side lifted out straight, level with the shoulders; palms down; hands brought in; right hand across the left; the left brought over the right; turn backs of the hands to the body, and push out boldly; turn the hands over; hands down to the side.

[NOTE.—Hands at side when not used in gesticulating.]

3d EXERCISE.—Hands and arms out horizontally to the shoulders; clinch the hands, projecting the thumbs; turn the thumbs under as far as possible; rapidly twist the hands and arms.

4th EXERCISE.—Hands and arms up perpendicular from the sides, above the head; clinch the hands, the thumbs projecting; twist the hands and arms rapidly.

5th EXERCISE.—Manipulate the fingers and wrists to make them flexible and graceful in movement. Perpendicular, prone and supine, and horizontal, inward and outward.)

#### EXERCISES.

a, e, i, o, u, oi, ou. *Ba! be! bi! bo! bu! boi! bou! 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20.*

*First Gesture.*—"Friends, Romans, countrymen."

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean!"

*Second.*—"O Heaven!" he cried, "my bleeding country save!"

"All hail, thou lovely queen of night!"

*Third.*—"Oh, forbid it, Heaven!"

"To tell thee how I hate thy beams, O Sun!"

*Fourth.*—"I scorn such an action."

"I warn you, do not dare to pass it."

*Fifth.*—"An honest man, my neighbor, there he stands."

"'T was you that took it."

*Sixth.*—"He woke to die 'midst flame and smoke."

"Round me the smoke and shout of battle roll."

NOTE.—Grief, Doubt, Shame and the darker emotions require a downward action and gesture, with the hands prone. Expressions of Joy, Hope and the lighter passions have an upward action, with the hands supine. Nearness of objects has a supine position of the hands; distance of objects has a prone, somewhat elevated, horizontal direction of gesture. A reference to Liberty and expressions of triumph have a high, bold, weeping style of action and gesture.

## ACTION.—GESTURE.

(FROM AUSTIN'S CHIRONOMIA.)

FINGERS.	MOTION.	th. throw
n. natural	x. extreme	cl. clinch
c. clinch'd (fist)	o. contracted	ll. collect
x. extended	m. moderate	
i. index		FACE.
l. collected (to thumb)	DIRECTION.	I. incline
h. holding (object)	a. ascends	E. erect
w. hollowed up	d. descends	As. assent
m. thumb up	r. right	Du. deny
g. grasping	l. left	Sh. shake
	f. forward	Ts. toss
	b. backward	S. aside
	v. revolve	F. forward
	i. inward	A. avert
	o. outward	D. down
PALM.	MANNER.	U. up
p. prone	n. noting	R. around
a. supine	p. project	V. vacancy
n. inward (to body)	w. wave	B. back.
o. outward	fl. flourish	FEET.
v. vertical	sw. sweep	(Below line.)
f. forward	bk. beckon	R. 1. right 1st
b. backward	rp. repress	R. 2. right 2d
	ad. advance	L. 1. left 1st
	sp. spring	L. 2. left 2d
	at. strike	R. F. right front.
	pr. press	L. F. left front.*
	rt. retract	K. kneeling
	rj. reject	S. aside
	bn. bend	x. extended
	rc. recoil	m. x. moderate
	sh. shake	x. x. extreme
ARMS TRANSVERSE.		C. contracted.
c. across		
f. forward		
q. oblique		
x. extended		
b. backward		

STEPS.	FINGERS OF BOTH HANDS.	MARGINAL.
a. advance	ap. applied	Ap. appealing
r. retire	lp. clasped	At. attention
tr. traverse	cr. crossed	Vn. veneration
c. across	ld. folded	Ls. listening
s. start	in. inclosed	Ln. lamenting
sp. stamp	wr. wrung	Dp. deprecating
sk. shock	tc. touching	Pr. pride
	nu. enumerate.	Sh. shame
HANDS. (placed.)		Av. aversion
E. eyes	BOTH ARMS.	Om. commanding
N. nose	en. encumbered	Ad. admiration
L. lips	pd. reposed	Hr. horror
F. forehead	km. akimbo	Gr. grief
O. chin	B. both (precedes)	Fr. fear
br. breast		En. encouraging; &c., &c., &c.

## POSITIONS OF THE FEET.

R. 1.—The *Right* foot is in *front*, with the *leg* slightly bent at the *knee*, while the body rests *mainly* on the *left*.

R. 2.—The *Right* foot is advanced still further forward; *all* the weight of the body is brought on it, while the *left* slightly touches the floor, only on *one side* of it, in the rear of the other.

L. 1. and L. 2. are simply *changes* of the feet, using the *left* instead of the *right*. They are merely reverse positions.

## EXPLANATIONS OF THE MOST DIFFICULT.

FINGERS.—*Extended*—Widely parted from each other.

ARMS.—*Wave*—The hand is waved out from the opposite shoulder, across the body, and outstretched to the *full length* of the arm.

*Flourish*—Is similar to the motion made around the head when one is hurrahing.

*Sweep*—Is similar to the wave, except the motion is carried down toward the knee to full extent, and swept out high in the air, far from the body.

*Repressing*—Is lifting up the hand above shoulder and then pushing palm downward toward the earth.

*Striking*—Is similar to repressing, except the latter has a percussive, while the former has a steady motion.

**ARMS REPOSE**—Is simply one lying above the other without entwining.

**RECOILING**—After the stroke the hand returns.

**SPRING**—Complete the action with a spring.

**THROWING**—Throwing the gesture.

# LETTERS.

First set is for the Right hand and arm. Second is for the Left, preceded by a dash when it *follows* the first. A long dash denotes change of gesture at the letter. Small dots mean to change hands, but not to drop except at periods. Capital letters at the commencement denote posture of the head and eyes. Letters below the line indicate a change of the feet at the word.

## EXERCISES.

(The Gestures in these may seem too numerous. They are intended merely for practice.)

### EATAN TO HIS LEGIONS.

	veq—phx	B veq
	Princes, potentates,	
	R. 2.	
B sdq	B veq	a v dq—vdo
Warriors, the flower of	heaven ! once yours, now lost,	
		R. 1.
	B sdq veq—phx	
If such astonishment as	this can seize	
	R 2	
shf—sdx	B sdf	
Eternal spirits ; or have ye	chosen this place,	
	B phf	
After the toil of battle, to repose,		
	q	
Your wearied virtue for the ease you find		
	seq—shx	
To slumber here, as in the vales of heav'n ?		
	R 1	
vdo—vdq	veq—phx	
Or in this abject posture have you sworn		
r L 1	L 2	

T'adore the Conqueror? who now beholds  
 B veq  
 a R 2

Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood,  
 vhc ew-phx  
 R 1

With scattered arms and ensigns, till anon  
 B vec B phx  
 R 2

His swift pursuers from heav'n's gates discern  
 B seq B veq  
 R 1 R 2

Th' advantage, and descending, tread us down,  
 B sdq

Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts  
 ceq-cdx  
 cdf-cdb

Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf?

Awake, arise, or be forever fall'n!  
 veq-phx B veq B sdq B R  
 R 1

## GRAY'S ELEGY.

The curfew tolls—the knell of parting day!  
 Ls veq -vhx a———Bp ef———d  
 a R 2

The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;  
 F phf———q———x  
 r R 1

The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
 -phf———q Bveq  
 V Bnef———d———BR  
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
 R Bphc———q———x

And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
 B vef———q

Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
 lec———q

And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:  
 vef rt phf p R  
 a R 2

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower  
 -leg n  
 R 1



The moping owl <sup>-veq</sup> does to the moon <sup>U -seb</sup> complain  
r L 1

Of such as, wandering near her <sup>-shq</sup> secret bower,  
 Molest her ancient, solitary <sup>-vsq-----p</sup> reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,  
B bdf a-----vbf  
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,  
D a-----B nef sp-----  
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
F B phf-----d BR.  
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
shf veq w  
r R 1 .  
fsq-----a-----n  
 The swallow, twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,  
idq veq w  
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
a-----B nef sp B edf d  
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.  
a R 2

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
shf  
r R 1

Or busy housewife ply her evening care,  
vhf  
B shf p  
 Nor children run to lisp their sire's return,  
a R 2  
B nef a D F B shf n  
 Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share.  
r R 1

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield ;  
phc-----q  
sdf st  
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;  
seo sw-----pbq sp  
 How jocund did they drive their team afield !  
ceb bn-----chf st  
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,

Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;

Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,  
r R 1

a—ver—d—R  
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,  
a R 2

Behf p————q  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave.

Await, alike the inevitable hour—  
r B.1

a—v—e—f—a—d      edq n R  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.  
a R 2

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,

If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,

Where, thro' the long-drawn aisle, and fretted vault,

a—B nef— a ——— d ——— B R  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can stored urn, or animated bust,

n ——— BL to ——— oq  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath!

Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,

Or flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death!

Perhaps in this neglected spot, is laid

Some heart<sup>br R</sup> once pregnant with celestial<sup>veq w</sup> fire:

B nef ————— B shf st  
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,

                    pcc sw ————— veq sw  
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

                                    ehf d ————— q  
But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,

                            phc ————— x  
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;

B vhf rt ————— rp ————— q  
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,

B vbq o                      B nhf p                      B br  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

                    ihf  
Full many a gem of purest ray serene,

                    a ————— B pdf d ————— q  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;  
                    a R 2

                                    shq — p  
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,

                    phc ————— q ————— x  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

                    vef    hr — R  
Some village Hampden that, with dauntless breast,  
                    r L 1

                    ihf    veq w  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;

                    a ————— B nef ————— d ————— B sdf  
Some mute, inglorious Milton, here may rest;  
                    a R 2

B vhf rt ————— p                      A                      B vhc ————— x  
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.  
                    r R 1

B shf p ————— q ————— x  
The applause of listening senates to command,

                    phf p ————— a                      a ————— vef — rj  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,

B phc ————— q ————— B vhx sp  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,

B shc ————— q ————— x  
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

                    phf st R                      phc ————— q —————  
Their lot forbade—nor circumscrib'd alone

————— x    B vhf rt  
Their growing virtues; but their crimes confin'd.

B bdfad—vhf—sb  
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
 B vhf p—a—d—BR  
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

## THE MISER AND PLUTUS.

R B vhf r—q peqn—pdq  
 The wind was high—the window shakes;  
 a R 2

veqc—vhx c  
 With sudden start the miser wakes!  
 s R 1 x

F pdc ad—phq  
 Along the silent room he stalks;  
 a R 2

B vhx—vhq c B vhf tr  
 Looks back, and trembles as he walks!  
 s R 1 x

vhq— . . . . . —vhx  
 Each lock, and ev'ry bolt he tries,  
 a L 2

shq c— . . —she i  
 In ev'ry creek, and corner, pries;  
 a R 2

B pdq—n  
 Then opes his chest with treasure stor'd,

D B seq  
 And stands in rapture o'er his hoard;  
 R 2

B vhf c  
 But now with sudden qualms possess'd,  
 r R 1

ld hf—a—ld br  
 He wrings his hands; he beats his breast—

g br— . . . . . —veq  
 By conscience stung he wildly stares;

B shf sh  
 And thus his guilty soul declares;

B sdf d—n  
 Had the deep earth her stores confin'd,  
 a R 2

br R  
 This heart had known sweet peace of mind;  
 R 1

vhf—vhx U B sef sp—a  
 But virtue's sold! Good Gods what price  
 a R 2

F R  
 Can recompense the pangs of vice?

<sup>D</sup> <sup>Bsdf d-----n</sup>  
 O bane of good! seducing cheat!  
<sup>r R 1</sup>  
<sup>B vhf-----vef</sup> <sup>shf st--sdq</sup>  
 Can man, weak man, thy power defeat?  
<sup>scb sw--sdq</sup>  
 Gold banish'd honour from the mind,  
<sup>r L 1</sup>  
<sup>br R</sup>  
 And only left the name behind;  
<sup>B phc-----x</sup>  
 Gold sow'd the world with every ill;  
<sup>csb sh-----edq</sup>  
 Gold taught the murd'rers sword to kill:  
<sup>L 1 x</sup>  
<sup>shf sh--sdq</sup>  
 'Twas gold instructed coward hearts  
<sup>a R 2 x</sup>  
<sup>B vhf rj</sup>  
 In treach'ry's more pernicious arts.  
<sup>r R 1</sup>  
<sup>seq--sdq</sup>  
 Who can recount the mischiefs o'er?  
<sup>R 2</sup>  
<sup>B pdf d</sup>  
 Virtue resides on earth no more!

## BRUTUS ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

<sup>B shfp-----q-----vex sp</sup> <sup>B nef</sup> <sup>B shf st</sup>  
 Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause;  
<sup>a R 2</sup> <sup>r R 1</sup>  
<sup>pef-phx</sup> <sup>phf st</sup> <sup>R</sup> <sup>B shfp</sup>  
 and be silent that you may hear. Believe me for mine  
<sup>a R 2</sup>  
<sup>br R</sup> <sup>br pr--veq sp</sup> <sup>B shf n</sup>  
 honour; and have respect unto mine honour that you may  
<sup>D B pef</sup> <sup>B nhx</sup> <sup>B vef sp</sup>  
 believe. Censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses  
<sup>r R 1</sup>  
<sup>B shf n</sup> <sup>B shc-----x</sup>  
 that you may the better judge. If there be any in this as-  
<sup>a R 2</sup>  
<sup>sdf d</sup> <sup>vef+p</sup> <sup>br R</sup>  
 sembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus'  
<sup>r R 1</sup>  
<sup>shf st</sup> <sup>ief-----</sup>  
 love to Cæsar, was no less than his. If, then, that friend de-  
<sup>---n</sup> <sup>veq</sup> <sup>B shfp-----q</sup>  
 mand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: not

that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had  
 you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that

Cæsar were dead, and live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me,

I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he

was valiant, I honour him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew

him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour

for his valor, and death for his ambition. Who's here so base

that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I

offended. Who's here so rude that would not be a Roman?

If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so

vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for

him have I offended. I pause for a reply. None! Then

none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar,

than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death

is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated where-

in he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which

he suffered death. Here comes his body, mourned by Mark

Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall re-

<sup>nef</sup>ceive the benefit of his dying,—<sup>shf n</sup>a place in the commonwealth;  
<sup>B sho—q—x</sup>as which of you shall not. <sup>B nef—B R</sup>With this, I depart: that, as I  
<sup>a R 2</sup><sup>r R 1</sup>  
<sup>cef</sup>sllew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same  
<sup>r L 1</sup>  
<sup>chf sh</sup>dagger for myself, when it shall <sup>br st R</sup>please my country to need  
<sup>a—B pef—J—</sup>  
<sup>r R 1</sup>  
<sup>—B R st</sup>my death.

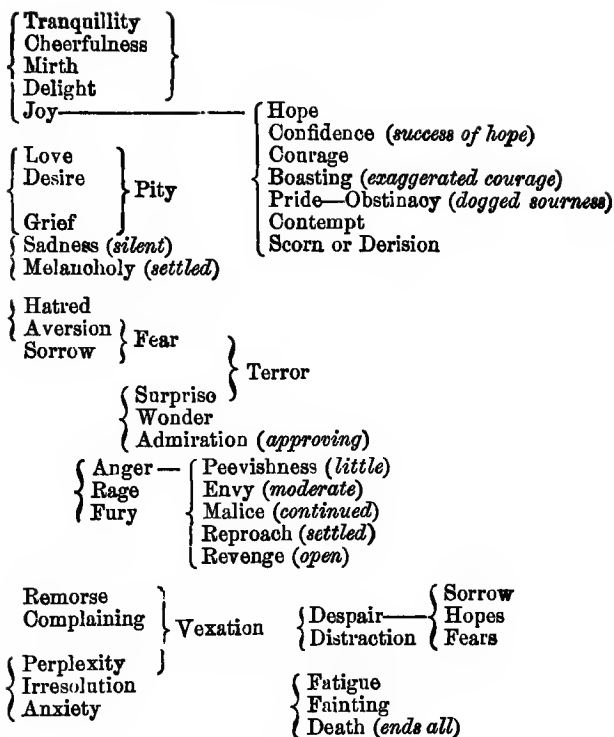
## FROM YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

<sup>U</sup>The bell strikes one. <sup>vef n</sup>We take no note of time <sup>B nef</sup>  
<sup>a R 2</sup><sup>r R 1</sup>  
<sup>B shf st</sup>But from its loss: to give it then a tongue <sup>U</sup> <sup>lef</sup>  
<sup>shf n</sup>Is wise in man. <sup>V</sup>As if an angel spoke, <sup>B phq</sup>  
<sup>U</sup>I feel the solemn sound. <sup>br R</sup>If heard aright <sup>ihf</sup>  
<sup>—ief—idq—R st</sup>  
It is the knell of my departed hours.  
<sup>R B vhc—q</sup>Where are they? <sup>rt—B vhf p</sup>With the years beyond the flood.  
<sup>V</sup>It is the signal that demands despatch: <sup>ieq</sup> <sup>phf st</sup>  
<sup>B phf x</sup>How much is to be done! <sup>B vhf q—a</sup>My hopes, and fears  
<sup>—sp—a—Z</sup>  
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge  
<sup>a R 2</sup>  
<sup>D</sup>Look down—on what? <sup>B phf st</sup>A fathomless abyss, <sup>B nef sp—</sup>  
<sup>r R 1</sup>  
<sup>—B vef p—a—B R st</sup>  
A dread eternity! how surely mine,  
<sup>vef</sup>And can eternity belong to me, <sup>br...</sup>  
<sup>...—vef</sup>Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour? <sup>B nef—B R</sup>  
<sup>U</sup>How poor, how rich, how abject, how august, <sup>nef c</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>shf st</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>ohc—vhf c</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>B vef w</sup>

B vhc———x  
 How complicate, how wonderful is man!  
 U a———B vef sp——d B R  
 How passing wonder He who made him such!  
 B tc br———B nhx sp  
 Who center'd in our make such strange extremes!  
 B vhc———q  
 From different natures, marvellously mix'd,  
 B nefrt———psf p——q  
 Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!  
 shf p———a———nef sp  
 Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain!  
 idf n———i Z  
 Midway from nothing to the Deity!  
 U ehf vhf———vef  
 A beam ethereal, sullied, and absorpt!  
 d———phf st——a———vef sp——vhx  
 Though sullied, and dishonor'd, still divine!  
 vhf c U veq w  
 Dim miniature of greatness absolute!  
 B nef———d———B sdf n  
 An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!  
 F B phf U B veq sp D idf U veq w  
 Helpless immortal! insect infinite!  
 idf n U vef sp B shf sh———  
 A worm! a God! I tremble at myself,  
 V B br vef hr  
 And in myself am lost. At home, a stranger,  
 U F st—R———V vef sp———vhx sp  
 Thought wanders up and down, surpris'd, aghast,  
 V B vhf sh B vee———x  
 And wond'ring at her own. How reason reels!  
 vef c phf n br R  
 O what a miracle to man is man,  
 B vef w———B R vef sp vhf sh  
 Triumphantly distress'd! what joy! what dread!  
 B shf p B vhf rt  
 Alternately transported, and alarm'd!  
 r R l  
 B br B vhc———x  
 What can preserve my life? or what destroy?  
 a———nef sp d———pdf n  
 An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave,  
 B veq w———B nef———B sdf st  
 Legions of angels can't confine me there.



## THE PASSIONS.



## JEALOUSY.

- |   |  |  |
|---|--|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Love</li> <li>2. Fear</li> <li>3. Suspicion</li> <li>4. Hatred</li> <li>5. Hope</li> <li>6. Shame (<i>sentiment</i>)</li> <li>7. Anxiety</li> </ol> |  | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>8. Grief</li> <li>9. Envy</li> <li>10. Pride</li> <li>11. Rage</li> <li>12. Revenge</li> <li>13. Despair</li> <li>14. Distraction</li> <li>15. Madness and Death</li> </ol> |
|---|--|--|

## SENTIMENTS.

Railery, Sneering, Modesty, Submission, Shame, Authority, Gravity, Inquiry, Teaching, Arguing, Admonition, Commanding, Forbidding, Denying. Affirming, Differing, Agreesing, Judging, Reproving, Acquitting, Condemning, Pardoning, Dismissing, Refusing, Giving, Granting, Promising, Gratitude, Curiosity, Respect, Exhorting, Commendation, Sickness, Persuading, Tempting, Affectation, Sloth, Intoxication, Dotage, Folly, &c., &c.

## 1.—TRANQUILLITY.

<i>Body</i> —composed.	<i>Eyebrows</i> —arched.
<i>Face</i> —open.	<i>Mouth</i> —lightly shut.
<i>Forehead</i> —smooth.	<i>Eyes</i> —pass easily about.

## 2.—CHEERFULNESS.

(Adds a smile to tranquillity.)

<i>Body</i> —moves slightly.	<i>Voice</i> —pure, high.
	(See Collins' Ode.)

## 3.—MIRTH.

<i>Head</i> —thrown back.	<i>Eyes</i> —nearly closed, tears
<i>Mouth</i> —open.	flow, twinkle.
<i>Cheeks</i> —high, dimple.	<i>Features</i> —flushed.
<i>Nostrils</i> —drawn up.	<i>Body</i> —convulsed, hold sides,
	shake.

## 4.—DELIGHT—JOY.

<i>Face</i> —open, smiles, glows.	(When Violent.)
<i>Voice</i> —pure, high.	<i>Nostrils</i> —expanded.
<i>Brows</i> —raised.	<i>Hands</i> —clapped, waved.
<i>Eyes</i> —heavenward, full, lively, brisk, quick, glancing, clear.	<i>Body</i> —springs exultingly.
<i>Voice</i> —quick, sweet, clear.	(Extreme)—transport, semi-delirious, rapture, ecstasy, folly, eyes strained to almost wildness, sorrow, nearly madness.

## 5.—LOVE.

*Face*—serene, smiles.  
*Mouth*—little open.  
*Eyes*—languish, half shut.  
*Body*—all tenderness.

*Hands*—entreating, clasp to breast, declare; right hand to heart.  
*Forehead*—smooth, enlarged.  
*Brows*—arched.  
*Voice*—pure, high, melting.

*Remarks.*—Longs to be agreeable; respectful, fears, dotes; delicate complaining, tender reproach, reverent rapture; eager, joyous, hesitating, confused, reposing, winning, soft, persuasive, flattering, pathetic; if unsuccessful, anxiety and melancholy.

(See *Romeo and Juliet*, *Shaks.*)

## 6.—DESIRE.

*Body*—forward.  
*Legs*—advanced.  
*Arms*—out to grasp.  
*Face*—smiling.

*Brows*—raised.  
*Mouth*—open.  
*Voice*—lively, pure, suppliant, high.

*Remarks.*—Eager, wistful, fluent, copious, (except sighs in distress.)

## 7.—GRIEF OR SORROW.

*Countenance*—dejected.  
*Head*—Hung down.  
*Lips*—swelled, quiver.  
*Eyes*—down.  
*Arms*—loose, sometimes little raised, suddenly fall.  
*Hands*—open, sometimes clasped, wrung.  
*Fingers*—spread.  
*Voice*—pure, high, or low, plaintive, long sighs, weeps, sometimes scarcely breathe, interrupted.

(*Excessive.*)

*Face*—deadly pale.  
*Countenance*—distorted.  
 (agony.)  
*Voice*—loud, complaining, even shrieks.  
*Hands*—wrung, beat head and breast, tear the hair.

*Remarks.*—Throws itself upon the ground and seems to border on phrensy; high pitch; silence; abrupt extremes; paroxysm, suffocation.

## 8.—SADNESS AND MELANCHOLY.

*Lower Jaw*—falls.| *Remark*.—habitual preying.

## 9.—PITY.

*Voice*—compassionate, tender.*Hands*—raise and fall.*Countenance*—as in pain.*Brows*—drawn down, contracted.*Mouth*—open.*Eyes*—raise and fall mourningly.*Features*—together.*Remarks*.—Love for the object, grief for its sufferings.

## 10.—HOPE.

*Countenance*—up, bright, joyous.*Body*—bent forward.*Head*—raised.*Mouth*—dimples into smiles.*Voice*—plaintive, inclines to eagerness.*Arms*—spread.*Hands*—open as if to clasp.*Breath*—strongly drawn in earnest anticipation.*Eyes*—bright, eager, wistful.*Remark*.—Desire and Joy.

## 11.—COURAGE—CONFIDENCE.

*Legs*—firm, advance.*Voice*—firm, even, strong, clear, sonorous, full, bold; accents round, sometimes perousive in expression.*Head*—erect.*Breast*—projected.*Lungs*—inflated.*Hand*—sometimes out.*Body*—graceful, noble in mien.*Nostrils*—wide.*Countenance*—open, clear.

## 12.—BOASTING.

*Arms*—akimbo.*Face*—red.*Fists*—menace.*Mouth*—pouts.*Feet*—stamp.*Eyes*—stare.*Legs*—stride.*Voice*—bombastic, hollow, loud.*Head*—back. (pride.)*Brows*—down.*Remarks*.—Exaggerated, blustering courage.—See Falstaff in Shaks. Hen. IV.

## 13.—PRIDE. (SELF-ESTEEM.)

<i>Head</i> —back, pompous.	<i>Mouth</i> —pouting.
<i>Eyes</i> —full, lofty. (anger.)	<i>Lips</i> —contracted.
<i>Brows</i> —(considerably) down.	<i>Legs</i> —distant, stately stride.
<i>Hands</i> —on hips.	<i>Voice</i> —slow, stiff, bombastic,
<i>Elbows</i> —forward.	important, with affectation.

## 14.—DOGGED SULLENNESS.

Obstinaoy, contempt, scorn, disdain. (Very similar to pride.)

## 15.—HATRED.

<i>Body</i> —drawn back to avoid.	<i>Lips</i> —upper drawn up in disdain.
<i>Face</i> —turned away.	<i>Voice</i> —guttural, low, loud,
<i>Eyes</i> —angry, frown.	harsh, unequal, chiding,
<i>Brows</i> —contracted.	surly, vehement, sentences
<i>Teeth</i> —set.	short, abrupt, percussive.
<i>Hands</i> —spread out to keep off.	

*Remark.*—Aversion—similar to Hatred.

## 16.—FEAR, TERROR, CONSTERNATION.

<i>Brows</i> —cold sweat; high.	<i>Limbs</i> —strained with anguish.
<i>Eyes</i> —wide, fixed, wildly searching.	<i>Feet</i> —one back to start.
<i>Mouth</i> —wide.	<i>Neck</i> —active.
<i>Lips</i> —convulsive.	<i>Shoulders</i> —moving.
<i>Nose</i> —shortened.	<i>Chest</i> —elevated.
<i>Cheek</i> —with tremor.	<i>Heart</i> —beats violently.
<i>Face</i> —wild, deadly pale.	<i>Breast</i> —with spasms.
<i>Throat</i> —gulping and catching.	<i>Steps</i> —furtive.
<i>Body</i> —shrinks, trembles to fly.	<i>Breath</i> —quick, short, impeded, gasping.
<i>Elbows</i> —at sides.	<i>Voice</i> —feeble, husky, aspirated, explosive, tremulous.
<i>Hands</i> —open, lifted.	
<i>Fingers</i> —spread up to breast to shield.	

*Remarks.*—Fear with surprise, sentences short, incoherent.

## 17.—WONDER, SURPRISE, AMAZEMENT.

(Uncommon object suddenly seen.)

*Eyes*—open, prominent.  
*Mouth*—open.  
*Body*—fixed, contracted,  
 stooping.

*Hands*—lifted as in Fear; if  
 hold anything, let drop unconsciously.  
*Voice*—first low, but energetic  
 on each word: sometimes  
 aspirated.

## 18.—ADMIRATION.

*Mouth*—open.  
*Tongue*—seen.  
*Teeth*—lower edge seen.  
*Brow*—expanded, gently  
 raised.

*Eyes*—raised.  
*Face*—smiles.  
*Hands*—lifted or clapped; extended.  
*Voice*—rapturous.

*Remarks.*—Sight enjoyed to utmost, all else forgotten; desire of excellence; if object come slowly and gently, (approbation and wonder.)

19.—REMORSE.—(*Painful Remembrance.*)

*Countenance*—cast down, clouded by anxiety, pale, turgid.

*Head*—hung down, shaken with regret.

*Nostrils*—inflated to utmost.

*Brow*—furrowed, knit.

*Eyes*—just raised as if to look up, suddenly down on ground; unsteady; eye-balls strained, large; sometimes tears.

*Voice*—sighs; low, harsh, (*Hatred*,) reproachful; (*excess*,) strong, through teeth as in inward pain, aspirated.

*Teeth*—gnashed.

*Lips*—swell.

*Mouth*—opens at the corners, tremblingly.

*Hands*—The right beats the breast.

*Hair*—rises in the anguish of feeling.

*Body*—writhe as if with self aversion; every joint seems to curse; knees sometimes bent, humble.

20.—VEXATION.—(*Perplexity, Complaint, Fretting, Remorse.*)

## 21.—PERPLEXITY.

<i>Body</i> —collected as for thoughtful consideration.	<i>Head</i> —upon breast.
<i>Arms</i> —on breast.	<i>Eyes</i> —down.
<i>Hands</i> —(at times) to eyes.	<i>Lips</i> —pursed together.
	<i>Mouth</i> —shut.

REMARKS.—Quick, slow; pauses long; broken, uneven, suddenly altered, new discovery; then contemplating; restless, walks about, talks to self, keeps half, expresses half.

## 22.—ANGER.

<i>Head</i> —strained.	<i>Neck</i> —stretched.
<i>Eyes</i> —burn.	<i>Head</i> —forward.
<i>Teeth</i> —gnash.	<i>Fists</i> —clinched.
<i>Brows</i> —wrinkled.	<i>Feet</i> —stamp.
<i>Nose</i> —large, heaves.	<i>Body</i> —violent agitation.
<i>Mouth</i> —open (towards the ears.)	<i>Voice</i> —a strong, high, loud; (uncommon) low; (excess) aspiration; (violent) perousive.
<i>Muscles</i> —strained.	
<i>Veins</i> —swollen.	

REMARKS.—Sudden hatred, injury.

23.—RAGE AND FURY—Anger VERY HIGH, extinguishing humanity.

24.—ENVY.—(Moderate *Anger*), PEEVISHNESS (little), REPROACH (settled), REVENGE (open).

## 25.—REPROACH.

<i>Body</i> —Aversion.	<i>Voice</i> —low.
<i>Head</i> —Shaken, abhorringly.	

REMARKS.—Casting censures in one's teeth

26.—REVENGE.—Like MALICE, REMORSE, (more open) to injure, triumph; loud, exulting.

27.—MALICE.—(*Spite.*)

*Jaws*—set.  
*Teeth*—gnash.  
*Fists*—clinched.  
*Eyes*—flash, blast.  
*Mouth*—stretched horizontally.

*Elbows*—bent, strained to body.  
*Voice*—lower than anger.

REMARKS.—Watching to return injury.

28.—DESPAIR—*Sorrow* tossed by *Hope* and *Fear* (settled); loss of all hope.

*Forehead*—clouded.  
*Eyes*—roll frightfully, sometimes fixed; see nothing; insensible.  
*Body*—violently strained, agitated.  
*Brows*—down.  
*Mouth*—open, horizontally.  
*Lips*—bite them.  
*Nose*—widens.  
*Teeth*—gnash.

*Voice*—groans; inward torture; words few, sullen, bitter, (sometimes and often loud,) furious, in same note, (*excess*,) aspirated.  
*Elbows*—bent (at times).  
*Fists*—clinched.  
*Muscles*—swelled.  
*Veins*—swelled.  
*Skin*—livid.

REMARKS.—Too frightful to dwell on. Terrible warning; (grand, terrific, not mean.)

## 29.—DISTRACTION—MADNESS.

*Features*—distorted, sharp.  
*Teeth*—gnash, or set.  
*Skin*—bound.  
*Mouth*—foams, changes.  
*Lips*—sometimes tight, then relaxed into an unmeaning smile; unharmonious expression of all the features.

*Eyes*—open frightfully, roll hastily, wildly about; glaring.  
*Body*—violently strained, rolls in the dust.  
*Muscles*—Strong, rigid.  
*Voice*—hideous; bellows, execrates; fierce, outrageous.

REMARKS.—No mental agony; utter wreck; rushes furiously on all, tears and destroys itself.



## 30.—FATIGUE.

<i>Body</i> —languid, stoops.	<i>Voice</i> —weak; hardly articulate to understand.
<i>Countenance</i> —dejected.	
<i>Arms</i> —listless.	
<i>Legs</i> —dragged heavily, seem to bend.	

## 31.—FAINTING.

<i>Body</i> —suddenly relaxed, unstrung in all parts, drops.	<i>Eyes</i> —grow dim, roll up (as insensible).
<i>Face</i> —color flies from cheek.	

REMARKS.—Helpless, senseless.

32.—DEATH.—(*Ends all.*)

REMARKS.—Similar to fainting.—“To die—must *feel* its awful shadow.”

## 33.—VENERATION.

<i>Head</i> —little raised, most apparently timid, dread.	<i>Voice</i> —Submissive, timid, equable, with tremor, weak, supplicating; visible anxiety; humble, diffident, hesitating.
<i>Eyes</i> —lifted, cast down again, closed.	
<i>Body</i> —profound gravity, composed, one posture.	<i>Brows</i> —down respectfully.
<i>Knees</i> —bending forward.	<i>Arms</i> —out, up to breast.
<i>Hands</i> —open.	<i>Countenance</i> —cheerful.

## 34.—JEALOUSY.

*Love, Hate, Hope, Fear (Shame), Anxiety, Grief, Suspicion, Pity, Envy, Pride, Rage, Cruelty, Revenge, Remorse, Despair, Distraction, Madness, Death (all the Passions).*

<i>Countenance</i> —lighted, clouded, composed, &c., &c.	<i>Eyes</i> —Bloody, rolling, glare at times, or darting, furious.
<i>Fists</i> —clinched, at times.	<i>Mouth</i> —tense, lips retract.
<i>Eyelids</i> —lifted so as to almost disappear.	<i>Arms</i> —folded at times.
<i>Body</i> —hurrying, at times, or quiet; restless, &c.	<i>Brows</i> —knit.
<i>Teeth</i> —show.	<i>Voice</i> —piteous at times, or roaring.

REMARKS.—Great misery, terrible passion, reflects on her charms, then her deception, destroys both her and himself. [See Shaks. *Othello*.]

REMARK.—Envy is sometimes considered small Jealousy.

#### EXAMPLES.

#### 3. MIRTH.—[See *Shakspeare's Mercutio in Romeo and Juliet*.]

“A fool, a fool I met a fool i' the forest.  
A motley fool, a miserable varlet;  
As I do live by food I met a fool,  
Who laid him *down and basked* in the sun.”

#### 4. JOY. (*Inexpressible madness*.) [See *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Othello*.]

“Imoinda, oh! this separation  
Has made you dearer, if it can be so,  
Than you were ever to me! You appear  
Like a kind star to my benighted steps,  
To guide me on *to happiness*.”

#### 4. (*Approaching transports*.)

“Oh! Joy, thou welcome stranger, twice three years,  
I have not felt thy vital beam, but now  
It warms my veins, and plays about my heart;  
A fiery instinct lifts me from the ground,  
And I could mount to the very stars with rapture.”

#### 5. LOVE.—(*Romeo and Juliet*).

*Rom.* “With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls;  
For stony limits cannot hold love out;  
And what love can do, that dares love attempt,  
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.”

*Jul.* “If they do see thee, they will murder thee.”

*Rom.* "Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,  
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,  
And I am proof against their enmity."

## 9. PITY.

"Oh, rose of May,—  
Dear maid, *kind sister*, sweet Ophelia!"

7.—GRIEF, SORROW. { (*settled*)—MELANCHOLY.  
(*silent*)—SADNESS.

*Seems*, madam, nay it is; I know not seems.  
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,  
Nor customary suits of solemn black,  
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,  
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,  
Together with all modes, forms, shows of grief,  
That can denote me truly.

(*Approaching distraction.*)

Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel;  
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,  
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,  
Doating like me, and like me banished,  
Then thou mightst tear thy hair, \* \* \*  
And fall upon the ground as I do now.

(*Manly.*)

O now forever,  
Farewell the tranquil mind; farewell content,  
Farewell the plumed troop and the big war,  
That make ambition virtue! O farewell!  
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,  
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,  
The royal banner, and all quality,  
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!  
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone.

## 10.—HOPE.

If I may trust the flattery of sleep,  
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand;

My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne ;  
 And, all this day, an unaccustomed spirit  
 Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.

## 11.—COURAGE.

Now, my brave lads—now we are free indeed ;  
 I have a whole host in this single arm.  
 Death or liberty ! we shall not leave a man of them alive.

## 12.—BOASTING.

Perhaps you flatter yourselves with an honorable death,  
 that you'll fight like men, and die like heroes—you think so  
 because you have seen Moor exult amid scenes of carnage and  
 horror—Oh, never dream it—there's none of you a *Moor*.

## 13.—PRIDE.

I shall now talk with some pride. Go tell your august  
 magistrate—he that throws the dice on life and death—tell  
 him, I am none of those banditti who are in compact with  
 sleep and the midnight hour—I scale no walls in the dark,  
 and force no locks to plunder.

## 15.—HATRED—(aversion.)

(*Sudden.*)

The furies onrse you then ;  
 When forth you walk, may the red, flaming sun  
 Strike you with livid plagues !  
 Vipers that die not, slowly gnaw your heart ;  
 May mankind shun you ; may you hate yourself,  
 Pray for death hourly yet be million of years  
 In expiring.

I tell thee I ne'er received a blow from mortal man  
 But I did pay it back with interest.

Oh! that we were on the dark wave together,  
 With but one plank between us and destruction,  
 That I might grasp him in these desperate arms,  
 And plunge with him amid the weltering billows  
 And view him gasp for life.

16.—FEAR—TERROR.

Angels! and ministers of grace defend us!  
 Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,  
 Bring with thee airs from heaven  
 Or blasts from hell. Be thy intent wicked  
 Or charitable, thou com'st in such a questionable shape  
 That I will speak to thee.

(*Aspiration.*)

I've done the deed—didst thou not hear a noise?  
 There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried murder.

17.—SURPRISE—AMAZEMENT.

Gone to be married, gone to swear a peace!  
 False blood to false blood joined! Gone to be friends!  
 Shall Lewis have Blanche? and Blanche these provinces?

(*Sudden.*)

Yes;—'tis *Amelia*;—by and bye,—she's dead.  
 'Tis like she comes to speak of *Cassio's* death,  
 The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving!  
 Still as the grave;—*Shall she come in, wert—good?*

21.—PERPLEXITY—(*Irresolution, anxiety.*)

Which way shall I fly? Infinite wrath and infinite despair—  
 Which way I fly is hell, myself am hell,  
 And in the lowest depth a lower deep,  
 Still threatening to devour, opens wide,  
 To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.

19.—REMORSE.

(*Dreadful anguish.*)

And hence became a robber and a murderer (*strikes his*

*breast*). Oh! fool, fool! the victim of infernal treachery, and now a murderer and assassin—(*walks*) \* \* (*stops*) and that poor father in a dungeon (*suppressed*), what cause have I for Rage or Complaint? (*affects composure*).

Whence is that knocking?  
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?  
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!  
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand? no; this my hand will rather  
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,  
Making the green—one red. •

7.—COMPLAINING—(EXTREME PAIN.)—*Excessive Grief.*

Oh! I am shot! a forked burning arrow  
Sticks across my shoulders; the sad venom flies  
Like lightning through my flesh, my blood, my marrow.  
Ha! what a change of torments I endure!  
A bolt of ice runs hissing through my bowels;  
'Tis sure the aim of death; give me a chair;  
Cover me for I freeze, and my teeth chatter  
And my knees knock together.

19, 20, 21.—VEXATION—(*Perplexity, Complaining and Remorse.*)

O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!  
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,  
\* \* What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,  
That he should weep for her?

22.— } ANGER—(*Different styles*).

23.— } RAGE, FURY.

(*Unrestrained Fury.*)

Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!  
Away to heaven respective lenity,  
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!  
Now Tybalt take the villain back again  
That late thou gav'st me: for Mercutio's soul  
Is but a little way above our heads  
And thou or I must bear him company.

## 19, 27, 26.—REVENGE.

Revenge, revenge this violated, this profaned head; here I  
 tear forever the fraternal bond; here, in the sight of heaven  
 I curse him. \* \* \* Bring him to me alive and millions  
 shall be your reward.

Poison be their drink!  
 Gall worse than gall, the daintiest meat they taste.

27.—MALICE—(*Continued anger.*)

How like a fawning publican he looks;  
 I hate him, for he is a Christian.

If I can once catch him upon the hip  
 I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.

## 28.—DESPAIR.

To die—to have my ashes trampled on  
 By the proud foot of scorn!—Polluted!—Oh!—  
 Who dares to mock my guilt?—Is't you? or you?  
 Wrack me that grinning fiend!—There, see there!  
 Who spits upon my grave?—I'll stab again! I'll—oh!

Alive again? then show me where he is.  
 I'll give a thousand pounds to look upon him.—  
 He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them—  
 Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright  
 Like lime-twigs to catch my winged soul!  
 Give me some drink, and bid the apothecary  
 Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

## 29.—DISTRACTION—MADNESS.

Ay! laugh ye fiends! I feel the truth;  
 Your task is done; I'm mad! I'm mad!

They come again! They tear my brain!  
 They seize my heart!—they choke my breath.

O this poor brain! ten thousand shapes of fury  
 Are whirling there, and reason is no more.

## 30.—FATIGUE.

I see man's life is a tedious one ;  
I should be sick but that my resolution helps me.

(*Hunger*) Dear master, I can go no further ; Oh, I die for food !  
Here I lie down and measure out my grave.

I must stop here. (*down*). My joints are shook asunder ; my  
tongue cleaves to my mouth.

## 31.—FAINTING.—32.—DEATH.

Oh ! I cannot !

I have no strength ; but want thy feeble aid.—  
Ah ! cruel poison !

Absent thee from felicity awhile,  
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain  
To tell my story ;—  
Oh ! I die, Horatio !  
The potent poison quite o'erthrows my spirit—  
The rest is silence.

## JEALOUSY.

(*Surprise.*)

Think my lord !—By heaven he echoes me !  
As if there were some monster in his thought  
Too hideous to be shown—Thou dost mean something.

If I do prove her haggard—  
Though her jesses were my dear heart-strings  
I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind  
To prey at fortune.

She's gone, I am abused,—and my relief  
Must be—to loathe her.

If thou dost slander her and torture me  
Never pray more. Abandon all remorse ;  
On horror's head horrors accumulate, do deeds  
To make heaven weep, all earth amazed ;  
For nothing canst thou to damnation add  
Greater than that.



## 33.—VENERATION.

Oh! thou Eternal one; whose presence bright  
 All space doth occupy, all motion guide;  
 Being above all beings, Mighty one,  
 Whom none can comprehend and none explore.

## COLLIN'S ODE TO THE PASSIONS.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,  
 While yet in early Greece she sung,  
 The Passions, oft, to *hear her shell*,  
 Throng'd around her magic cell;  
<sup>4</sup> Exulting, <sup>16</sup> trembling, <sup>23</sup> raging, <sup>31</sup> fainting,  
 Possessed beyond the muse's painting;  
 By turns, they felt the glowing mind  
 Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined;  
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,  
<sup>23</sup> Filled with <sup>18</sup> Fury, rapt, inspired,  
 From the supporting myrtles round,  
 They snatched her instruments of sound;  
 And as they oft had heard apart,  
 Sweet lessons of her tuneful art,  
 Each, (for Madness ruled the hour,)  
 Would prove his own expressive power.

<sup>16</sup>  
 First, Fear, his hand, its skill to try,  
 Amid the chords bewildered laid,  
 And back recoil'd, he knew not why,  
 E'en at the sound himself had made.

<sup>22</sup>  
 Next Anger rushed, his eyes on fire,  
 In lightnings owned his secret stings.  
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre,  
 And swept with hurried hand the strings.

<sup>28</sup>  
 With woeful measures, wan Despair  
 Low, *sullen* sounds his grief beguiled;  
 A solemn, strange and mingled air;  
 'Twas sad by fits; by starts 'twas wild.

<sup>10</sup>  
 But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,  
 What was thy delighted measure?  
 Still it whispered promised pleasure,  
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail;  
 Still would her touch the strain prolong;  
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,  
 She called on Echo still through all her song;  
 And where her sweetest theme she chose,  
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close:  
 And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden  
 hair.

And longer had she sung, but with a frown  
<sup>26</sup>  
 Revenge impatient rose.  
 He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,  
 And with a withering look,  
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,  
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,  
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe;  
 And ever and anon, he beat  
 The doubling drum with furious heat,  
 And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,  
<sup>9</sup>  
 Dejected Pity, at his side,  
 Her soul-subduing voice applied;  
 Yet still he kept his wild, unaltered mien,  
 While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from  
 his head.

<sup>34</sup>  
 Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fixed—  
 Sad proof of thy distressful state:  
 Of differing themes the veering song was mixed;  
<sup>6</sup>  
 And now it courted Love; now, raving, called on Hate.  
<sup>15</sup>  
 With eyes upraised, as one inspired,  
<sup>8</sup>  
 Pale Melancholy, sat retired,  
 And, from her wild, sequestered seat,  
 In notes by distance made more sweet,

Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul;  
 And dashing soft from rocks around,  
 Bubbling runnels joined the sound;  
 Thro' glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,  
 Or o'er some haunted stream with fond delay,  
 (Round a holy calm diffusing,  
 Love of peace and and lonely musing,)  
 In hollow murmers died away.

But Oh! how altered was its sprightlier tone,  
 When <sup>2</sup>Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,  
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,  
 Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,  
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,  
 The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known.  
 The oak-crowned sisters and their chaste-eyed queen,  
 Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,  
 Peeping from forth their alleys green;  
 Brown exercise rejoiced to hear,  
 And Sport leaped up and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's <sup>4</sup>ecstatic trial;  
 He, with viny crown advancing,  
 First to the lively pipe his hand addressed;  
 But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,  
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.  
 They would have thought, who heard the strain,  
 They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,  
 Amid the festal-sounding shades,  
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing,  
 While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,

<sup>5</sup>Love framed with <sup>3</sup>Mirth a gay fantastic round,  
 (Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,)  
 And he amid his frolic play,  
 As if he would the charming air repay,  
 Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

## R E A D I N G S.

## NORTH-AMERICAN INDIANS.

Not many generations ago, where you now sit, encircled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your heads, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer ; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate. Here the wigwam-blaze beamed on the tender and helpless ; the council fire glared on the wise and the daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred ; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death song, all were here ; and when the tiger-strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.

Here, too, they worshipped ; and from many a dark bosom went up a fervent prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of Revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in everything around. He beheld him in the star that sank in beauty behind his lonely dwelling ; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his mid-day throne ; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze ; in the lofty pine that defied a thousand whirlwinds ; in the timid warbler that never left his native grove ; in the

fearless eagle, whose untired pinion was wet in clouds ; in the worm that crawled at his feet ; and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light, to whose mysterious source he bent in humble, though blind adoration. And all this has passed away. Here and there a stricken few remain ; but how unlike their bold, untamed, untamable progenitors ! The Indian of falcon-glance and lion-bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone ; and his degraded offspring crawls upon the soil where he walked in majesty, to remind us how miserable is man, when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast dying to the untrodden West. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away. They must soon hear the roar of the last wave, which will settle over them forever.

#### BATTLE OF IVRY.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are !

And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre !

Now let there be the merry sound of music and the dance,

Through thy cornfields green, and sunny vales, O pleasant land of France !

And thou Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,

Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters :

As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,  
For cold and stiff and still are they who would thy  
walls annoy.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! a single field hath turned the chance  
of war ;

Hurrah ! hurrah ! for Ivry and King Henry of Na-  
varre !

The king has come to marshal us, in all his armor  
drest,

And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant  
crest ;

He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye,  
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern  
and high.

Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing  
to wing,

Down all our line, a deafening shout, " God save our  
lord, the king ! "

" And if my standard-bearer fall—as fall full well he  
may,

For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—  
Press where you see my white plume shine, amid the  
ranks of war,

And be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah ! the foes are moving ! Hark to the mingled  
din

Of fife and steed and trump and drum and roaring  
culverin !

The fiery duke is pricking fast across St. Andre's plain,  
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Al-  
mayne,

Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of  
France,

Charge for the golden lilies, now, upon them with the  
lance !

A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears  
in rest,

A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-  
white crest.

And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a  
guiding star,

Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Na-  
varre.

INDIAN SPEECH.

White man, there is eternal war between me and  
thee ! I quit not the land of my fathers but with my  
life. In those woods where I bent my youthful bow,  
I will still hunt the deer. Over yonder waters I will  
still glide, unrestrained, in my bark canoe. By those  
dashing waterfalls I will still lay up my winter's store  
of food. On these fertile meadows I will still plant my  
corn. Stranger, the land is mine ! I understand not  
these paper-rights. I gave not my consent when, as  
thou sayest, these broad regions were purchased, for a  
few baubles, of my fathers. They could sell what was  
theirs,—they could sell no more. How could my fa-  
thers sell that which the Great Spirit sent me into the  
world to live upon ? They knew not what they did.  
The stranger came, a timid suppliant, few and feeble,  
and asked to lie down on the red man's bear-skin, and  
warm himself at the red man's fire, and have a little  
piece of land to raise corn for his women and children ;  
and now he is become strong and mighty and bold, and  
spreads out his parchment over the whole, and says,  
“ it is mine.” Stranger, there is not room for us both

The Great Spirit has not made us to live together. There is poison in the white man's cup ; the white man's dog barks at the red man's heels. If I should leave the land of my fathers, whither shall I fly ? Shall I go to the South and dwell among the graves of the Pequots ? Shall I wander to the West ? The fierce Mohawk, the man-eater is my foe. Shall I fly to the East ? The great water is before me. No, stranger, here have I lived, and here will I die ! and if here thou abidest there is eternal war between me and thee. Thou hast taught me thy arts of destruction. For that alone I thank thee : and now take heed to thy steps ; the red man is thy foe. When thou goest forth by day my bullet shall whistle by thee ; when thou liest down at night, my knife is at thy throat. The noonday sun shall not discover thy enemy, and the darkness of night shall not protect thy rest. Thou shall plant in terror and I will reap in blood ; thou shalt sow the earth with corn, and I will strew it with ashes ; thou shalt go forth with the sickle, and I will follow after with the scalping knife ; thou shalt build and I will burn, till the white man or the Indian shall cease from the land. Go thy way, for this time in safety ; but remember, stranger, there is eternal war between me and thee.

## JULIUS CÆSAR.

*Cas.*—(R. C.) That you have wronged me doth appear in this :

You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella  
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;  
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,  
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

*Bru.*—(C.) You wronged yourself to write in such a case.



*Cas.*—In such a time as this it is not meet  
That every nice offence should bear its comment.

*Bru.*—Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself  
Are much condemned to have an itching palm ;  
To sell and mart your offices for gold  
To undeservers.

*Cas.*—I an itching palm ?  
You know you are Brutus that speak this,  
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

*Bru.*—Remember March, the Ides of March re-  
member.

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?  
What villain touched his body that did stab,  
And not for justice ? What ! shall one of us,  
That struck the foremost man of all this world,  
But for supporting robbers, shall we now  
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,  
And sell the mighty space of our large honors  
For so much trash, as may be graspéd thus ?  
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman.

*Cas.*—Brutus, bay not me :  
I'll not endure it. I am a soldier, I,  
Older in practice, abler than yourself  
To make conditions.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Bru.*—You say you are a better soldier :  
Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,  
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,  
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

*Cas.*—You wrong me ; every way you wrong me,  
Brutus ;  
I said an elder soldier, not a better  
Did I say better ?

*Bru.*—If you did, I care not.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Cas.*—Do not presume too much upon my love;  
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

*Bru.*—You have done that you should be sorry for.  
There is no terror, Cassius' in your threats;  
For I am armed so strong in honesty,  
That they pass by me as the idle wind,  
Which I respect not. I did send to you  
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;  
For I can raise no money by vile means:  
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,  
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring  
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,  
By any indirection. I did send  
To you for gold to pay my legions,  
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?  
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?  
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,  
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,  
Be ready, Gods, with all your thunderbolts,  
Dash him to pieces! (*crosses to R.*)

*Cas.*—I denied you not.

*Bru.*—You did.

*Cas.*—I did not: he was but a fool  
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath rived my  
heart:

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities;  
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

*Bru.*—I do not, till you practice them on me.

*Cas.*—You love me not.

*Bru.*—I do not like your faults.

*Cas.*—A friendly eye could never see such faults.

*Bru.*—(R. c.) A flatterer's would not, though they  
do appear

As huge as high Olympus.

## AN EPITOME OF ANTIQUE DAILY EXERCISES FOR THE ACTOR AND ORATOR.

EYEBROWS.—Raised—lowered—[*with hand motions.*]

EYES.—Wide—shut—fixed—rolling—vacant—[*will.*]

NOSTRILS.—Pinched—expanded to utmost—[*with breath.*]

MOUTH.—Vertical—lateral—side movements.

MUSCLES of FACE and CHIN, in the same manner, separately.

HEAD.—Draw and relax muscles right and left, forth and back. Raise—depress—side—forward—to chest.

CHEST.—Extreme height—suddenly sinking.

TRUNK.—Bound as in joy—writhe as in great agony.

ARMS.—Gestures. (*See VOICE AND ACTION.*) Exercises with tube.

FINGERS.—Open — shut — straighten — curve—raise singly.

FEET.—Bend — natural walk — sidling — enlarged walk—cross—traverse—long steps—(body and arms) turning back—backwards.

## VOCAL.

DEEP BREATHING.—Breathe, hands on head; lower hands; then emit slowly, hands on hips, “K.”

VOICE.—Breathe—mouth enlarged sound the vowels—sound “Ha!”—Explosives—“Ba! be! bi! bo!” Stride with ease and read aloud with large voice, without strain, pure, round tone, and gesticulate freely.

GENERAL EXERCISE.—Walk a mile each day as fast as possible, or run three. This will exercise very nearly all parts of the body, lungs as well as limbs.

## GOD.

O thou Eternal One ! whose presence bright  
All space doth occupy, all motion guide,  
Unchanged through Time's all-devastating flight ;  
Thou only God ! There is no God beside !  
Being above all beings ! Mighty One !  
Whom none can comprehend and none explore ;  
Who fill'st existence with *Thyself* alone ;  
Embracing all,—supporting,—ruling o'er,—  
Being whom we call God—and know no more !

In its sublime research, philosophy  
May measure out the ocean deep—may count  
The sands or the sun's rays—but, God ! for thee  
There is no weight nor measure ; none can mount  
Up to thy mysteries ; reason's brightest spark,  
Though kindled by thy light, in vain would try  
To trace thy counsels, infinite and dark ;  
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,  
Even like past moments in eternity.

A million torches lighted by thy hand  
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss ;  
They own thy power, accomplish thy command,  
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.  
What shall we call them ? Piles of crystal light—  
A glorious company of golden streams—  
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—  
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams ?  
But thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes ! as a drop of water in the sea,  
All this magnificence in thee is lost ;—  
What are ten thousand worlds compared to thee ?  
And what am I then ? Heaven's unnumbered host,

Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed  
In all the glory of sublimest thought,  
Is but an atom in the balance, weighed  
Against thy greatness, is a cipher brought  
Against infinity ! O, what am I then ? Nought !

Nought ! yet the effluence of thy light divine,  
Pervading worlds hath reached my bosom too ;  
Yes ! in my spirit doth thy spirit shine,  
As shines a sunbeam in a drop of dew.  
Nought ! yet I live, and on Hope's pinions fly  
Eager towards thy presence ; for in thee  
I live, and breathe, and dwell, aspiring high,  
Even to the throne of thy divinity.  
I am, O God ! and surely thou must be.

Creator, Yes ! thy wisdom and thy word  
Created *me* ! thou source of life and good !  
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord !  
Thy light, thy love, in their bright plenitude  
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring  
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear  
The garments of eternal day, and wing  
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,  
Even to its source—to thee—its author there.

O thoughts ineffable ! O visions blest !  
Though worthless our conceptions all of thee,  
Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast,  
And waft its homage to thy Deity.  
God ! thus alone my lonely thoughts can soar ;  
Thus seek thy presence, Being wise and good !  
'Midst thy vast works admire, obey, adore,  
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,  
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

## MARK ANTONY'S ADDRESS.

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears :  
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.  
The evil that men do lives after them ;  
The good is oft interréd with their bones ;  
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus  
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious :  
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,  
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.  
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,  
(For Brutus is an honorable man ;  
So are they all, all honorable men,)  
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.—

He was my friend, faithful and just to me ;  
But Brutus says he was ambitious,  
And Brutus is an honorable man.  
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,  
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill.  
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?  
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :  
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,  
And Brutus is an honorable man.  
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,  
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,  
And, sure, he is an honorable man.  
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
But here I am to speak what I do know.  
You all did love him once, not without cause :  
What cause witholds you then to mourn for him ?  
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason !—bear with me :  
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,  
And I must pause till it come back to me.

But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might  
Have stood against the world ; now lies he there,  
And none so poor to do him reverence.  
O Masters ! if I were disposed to stir  
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,  
Who, you all know, are honorable men.  
I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose  
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,  
Than I will wrong such honorable men :  
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,—  
I found it in his closet ; 't is his will.  
Let but the commons hear this testament  
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),  
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,  
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;  
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,  
Unto their issue.—

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.  
You all do know this mantle ; I remember  
The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;  
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent ;  
That day he overcame the Nervii.—  
Look ! In this place ran Cassius' dagger through :  
See what a rent the envious Casca made :  
Through this, the well-belovéd Brutus stabbed ;  
And as he plucked his curséd steel away,  
Mark, how the blood of Cæsar followed it !—  
This was the most unkindest cut of all !

For when the noble Cæsar saw *him* stab,  
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,  
Quite vanquished him ! Then burst his mighty heart ;  
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,  
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.  
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !  
Then I, and you, and all of us, fell down,  
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.  
O, now you weep ; and I perceive you feel  
The dint of pity :—these are gracious drops.  
Kind souls ! what, weep you when you but behold  
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look ye here !  
Here is himself—marred, as you see, by traitors.

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up  
To such a sudden flood of mutiny !  
They that have done this deed are honorable !  
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,  
That made them do it ! They are wise and honor-  
able !

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.  
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts :  
I am no orator, as Brutus is ;  
But as you all do know, a plain, blunt man,  
That love my friend ; and that they know full well  
That gave me public leave to speak of him.  
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;  
And tell you that which you yourselves do know ;  
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb  
mouths,  
And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,  
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony



Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move  
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

SALADIN AND MALEK ADHEL.

*Attendant.* A stranger craves admittance to your  
Highness.

*Saladin.* Whence comes he?

*Attendant.* That I know not.

Enveloped with a vestment of strange form,  
His countenance is hidden; but his step,  
His lofty port, his voice in vain disguised,  
Proclaim,—if that I dare pronounce it,—

*Saladin.* Whom?

*Attendant.* Thy royal brother!

*Saladin.* Bring him instantly. [*Exit Attendant.*

Now, with his specious, smooth, persuasive tongue,  
Fraught with some wily subterfuge, he thinks  
To dissipate my anger. He shall die!

[*Enter Attendant and Malek Adhel.*

Leave us together. [*Exit Attendant.*] [*Aside.*] I  
should know that form.

Now summon all thy fortitude, my soul,  
Nor, though thy blood cry for him, spare the guilty!  
[*Aloud.*] Well, stranger, speak; but first unvail thy-  
self,

For Saladin must view the form that fronts him.

*Malek Adhel.* Behold it, then!

*Saladin.* I see a traitor's visage.

*Malek Adhel.* A brother's!

*Saladin.* No!

Saladin owns no kindred with a villain.

*Malek Adhel.* O, patience, Heaven! Had any  
tongue but thine

Uttered that word, it ne'er should speak another.

*Saladin.* And why not now? Can this heart be  
more pierced

By Malek Adhel's sword than by his deeds?  
O, thou hast made a desert of this bosom!  
For open candor, planted sly disguise;  
For confidence, suspicion; and the glow  
Of generous friendship, tenderness and love,  
Forever banished! Whither can I turn,  
When he by blood, by gratitude, by faith,  
By every tie, bound to support, forsakes me?  
Who, who can stand, when Malek Adhel falls?  
Henceforth I turn me from the sweets of love:  
The smiles of friendship, and this glorious world,  
In which all find some heart to rest upon,  
Shall be to Saladin a cheerless void,—  
His brother has betrayed him!

*Malek Adhel.* Thou art softened;  
I am thy brother, then; but late thou saidst,—  
My tongue can never utter the base title!

*Saladin.* Was it traitor? True!  
Thou hast betrayed me in my fondest hopes!  
Villain? 'Tis just; the title is appropriate!  
Dissembler? 'Tis not written in thy face;  
No, nor imprinted on that specious brow;  
But on this breaking heart the name is stamped,  
Forever stamped, with that of Malek Adhel!  
Thinkest thou I'm softened? By Mohammed! these  
hands

Should crush these aching eye-balls, ere a tear  
Fall from them at thy fate! O monster, monster!  
The brute that tears the infant from its nurse  
Is excellent to thee; for in his form  
The impulse of his nature may be read;  
But thou, so beautiful, so proud, so noble,

O, what a wretch art thou ! O ! can a term  
In all the various tongues of man be found  
To match thy infamy ?

*Malek Adhel.* Go on ! go on !

'Tis but a little time to hear thee, Saladin ;  
And, bursting at thy feet, this heart will prove  
Its penitence, at least.

*Sal.* That were an end  
Too noble for a traitor ! The bowstring is  
A more appropriate finish ! Thou shalt die !

*Mal. Ad.* And death were welcome at another's  
mandate.

What, what have I to live for ? Be it so,  
If that, in all thy armies, can be found  
An executing hand.

*Sal.* Oh, doubt it not !  
They're eager for the office. Perfidy,  
So black as thine, effaces from their minds  
All memory of thy former excellence.

*Mal. Ad.* Defer not then their wishes. Saladin,  
If e'er this form was joyful to thy sight,  
This voice seem'd grateful to thine ear, accede  
To my last prayer :—Oh, lengthen not this scene,  
To which the agonies of death were pleasing !  
Let me die speedily !

*Sal.* This very hour !  
[*Aside.*] For, oh ! the more I look upon that face,  
The more I hear the accents of that voice,  
The monarch softens, and the judge is lost  
In all the brother's weakness ; yet such guilt,—  
Such vile ingratitude,—it calls for vengeance ;  
And vengeance it shall have ! What, ho ! who waits  
there ? [Enter Attendant,

*Atten.* Did your highness call.

*Sal.* Assemble quickly

My forces in the court. Tell them they come  
To view the death of yonder bosom-traitor.  
And bid them mark, that he who will not spare  
His brother when he errs, expects obedience,  
Silent obedience, from his followers.

[*Exit Attendant.*]

*Mal. Ad.*

Now, Saladin,

The word is given, I have nothing more  
To fear from my brother. I am not  
About to crave a miserable life.  
Without thy love, thy honor, thy esteem,  
Life were a burden to me. Think not, either,  
The justness of thy sentence I would question.  
But one request now trembles on my tongue,—  
One wish still clinging round the heart ; which soon  
Not even that shall torture,—will it, then,  
Thinkest thou, thy slumbers render quieter,  
Thy waking thoughts more pleasing, to reflect,  
That when thy voice hath doomed a brother's death,  
The last request which e'er was his to utter  
Thy harshness made him carry to the grave ?

*Saladin.* Speak then ; but ask thyself if thou hast  
reason

To look for much indulgence here.

*Mal. Ad.* I have not !

Yet will I ask for it. We part forever ;  
This is our last farewell ; the king is satisfied ;  
The judge has spoke the irrevocable sentence.  
None sees, none hears, save that Omniscient Power,  
Which, trust me, will not frown to look upon  
Two brothers part like such. When, in the face  
Of foes once my own, I'm led to death,  
Then be thine eye unmoistened ; let thy voice  
Then speak my doom untrembling ; then,  
Unmoved, behold this stiff and blackened corse.

But now I ask—nay, turn not, Saladin,—  
I ask one single pressure of thy hand ;  
From that stern eye, one solitary tear,—  
O, torturing recollection !—one kind word  
From the loved tongue that once breathed naught but  
kindness.

Still silent ? Brother ! friend ! beloved companion  
Of all my youthful sports !—are they forgotten ?—  
Strike me with deafness, make me blind, O Heaven !  
Let me not see this unforgiving man  
Smile at my agonies ! nor hear that voice  
Pronounce my doom, which would not say one word,  
One little word, whose cherished memory  
Would soothe the struggles of departing life !  
Yet thou wilt ! Oh, turn thee, Saladin !  
Look on my face—thou can'st not spurn me then ;  
Look on the once-loved face of Malek Adhel  
For the last time, and call him—

*Sal.* [*seizing his hand.*] Brother ! brother !

*Mal. Ad.* [*breaking away.*] Now call thy follow  
ers.

Death has not now a single pang in store. Proceed,  
I'm ready.

*Sal.* Oh, art thou ready to forgive, my brother ?  
To pardon him who found one single error,  
One little failing, 'mid a splendid thröng  
Of glorious qualities—

*Mal. Ad.* Oh, stay thee, Saladin !  
I did not ask for life. I only wished  
To carry thy forgiveness to the grave.  
No, Emperor, the loss of Cesarea  
Cries loudly for the blood of Malek Adhel.  
Thy soldiers, too, demand that he who lost  
What cost them many a weary hour to gain,  
Should expiate his offences with his life.

Lo ! even now they crowd to view my death,  
Thy just impartiality. I go !  
Pleased by my fate to add one other leaf  
To thy proud wreath of glory. [*Going.*

*Sal.* Thou shalt not.

[*Enter Attendant.*

*Atten.* My lord, the troops assembled by your order  
Tumultuous throng the courts. The prince's death  
Not one of them but vows he will not suffer.  
The mutes have fled, the very guards rebel  
Nor think I, in this city's spacious round,  
Can e'er be found a hand to do the office.

*Mal. Ad.* O faithful friends ! [*To Atten.*] Thine  
shalt.

*Atten.* Mine ?—Never !—

The other first shall lop it from the body.

*Sal.* They teach the Emperor his duty well.  
Tell them he thanks them for it. Tell them, too,  
That ere their opposition reached our ears,  
Saladin had forgiven Malek Adhel.

*Attendant.* O joyful news !

I haste to gladden many a gallant heart,  
And dry the tear on many a hardy cheek,  
Unused to such a visitor. [*Exit.*]

*Saladin.* These men, the meanest in society,  
The outcasts of the earth,—by war, by nature,  
Hardened and rendered callous,—these who claim  
No kindred with thee,—who have never heard  
The accents of affection from thy lips,—  
O, these can cast aside their vowed allegiance,  
Throw off their long obedience, risk their lives,  
To save thee from destruction. While I,  
I, who cannot, in all my memory,  
Call back one danger which thou hast not shared,  
One day of grief, one night of revelry,

Which thy resistless kindness hath not soothed,  
Or thy gay smile and converse rendered sweeter,—  
I, who have thrice in the ensanguined field,  
When death seemed certain, only uttered—"Brother!"  
And seen that form, like lightning, rush between  
Saladin and his foes, and that brave breast,  
Dauntless exposed to many a furious blow  
Intended for my own—I could forget  
That 'twas to thee I owed the very breath  
Which sentenced thee to perish! O, 'tis shameful!  
Thou can'st not pardon me!

*Mal. Ad.* By these tears, I can!  
O brother! from this very hour, a new,  
A glorious life commences! I am all thine!  
Again the day of gladness or of anguish  
Shall Malek Adhel share; and oft again  
May this sword fence thee in the bloody field.  
Henceforth Saladin,  
My heart, my soul, my sword, are thine forever!

## GOODYEAR'S POCKET GYMNASIUM.

---

### THE SINGLE TUBE EXERCISE.\*

#### H A N D S AND A R M S.

—Grasp the handles with tube across lower limbs. Brace left hand without touching the body. Pull strongly with r. h. to + at r. three to five times. In

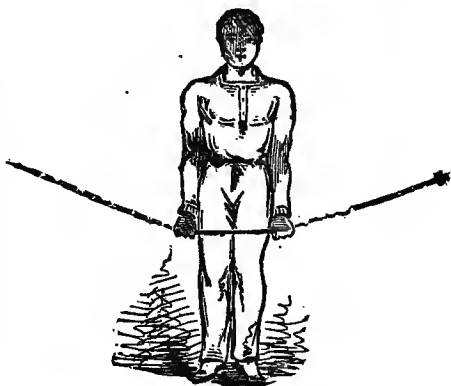


FIG. 1.

the same way with l. h. Then alternately. Finally, both hands to full extent to + +. Then turn the palms of hands with thumbs at ends of tube, and repeat the preceding exercises. To vary this, use r. h. with back and l. h. with palm forwards: then change to l. h. Be sure to breathe well, and to be in earnest.

---

\* Additional Exercises in "BLOOD AND BREATH," a small work especially prepared.



# ARMS, CHEST, AND LOINS.—

Place tube back of the neck, r. h. on the shoulder. Stretch to extreme, five times. Then with l. h. Then alternate. Then both. Change grasp with thumbs resting on ends of handles, and repeat the exercises.

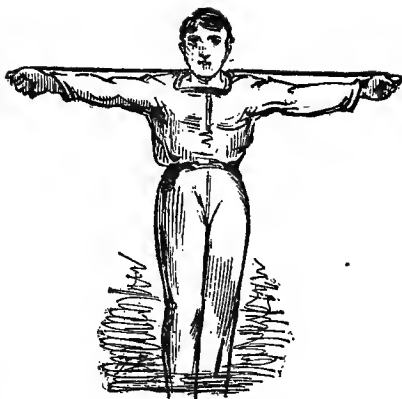


FIG. 8.

Then alternate the grasp and repeat. Now extend the tube with both hands and swivel about from r. to l. and back; a capital exercise for the chest and loins.

# HEAD AND

# NECK.—

Place r. h. firmly over, and arm resting on the head, with l. h. by side. Pull with r. h. above head to full extent and back. Then pull up again, and gradually raising l. h., and allow r. h. while tube is full ten-

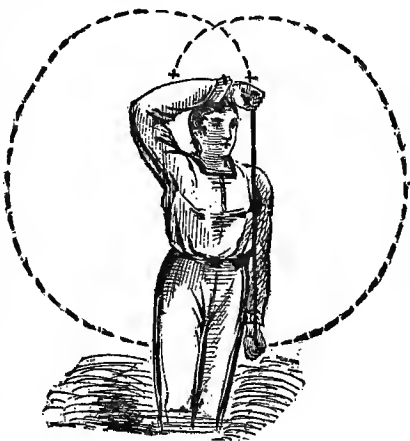


FIG. 9.

sion to follow dotted line to side of body. This brings the l. h. to + on r. of, and the l. arm on the head.

Now pull back reversely, full tension, to first position. Repeat five times.

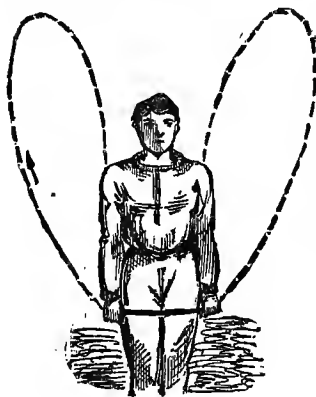


FIG. 10.

when tube is stretched perpendicularly, bend forward and backward, and sidewise, alternating the hands to vary the movement.

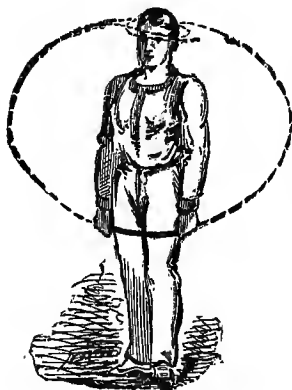


FIG. 11.

SPINE AND LOINS.—Hands in front. Raise both as *high as possible* and over head, following lines back of body, stretching tube to utmost at beginning and end of exercise. Arms behind the body; one resting on the shoulder, the other on the small of the back, by the hips; stretch up and down. Then reverse the hands. Then,

Hands as in Fig. 10. Carry r. h. high over head, and let it fall back of body. Then back to position; five times. Then, as before, r. h. high as possible, and back of body. Both are now behind. Bring the l. h. over head high as possible, to front. Repeat. Then begin with l. h. in the same way, and repeat all. Now alternate the entire movement, first

r. h. then l. h. back and forth rapidly.

**DIRECTIONS FOR THE COMPLETE GYMNASIUM.**—The hooks must be fastened in hard wood, not in the softer quality of pine, or they will work loose and come out. It is better to procure a piece of ash, or similar wood, about 8 feet in length, 6 inches wide, and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  thick, ours cost 50 cents, and secure it by 4 large screws (3 in.), top and bottom and intermediate distances, to door-jam or stout partition. Put the hooks about an inch from either side of this board and they will then be 4 in. apart. The first (2) as high as you can reach and hang on the tubes, the second, the length of tube and about an inch below those, the third and fourth in a similar manner. Extra hooks can be fastened in a portable board on which you can stand, or in the floor at different distances and in various directions to suit the fancy. Additional sets to these can be fastened overhead in a broad doorway, or in the beams of a ceiling. Ways can be devised to add numberless exercises to these already given, and, if necessary, tubes of any strength and size desired can be made to order, or hooks put to either size below No. 7.



FIG. 19.

Put the tubes on the highest hooks facing them. Pull with r. h. down to +. Then with l. h. Alternate. Then both, five times. Now stand off as far as possible, and repeat. Then stand moderately off and turn the head under r. h. tube until the face is brought to the front. Then turn back and under the l. h. Now face as before and pull up and down briskly as if chopping wood.

Back to the hooks. First, r. h. Then l. h. Then both to +. Now put tubes above shoulders and down as before. Then change grasp of the hands and repeat. Change again and repeat. Now pull down behind the body, repeating movements. Now raise hands high above the head, stand well out, tube in full tension, let hands fall, stepping forward, and pull till the arms are twisted backward and the body bent forward. Then return to position by reverse movement. Repeat rapidly a number of times.



FIG. 20.

Back to hooks, arms on shoulders. Pull r. h. down to +. Then up curved line to +. Return to first + and back to position. Then l. h. Then alternate. Then both.

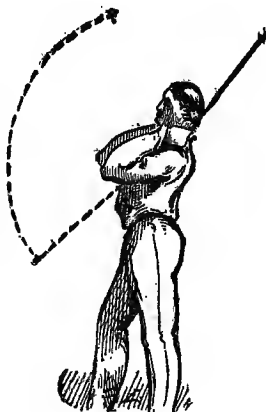


FIG. 21.

## THE GOODYEAR HEALTH-LIFT.

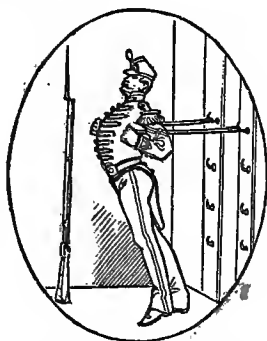
This simple and inexpensive apparatus consists of a small wooden platform, mounted on rubber balls, and two elastic tubes with handles. Weight, 3 lbs.



**EXERCISES.** — *Legs, arms, and spine.*—Firmly grasp the handles, hold the head erect, chin slightly elevated, throw the shoulders well back, keep the spinal column perfectly upright and straight, flex the knees, place the feet at proper angles,—and then rise to full height of the body, and sink back to the first position. Repeat until agreeably tired.



**EXERCISE.**—*Shoulders.*—Standing upright, body to



its full height, raise and depress the r. shoulder. Then similarly with the l.; each a number of times. Then

alternately r. and l. Then raise and depress both at the same time. This is an excellent exercise for the vocal organs.

EXERCISE.—*Arms, feet.*—Sit upon a low stool or



ottoman, and placing both feet upon the board, pull with both arms as far as possible and back to position. Then place r. foot in board and push from a flexed position of the knee to a full extension of the leg. Then the same with l. foot. Then

with both feet. An additional exercise can be had by lying supinely on the back and repeating the foregoing. This favors deep breathing and secures an alternate rest with the movement.

---

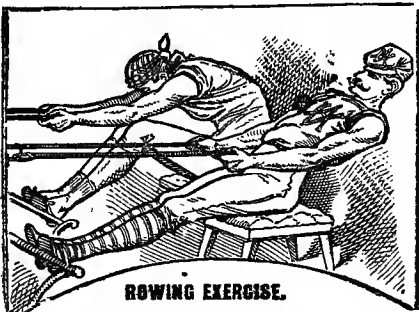
It would be well, in connection with these and the Rowing Exercise, as with all of the preceding examples, with the single or double tubes, to recite aloud various heroic and earnest selections, or, what perhaps is still better, make a judicious use of the *vocal* gymnastics already prescribed in this work, beginning at page 59. At least one-half, if not an entire hour daily, might be thus occupied to great advantage.

---

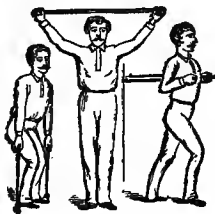
## THE ROWING EXERCISE.

This excellent device is intended to furnish an imitation of the movements of rowing.

**EXERCISE.**—Attach the tubes to the wall, by means of the small iron hooks, about a foot from the floor, and sitting upon a low stool, grasp the wooden handles, as if oars, and pull back as in rowing.



**THE DOUBLE EXERCISE.**—Two persons sit opposite each other, and grasp the handles on the the same tubes, to their part-pull each tube, and forth. This handles.



A complete outfit with a sliding seat, called "THE ROWING MACHINE," is very extensively used. Goodyear's is the simplest and least expensive.

## FREE EXERCISES.

Ex. 1.—*Feet, Ankles*.—Stand on l. foot, swing the r. over it; with the toes touching, and the feet forming an angle while crossed, bend and straighten the knees several times. Swing the r. foot *behind* the l., repeat movement. Change the feet, and exercise as before.

Ex. 2.—*Legs, Knees*.—Feet wide apart, arms horizontal at the sides, palms either prone or supine, head alternately averted, bend r. knee, raise or depress r. hand, contrasting or similar with l., and vary at pleasure. Then bend l. knee; then alternately r. and l. to extreme.

Ex. 3.—*Body, Knees*.—The r. foot far in front, clench hands at side, bend as if to kneel, then back, bending l. knee and straightening the r. Repeat back and forth. Swing the r. leg far behind, and with the l. foot repeat the movements. Kneel also, alternately, with r. and l. knee.

Ex. 4.—*Arms, Legs, Body*.—The r. foot well advanced, l. hand prone over r. foot, the r. hand prone over the l. foot behind, incline body, the face to the left, wheel to a reverse position, arms firmly indicating an inclined semicircle, the r. hand rising front, palm prone or supine, the l. falling, similarly or reversely, over the r. foot, swung behind the l. Repeat with l. foot in front, reversely.

Ex. 5.—*Serpentine*.—Either foot in front, to extreme; arms out to utmost; circle and sweep, backwards and forwards, in every possible variety of movement.



## THE DEVIL AND THE LAWYERS.

The devil came up to the earth one day,  
And into a court-house wended his way,  
Just as an attorney with a very grave face  
Was proceeding to argue the "points in a case."

Now a lawyer his majesty never had seen,  
For to his dominions none ever had been,  
And he felt very anxious the reason to know,  
Why none had been sent to the regions below.

'Twas the fault of his agents his majesty thought,  
That none of the lawyers had ever been caught,  
And for his own pleasure he felt a desire  
To come to the earth and the reason inquire.

Well, the lawyer who rose with visage so grave  
Made out his opponent a consummate knave,  
And the devil was really most highly amused  
To hear the attorney so greatly abused.

But soon as the speaker had come to a close,  
The counsel opposing then fiercely arose,  
And heaped such abuse on the head of the first,  
That made him a villain of all men the worst.

Thus they quarreled, contended and argued so long,  
It was hard to determine which lawyer was wrong,  
And concluding he had heard quite enough of the fuss,  
Old Nick turned away and soliloquized thus :

"If all they have said of each other be true,  
The devil has surely been robbed of his due,  
But I'm satisfied now, it's all very well,  
For the lawyers would ruin the morals of hell.

"They've puzzled the court with their villainous cavil,  
And I'm free to confess they've puzzled the devil ;  
My agents are right to let lawyers alone,  
If I had them they'd swindle me out of my throne."

## VERY DARK.

The crimson tide was ebbing, and the pulse grew weak and faint,

But the lips of that brave soldier scorned e'en now to make complaint;

"Fall in rank!" a voice called to him,—calm and low was his reply:

"Yes, if I can, I'll do it—I will do it, though I die."

And he murmured, when the life-light had died out to just a spark,

"It is growing very dark, mother—growing very dark."

There were tears in manly eyes, then, and manly heads were bowed,

Though the balls flew thick around them, and the cannons thundered loud;

They gathered round the spot where the dying soldier lay,

To catch the broken accents he was struggling then to say;

And a change came o'er the features where death had set his mark,

"It is growing very dark, mother—very, very dark."

Far away his mind had wandered, to Ohio's hills and vales,  
Where the loved ones watched and waited with that love that never fails;

He was with them as in childhood, seated in the cottage door,

Where he watched the evening shadows slowly oreeeping on the floor;

Bend down closely, comrades, closely, he is speaking now, and hark!—

"It is growing very dark, mother—very, very dark."

He was dreaming of his mother, that her loving hand was pressed

On his brow for one short moment, ere he sank away to rest;

That her lips were now imprinting a kiss upon his cheek,

And a voice he well remembered spoke so soft, and low, and meek.

Her gentie form was near him, her footsteps he could mark,  
"But 'tis growing very dark, mother—mother, very dark."

And the eye that once had kindled, flashing forth with patriot  
light,

Slowly glazing, vainly strove to pierce the gathering gloom of  
night.

Ah! poor soldier! Ah! fond mother, you are severed now  
for aye.

Cold and pulseless, there he lies now, where he breathed his  
life away,

Through this heavy cloud of sorrow shines there not one  
heavenly spark?

Ah! it has grown dark, mother—very, *very* dark.

#### PAT AND THE PIG.

We have read of a Pat so financially flat,  
That he had neither money nor meat,  
And when hungry and thin, it was whisper'd by sin,  
That he ought to steal something to eat.

So he went to the sty of a widow near by,  
And he gazed on the tenant—poor soul!  
"Arrah now," said he, "what a trate that'll be,"  
And the pig of the widow he stole.

In a feast he rejoiced; then he went to a judge,  
For in spite of the pork and the lard,  
There was something within, that was sharp as a pin,  
For his conscience was pricking him hard.

And he said with a tear, "Will your Riverence hear  
What I have in sorrow to say?"  
Then the story he told, and the TALE did unfold  
Of the pig he had taken away.

And the judge to him said, "Ere you go to your bed  
You must pay for the pig you have taken,  
For 'tis thus, by me sowl, you'll be saving your sowl,  
And will also be saving your bacon."

"Oh, be jabbers," said Pat, "I can niver do that—  
 Not the ghost of a hap'orth have I—  
 And I'm wretched indade if a penny it made  
 Any pace for me conscience to buy."

Then in sorrow he cried, and the judge he replied,  
 "Only think how you'll tremble with fear  
 When the judge you shall meet at the great judgment seat  
 And the widow you plundered while here."

"Will the widow be there?" whispered Pat with a stare,  
 "And the pig? by my sowl, is it true?"  
 "They will surely be there," said the judge, "I declare,  
 And, oh Paddy! what then will you do?"

"Many thanks," answered Pat, "for your telling me that,  
 May the blessings upon you be big!  
 On that settlemint day, to the widow I'll say,  
 Mrs. Flannegan here is your pig!"

#### THE OLD MAN DREAMS.

O for one hour of youthful joy!  
 Give back my twentieth spring!  
 I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy  
 Than reign a gray-beard king!

Off with the wrinkled spoils of age!  
 Away with learning's crown!  
 Tear out life's wisdom-written page,  
 And dash its trophies down!

One moment let my life-blood stream  
 From boyhood's fount of flame!  
 Give me one giddy, reeling dream  
 Of life all love and fame!

My listening angel heard the prayer,  
 And calmly smiling, said,  
 "If I but touch thy silvered hair,  
 Thy hasty wish hath sped."

" But is there nothing in thy track  
To bid thee fondly stay,  
While the swift seasons hurry back  
To find the wished-for day ? "

Ah, truest soul of womankind !  
Without thee, what were life ?  
One bliss I cannot leave behind :  
I'll take—my— precious—wife !

The angel took a sapphire pen  
And wrote in rainbow dew,  
" The man would be a boy again,  
And be a husband too ! "

" And is there nothing yet unsaid  
Before the change of years ?  
Remember, all their gifts have fled  
With those dissolving years ! "

Why, yes ; for memory would recall  
My fond paternal joys ;  
I could not bear to leave them all :  
I'll take—my—girl—and—boys !

The smiling angel dropped his pen,—  
" Why this will never do ;  
The man would be a boy again,  
And be a father too ! "

And so I laughed,—my laughter woke  
The household with its noise,—  
And wrote my dream, when morning broke,  
To please the gray-haired boys.

## POP.

And there they sat, a-popping corn,  
John Styles and Susan Cutter ;  
John Styles as fat as any ox,  
And Susan fat as butter.

And there they sat and shelled the corn,  
And raked and stirred the fire,  
And talked of different kinds of care,  
And hitched their chairs up nigher.

Then Susan she the popper shook,  
Then John he shook the popper;  
Till both their faces grew as red  
As saucepans made of copper.

And then they shelled, and popped, and ate,  
All kinds of fun a-poking,  
While he haw-hawed at her remarks,  
And she laughed at his joking.

And still they popped, and still they ate;  
John's mouth was like a hopper—  
And stirred the fire, and sprinkled salt,  
And shook and shook the popper.

The clock struck nine—the clock struck ten,  
And still the corn kept popping;  
It struck eleven, and then struck twelve!  
And still no signs of stopping.

And John he ate, and Sue she thought—  
The corn did pop and patter;  
Till John cried out "The corn's a-fire!  
Why Susan, what's the matter?"

Said she, "John Styles, it's one o'clock;  
You'll die of indigestion;  
I'm sick of all this popping corn—  
Why don't you pop the question?"

## THE BATTLE.

After the manner of Schiller.

BY GEORGE W. BIRDSEYE.

Like a clond of dread,  
Heavy and dead,  
Is the sound of their earnest anxious tread,  
As, with silent fife, and noiseless drum,  
O'er the plain of summer green they come.  
As far as the eye can see they spread,  
Each to take a hand in the wild iron game  
For the stakes of honor and deathless fame.

Now Fear for a moment has birth.  
And, shrinking, their eyes seek the earth,  
While their hearts beat madly and prompt them to fly.  
But Fear must die!—  
So in front, by the faces as pale as death,  
Now the General gallops with quickened breath:—  
“HALT!”—And the regiments stand,  
Ohsined by the word of command.  
“Men! Like a stain on the morning light,  
What taunts and defies us from yonder height?  
See, 'tis the foeman's flaunting flag!”  
With throbbing hearts, and eyes aflame,  
From soldiers' souls the answer came:—  
“Yes, 'tis the foeman's curséd flag!”  
It shall fall, though in falling it cost us life!  
God be with you—children and wife!  
Hark—the drum!—Hark—the fife!—  
Through the ranks the summons pealing;  
Rousing every noble feeling.  
Already Fear is dead,  
And rising in its stead,  
A patriot courage fires each votive band,  
Born of their love for home and native land!

A prayer is wafted across the plain :  
*" God grant, my brother,  
 If not in this world, that in another  
 We meet again ! "*

Already dart War's lightning-flashes !  
 The cannon-thunder booms and crashes !  
 Now they shudder, and shrink,  
 And e'en brave hearts quiver,  
 As they feel that they stand on the brink  
 Of Death's river ;—  
 But a shout greets their ears :—" **LIBERTY !** "  
 And fled are their fears :—" **LIBERTY !** "  
 'Tis their watchword, and earnest and strong  
 Once more are the hearts of each throng,  
 As they pass that great watchword along,  
 Whose very name makes the breast feel free :  
 " **LIBERTY !** "

But Death—dark Death has his Liberty too ;  
 And roams the ranks of the warriors through !  
 For the battle rages  
 Through fiery stages,  
 And every spark of the soul engages ;  
 And, through the awful mist and cloud,  
 Enwrapt like a shroud  
 Over friend—over foe,  
 The iron dice the death-demons throw !

Close come the foemen for one dread embrace.  
 " **READY !** "—That word blanches every face.  
 Down on their knees drop the foremost men,  
 Many, alas ! ne'er to rise again.  
 " **AIM !** "—Steady for your loved-ones' sakes !  
 " **FIRE !** "—What a gap the lead-stream makes !  
 Those behind leap over the corpses before,  
 And the front is a solid mass once more.  
 But reeling, and twirling,  
 And right and left whirling,  
 Now with ghastly grin, now with frightful frown,  
 Dark Death in his dance treads the bravest down !



Quenched is the sun, but more fiery the fight.  
 Over both armies broods the black night ;  
 While the prayer of anguish hursts o'er the plain :

“ *God grant, my brother,  
 If not in this world, that in another  
 We meet again !* ”

Blood—blood, the air is dense  
 With the odor that sickens every sense.  
 At each step there is a sucking sound,  
 And blood—blood oozes from the ground.  
 Living and dead lie in mingled mass ;  
 And the eager, undaunted ones, as they pass,  
 Over them stagger, and stumble, and fall ;  
 And their feet slide and slip,  
 Like a reeling ship,  
 In the boiling blood that is over all.  
 The dying ones, curst  
 With a withering thirst,  
 Cry, “ Water, for God’s sake !—one drop—only one ! ”  
 But water there’s none !—  
 Only blood—hot blood from war’s fountains run !

Hither and thither sways the fight,  
 Darker, and darker broods the night ;  
 And the prayer still rises from the plain :  
 “ *God grant, my brother,  
 If not in this world, that in another  
 We meet again.* ”

Hark !—Who rush galloping by ?  
 The Adjutants fly !  
 The Dragoons bear down on the foe !  
 “ *Blow, bugles, blow !* ”  
 For the awful thunder and roar  
 Of their cannon are heard no more.  
 “ *Victory, brothers ! Victory !* ”  
 Terror bursts on the cowards all ;—  
 “ *Huzza !* ” *their colors fall !*

Ended, at last, is the sharp-fought fight,  
 And day flashes over the conquered night.  
 Now no foul stains  
 Our flag retains,—  
 The flag of the faithful—the flag of the right!

Hark—the drum!—hark—the fife!—  
 No longer a signal for strife;  
 But merrily—cheerily pealing,  
 Rousing each thankful feeling,  
 The wounds of sorrow healing,  
 Waking old joys to life.  
 In their soul's rejoice  
 All unite in one mighty voice,  
 And the ranks along  
 Burst forth in the glorious triumph song  
 Of—"Victory! Victory!"——  
 But through hearts of joy shoot the throbs of pain.  
 Oh the dead—the dead on the battle plain!  
*"Farewell, fallen brother!*  
*We part in this world, but in another*  
*We meet again!"*

#### THE BIRTH OF ERIN.

Wid all condescinsion,  
 I'd turn yer attinshin,  
 To what I would minshin iv Erin so green,  
 And widhout hisitayshin,  
 I'd show how dhat nayshin,  
 Became iv creayshin the gim an' the queen.  
 It happened wan mornin',  
 Widhout iny warnin',  
 That Vaynus was born in the beautiful say,  
 An' be that same tokin',  
 (An' shure 'twas provokin',)  
 Her pinions war soakin,' an' wudn't give play.  
 So Niptune who knew her,  
 Began to purshue her,

In ordher to woo her, the wicked owld foo',  
 An' he very nigh caught her,  
 A top iv the wather,  
 Great Jupither's daughter, who cried "*Poo-la-loo!*"

Bnd Jove, the great Jaynious,  
 Look'd down an' saw Vaynous,  
 An' Niptune so haynious purshuin' her woild,  
 So he roared out in thunder  
 He'd tare him assundher;  
 An' shure 'twas no wondher for tazing his choild.

So a sthar dhat was flyin',  
 Around him espyin',  
 He sazed widhout sighin', an' hurled it belyow,  
 Where it tumbled loike winkin',  
 While Niptune was sinkin',  
 An' gave him, I'm thinkin', '*the brath is a blow!*'

An' dhat sthar was dhryland,  
 Both lowland and highland,  
 An' form'd a swate island, the land iv my birth!  
 Thus plain is my shtory,  
 Kase sint down from glory,  
 That Erin so hoary's a heaven upon earth.

Thin Vaynus jumped nately,  
 On Erin so shtately;  
 But faynted, kase lately so bothered, an' priss'd;  
 Which her much did bewildher;  
 But ere it had kill'd her,  
 Her father dishtilld her a dhrop iv the bisht!

An that glass so victorious,  
 It made her feel glorions,  
 A little uproarious I fear it might prove,  
 Hince how can yez blame us  
 That Erin's so faymous  
*For beauty, an' murther, an' whiskey, an' love!*

## METAPHYSICS.

One evening the old sitting-room at my Grandfather's became the scene of quite a curious and amusing conversation.

There was Dr. Sobersides, my Grandfather, Uncle Tim, Aunt Judy, Malachi, our hired man, and the schoolmaster, who had called in to warm his hands and get a drink of cider.

Something was under discussion, and my Grandfather could make nothing of it.

"Pray, Doctor," said Uncle Tim, "tell me something about Metaphysics, I have often heard of that science but never for my life could make anything out of it."

"Metaphysics," said the Doctor, "is the science of abstractions."

"I am no wiser for that explanation."

"It treats of matters most profound and sublime, a little difficult perhaps for a common intellect, or an unschooled capacity to fathom, but not the less important on that account to all human beings."

"What does it teach?" said the schoolmaster.

"It is not so much applied to the operation of teaching as to that of inquiring; and the chief inquiry is, as to whether things are, or whether they are not."

"I don't understand you," said Uncle Tim.

"Well, take for example this earth," said the Doctor, setting his foot slap on the cat's tail. "Now the earth may exist—"

"Who the dogs ever doubted that?"

"A great many men, and some very learned ones; although Bishop Berkeley has proved beyond all possible gainsaying or denial that it does not exist. The case is clear; the only thing is to know whether we shall believe it or not."

"That is a point of considerable consequence to settle," said my Grandfather.

"Now the earth may exist—"

"But how is all this to be found out?"

"By digging down to the first principles," said the Doctor.

"Ay," said Malachi, "there is nothing equal to the spade

and pickaxe ; 'tis by digging that we can find out whether the world exists or not."

"That is true, because if we dig to the bottom of the earth and find no foundation, then it is clear that the world stands upon nothing ; or in other words that it does not stand at all, therefore it stands to reason—" "Oh ! I beg pardon, I use the word digging metaphorically, meaning the profoundest cogitation and research into the nature of things ; that is the way in which we may ascertain as to whether things are or whether they are not."

"But," said Uncle Tim, "if a man can't believe his own eyes, what signifies talking about it?"

"Our eyes are nothing but the inlets of sensation, and when we see anything, all we are aware of is, that we have a sensation of it ; we are sure of nothing that we see with our eyes."

"Not without spectacles," said Aunt Judy. "Plato maintains sensation of an object—"

"In common cases," said Uncle Tim, "those who utter nonsense are considered blockheads."

"But in Metaphysics it is entirely different." "Now all this is hocus-pocus to me. I don't understand a bit more of the matter than I did at first."

"As I was saying, Plato maintains sensation of an object is produced by a succession of images or counterfeits streaming off from the object to the organs of sight. Again we have it explained upon the principles of whirligigs."

"No doubt of that ; but when a man gets through doubting, what does he begin to build upon in the metaphysical way?" said my grandfather.

"Why, he begins by taking something for granted."

"But is that a sure way of going to work?"

"Why—it—is—the only thing he can do,—Metaphysios, to speak exactly—"

"That's right," said the schoolmaster, "bring it down to the science of abstractions and then we shall understand it."

"'Tis the consideration of immateriality or the mere spirit and essence of things."

"Come, come, now I begin to understand it," said Aunt Judy.

"Thus man is considered, not only in his corporeality, but in his essence, or capability of being; for a man, metaphysically, or to metaphysical purposes, hath two natures."

"What man?"

"Why any man. Malachi there, for example: I may take Malachi as Malachi spiritual, or, Malachi corporeal."

"That is *true*, for when I was in the Militia I was made a corporal and carried grog to the drummer."

"Oh! That is quite a different affair. When we speak of essence, we mean the essence of locality, the essence of duration—"

"And the essence of Peppermint?"

"The essence I mean is quite a different affair."

"Something too fine to be dribbled through the worm of a still."

"There we go again. I declare I'm all in the dark."

"It is a thing that has no matter; that is, that it cannot be felt, heard, smelt, or tasted. It has no substance nor solidity, large nor small, hot nor cold, long nor short."

"Then what is the long and the short of it?"

"Abstraction!"

"Well, Doctor, what do you say to a pitchfork as an abstraction?"

"A pitchfork would mean none in particular, but one in general, and would be a thing in abstraction."

"It would be a thing in the haymow."

"Doctor, have many such things been discovered?"

"Discovered! why all things, whether in Heaven, or on the earth, or in the waters under the earth, all may be considered abstractions."

"Indeed! well what do you think of a red cow for an example?"

"A red cow, considered as an abstraction, would be an animal possessing neither hide nor horns, bones nor flesh; it would have no color at all, for its redness would be the mere counterfeit or imagination of such. It would neither go to pasture, chew cud, give milk, nor do anything of a like nature." "A dog's foot—all the metaphysics under the sun wouldn't make a pound of butter."

"That's a fact," said Uncle Tim, and here the conversation ended.

## E PLURIBUS UNUM.

Though many and bright are the stars that appear  
In the flag of our country unfurl'd;  
And the stripes that are swelling in majesty there,  
Like a rainbow adorning the world;  
Their lights are unsullied as those in the sky,  
By a deed that our fathers have done,  
And they 're leagued in as true and holy a tie,  
In their motto of "*Many in one.*"

From the hour when those patriots fearlessly flung  
That banner of starlight abroad,  
Ever true to themselves, to that motto they clung,  
As they clung to the promise of God;  
By the bayonet trac'd at the midnight of war,  
On the fields where our glory was won  
Oh! perish the hand, or the heart that would mar  
Our motto of "*Many in one.*"

'Mid the smoke of the contest, the cannon's deep roar,  
How oft it hath gathered renown;  
While those stars were reflected in rivers of gore,  
When the cross and the lion went down.  
And tho' few were the lights in the gloom of that hour,  
Yet the hearts that were striking below,  
Had God for their bulwark, and truth for their power,  
And stopp'd not to number their foe.

The oppress'd of the earth to that standard shall fly,  
Wherever its folds shall be spread;  
And the exile shall feel 'tis his own native sky,  
Where its stars shall float over his head;  
And those stars shall increase till the fullness of time  
Its millions of cycles has run;  
Divide as we may in our own native land,  
To the rest of the world we are one.

Then up with our flag! let it stream on the air,  
Though our fathers are cold in their graves;  
They had arms that could strike, they had souls that could  
dare,  
And their sons were not born to be slaves!  
Up, up with that banner where'er it may call,  
Our millions shall rally around;  
A nation of freemen that moment shall fall,  
When its stars shall be trailed on the ground.

CAPT. CUTLER

#### VENTRILLOQUISM.

This is a faculty long supposed to have existed only with the few, considered by the multitude as especially gifted. The principles of Elocution prove that it can be acquired. As a *general* thing, we have neither necessity nor occasion to use the voice in the manner in which it is produced. Most persons, in former times, have actually believed that the voice left the body of the operator, and was thrown or "*cast*" in various directions, at will. This is impossible, and yet, with all its absurdity, it is difficult to convince many, even at the present day, to the contrary.

It is only in *seeming* that the sound comes from any indicated direction; it is merely a concentration or suppression of the voice within the lungs which gives the appearance of distance to sound thus produced. To practice ventriloquism effectively, it is necessary to begin with simple sounds, making them from the depth of the lungs. Take the vowels first, then the explosives; render them clear and full. After the voice is well established, as coming from the lungs, and not on the lips, and about the throat, then shut the teeth and endeavor to give the sounds in the mouth; having it rounded and arched, to give greater resonance.

Finally, close the lips compactly over the teeth, and give the sounds, as before, from the lungs: be sure of full and deep breathing first. To make the sounds very faint, to represent extreme distance, compress the muscles of the throat closely together, and thus prevent the sound from too audibly escap-



ing. Practice these sounds in every variety of manner until under complete control; and then let ingenuity devise as to language and characters suitable to experiments in this department of vocal science. It is very simple, and only requires practice to excel in it. Almost any person can acquire it who has ordinary good vocal organs. It is speaking from the lungs rather than from the lips and throat. It is capital practice for the voice to acquire this peculiar command over the lungs.

## SCENE.

*Have a box, supposed to be a hotel, Peter, the landlord, within.*

## OPERATOR AND PETER.

*Operator. (Knocks on the box). Peter! halloo! Peter! (pause). He sleeps very sound—(to audience). Peter! (knocks), Halloo! Peter!*

*Peter. (Inside.) Halloo, there! what do you want?*

*Op. I want to come in.*

*Pet. No, no, I don't want you in here.*

*Op. If you don't open this door, I'll knock your sign down.*

*Pet. If you do, I'll knock you down.*

*Op. Well, Peter, there are some ladies out here that wish to see you.*

*Pet. No, they don't.*

*Op. Yes, they do.*

*Pet. Well, I know they don't.*

*Op. Well, are you coming out?*

*Pet. No, I won't.*

*Op. Well, then, I'll open the door. (Lifts the cover of the box.)*

*Pet. (Speaking louder, as the box is opened.) Shut down the door.*

*Op. (Shuts it down.)*

*Pet. (Voice as before.) I don't want to come out there*

*Op. Well, have you the keys of the wine-cellar?*

*Pet. No, I hain't.*

*Op. Who has, then?*

*Pet. Jack has 'em.*

*Op.* Where is Jack?

*Pet.* Under the table.

*Op.* Under the table, is he?

*Pet.* Yes, he is.

*Op.* (*Looks under the table, lifting the cloth.*) Jack, holloa there!

*Jack.* (*Under the table, in a gruff voice.*) What do you want?

*Op.* I would like to come in.

*Jack.* Well, why don't you come in?

*Op.* Have you the keys of the wine-cellar?

*Jack.* No, I haven't.

*Op.* (*Goes to box.*) Jack says he has not the keys.

*Pet.* Well, I have n't 'em.

*Op.* (*Goes to the table.*) Well, Jack, have you any good champagne?

*Jack.* Yes; here, hold your glass. (*Imitates popping the cork from a bottle.*)

*Op.* Well, that is nice; have you any more?

*Jack.* Oh, yes; hold your glass. (*Pops another.*)

*Op.* Well, good-night.

*Jack.* Good-night! come again when you can't stay so long.

*Op.* (*Again to box.*) Peter, the ladies *do* wish to see you.

*Pet.* No they don't.

*Op.* Well, what is the reason you are not coming out?

*Pet.* I have n't got on my boots yet.

*Op.* I'll wait a moment. (*Pauses.*) Have you put on your boots?

*Pet.* Yes, I have on my boots.

*Op.* Well, what is the reason you are not coming out?

*Pet.* I have n't put on my stockings yet.

*Op.* Ha! ha! ha! Why, I generally put on mine first.

*Pet.* Well, I don't.

*Op.* Why, how do you put them on?

*Pet.* Over my boots, of course.

*Op.* Come, Peter, now open this door.

*Pet.* I won't; no, no; go 'long off.

*Op.* If you don't let me in, I'll catch one of your chickens, and put him in there.

*Pet.* No, no, now don't; you let my ohickens alone.

*Op.* Will you let me in, then?

*Pet.* No, I won't.

*Op.* Well then, I'll catch one. (*Imitates the peeping of a chicken, pretends to catch it and throws it in.*)

*Pet.* Take 'im out! take 'im out!

*Op.* Will you open the door? Will you open the door if I'll take it out?

*Pet.* Yes, I will.

*Op.* (*Opens the cover.*)

*Pet.* That's right; take him out; take him out.

*Op.* (*Takes out chicken, peeping.*) Now open the door.

*Pet.* No, I won't.

*Op.* You promised to.

*Pet.* I don't care if I did.

*Op.* Now, I am determined to empty you out.

*Pet.* No, no, now don't.

*Op.* Yes, I will. Here you go. (*Turns over the box, with Peter struggling to keep in it.*)

*Pet.* (*Loud voice.*) No, no, now don't.

*Op.* Yes, I will; here you go. (*Empties box.*) Where are you? I did not see you come out!

*Pet.* (*Beneath the floor.*) I'm 'way down in the cellar, you old fool!

*Op.* Good-night to you.

*Pet.* (*Very faint, as if still further off.*) Good-night.

## THE OLD CHAPEL BELL.

Within a churchyard's sacred ground,  
 Whose fading tablets tell  
 Where they who built the village church  
 In solemn silence dwell,  
 Half hidden in the earth, there lies  
 An ancient chapel bell.

Broken, decayed and covered o'er  
 With mouldering leaves and rust;  
 Its very name and date concealed  
 Beneath a cankering rust;  
 Forgotten—like its early friends,  
 Who sleep in neighboring dust.

Yet it was once a trusty bell,  
 Of most sonorous lung,  
 And many a joyous wedding peal,  
 And many a knell had rung,  
 'Ere Time had cracked its brazen sides  
 And broke its iron tongue.

And many a youthful heart had danced  
 In merry Christmas-time,  
 To hear its pleasant roundelay,  
 Rung out in ringing rhyme;  
 And many a worldly thought been checked  
 To list its Sabbath chime.

A youth—a bright and happy boy,  
 One sultry summer's day,  
 Aweary of his bat and ball,  
 Chanced hitherward to stray,  
 To read a little book he had  
 And rest him from his play.

“A soft and shady spot is this!”  
 The rosy youngster cried,  
 And sat him down, beneath a tree,  
 That ancient Bell beside;  
 (But, hidden in the tangled grass,  
 The Bell he ne'er espied.)

Anon, a mist fell on his book,  
The letters seemed to stir,  
And though, full oft, his flagging sight  
The boy essayed to spur,  
The mazy page was quickly lost  
Beneath a cloudy blur.

And while he marvelled much at this,  
And wondered how it came,  
He felt a languor creeping o'er  
His young and weary frame,  
And heard a voice, a gentle voice,  
That plainly spoke his name.

That gentle voice that named his name,  
Entranced him like a spell,  
Upon his ear, so very near  
And suddenly it fell ;  
Yet soft and musical, as 'twere  
The whisper of a bell.

"Since last I spoke," the voice began,—  
"Seems many a dreary year!  
(Albeit, 'tis only since thy birth  
I've lain neglected here ;)  
Pray list, while I rehearse a tale  
Benoooves thee much to hear.

"Once, from yon ivied tower, I watched  
The villagers, around,  
And gave to all their joys and griefs,  
A sympathetic sound.  
But most are sleeping, now, within  
This consecrated ground.

"I used to ring my merriest peal  
To hail the blushing bride ;  
I sadly tolled for men cut down  
In strength and manly pride ;  
And solemnly,—not mournfully,—  
When little children died.

“ But, chief, my duty was to bid  
The villagers repair,  
On each returning Sabbath morn,  
Unto the House of Prayer,  
And in his own appointed place,  
The Saviour’s mercy share.

“ Ah ! well I mind me of a child,  
A gleesome, happy maid,  
Who came with constant steps to church  
In comely garb arrayed,  
And knelt her down full solemnly,  
And penitently prayed.

“ Years rolled away,—and I beheld  
The child to woman grown ;  
Her cheek was fairer, and her eye  
With brighter lustre shone ;  
But childhood’s truth and innocence  
Were still the maiden’s own.

“ I never rang a merrier peal,  
Than when, a joyous bride,  
She stood beneath the sacred porch.  
A noble youth beside,  
And plighted him her maiden troth.  
In maiden love and pride.

“ I never tolled a deeper knell,  
Than when, in after years,  
They laid her in the churchyard here,  
Where this low mound appears—  
(The very grave, my boy, that you  
Are watering now with tears.”)

The boy awoke, as from a dream,  
And, thoughtful, looked around,  
But nothing saw, save at his feet  
His mother’s lowly mound,  
And by its side that ancient Bell,  
Half hidden in the ground.

## THE FRENCHMAN AND THE FLEA POWDER.

A Frenchman once—so runs a certain ditty—  
Had crossed the Straits to famous London city,  
To get a living by the arts of France,  
And teach his neighbor, rough John Bull, to dance.  
But lacking pupils, vain was all his skill;  
His fortunes sank from low to lower still,  
Until at last, pathetic to relate,  
Poor Monsieur landed at starvation's gate.  
Standing, one day, beside a cook-shop door,  
And gazing in, with aggravation sore,  
He mused within himself what he should do  
To fill his empty maw, and pocket too.  
By nature shrewd, he soon contrived a plan,  
And thus to execute it straight began:  
A piece of common brick he quickly found,  
And with a harder stone to powder ground,  
Then wrapped the dust in many a dainty piece  
Of paper, labelled "Poison for de Fleas,"  
And sallied forth, his roguish trick to try,  
To show his treasures, and to see who'd buy.  
From street to street he cried, with lusty yell,  
"Here's grand and sovereign flee poudare to sell!"  
And fickle Fortune seemed to smile at last,  
For soon a woman hailed him as he passed,  
Struck a quick bargain with him for the lot,  
And made him five crowns richer on the spot.  
Onr wight, encouraged by this ready sale,  
Went into business on a larger scale,  
And soon throughout all London scattered he  
The "only genuine poudare for de flea."  
Engaged, one morning, in his new vocation  
Of mingled boasting and di-simulation,  
He thought he heard himself in anger called;  
And, sure enough, the self-same woman bawled,  
In not a mild or very tender mood,  
From the same window where before she stood,

"Hey, there!" said she, "you Monsher Powder-man!  
 Escape my clutches now, sir, if you can!  
 I'll let you dirty thieving Frenchmen know,  
 That decent people won't be cheated so."  
 Then spoke Monsieur, and heaved a saintly sigh,  
 With humble attitude and tearful eye.  
 "Ah, Madam! s'il vous plait, attendez-vous—  
 I vill dis leetle ting explain to you.  
 My poudare gran! magnifique! why abuse him?  
 Aha! I show you *how to use him*.  
 First, you must wait until you *catch de flea*;  
 Den, tickle he on the petite rib, you see;  
 And when he laugh—aha! he ope his throat;  
 Den *poke de poudure down!*—BEGAR! HE OHOKÉ.

#### PAT AND HIS MUSKET.

I've heard a good joke of an Emerald Pat,  
 Who kept a few brains and a brick in his hat.  
 He was bound to go hunting; so, taking his gun,  
 He rammed down a charge—this was load number one;  
 Then put in the priming, and when all was done,  
 By way of experiment, thought he would try,  
 And see *if*, perchance, he might hit the "bull's-eye."  
 He straighten'd himself till he made a good figure,  
 Took deliberate aim, and then pulled the trigger.  
 Click! went the hammer, but nothing exploded;  
 "And sure," muttered Paddy, "the gun isn't loaded!"  
 So down went another charge, just as before,  
 Unless this contained just a grain or two more;  
 Once more he got ready, and took a good aim,  
 And pulled on the trigger—effect quite the same.  
 "I wonder can this he still shootin'?" said Pat;  
 "I put down a load now I'm certain of that;  
 I'll try it again, and then we shall see!"  
 So down went the cartridge of load number three!  
 Then trying again with a confident air,  
 And succeeding no better, gave up in despair.



Just at that moment he happened to spy  
 His friend Michael Milligan hurrying by.  
 "Hollo, Mike! come here, and just try on my gun:  
 I've been tryin' to shoot till I'm tired and done!"  
 So Mike took the gun, and pricked up the powder,  
 Remarking to Pat, "it would make it go louder;"  
 Then placing it firmly against his right arm,  
 And never suspecting it might do him harm,  
 He pointed the piece in the proper direction,  
 And pulled on the trigger without more reflection—  
 When off went the gun! like a country election,  
 And Michael "went off" in another direction!  
 "Hold on!" shouted Pat, "hold on to the gun!  
 I put in three loads, and you've fired off but one!  
 Get up, and be careful, don't hold it so livel,  
 Or else we are both of us gone to the divil!"  
 "I'm going," says Michael, "it's right that I wint,  
 I've got myself kicked, and it's time for the hint."

## MULROONEY.

"Mulrooney, come here; I want you to put about two double-hands-full of bran into a bucket of warm water, and after stirring the mixture well to give it to the black fillies. That's what we call a bran mash in this country. Now do you understand me?" "Good luck to yer honor, and what 'ud I be good for if I didn't? an' shure its the onld counthry mash afther all."

"I thought as much, so now away with you and be sure you don't make any mistake."

"'Tisn't at all likely I'll do that, sir; but about the warm wather and the nagur, shall I tell her 'tis yer 'onor's ordhers?"

"*Certainly!*" Away he went. About ten minutes after, Mrs. Stanley entering the room remarked, "I do wish you would go into the kitchen. I am afra'd there is something wrong between that Irishman and Phillis; they are quarrelling about orders he says you gave him."

"Oh! it is nothing, my dear, I sent Mulrooney into the kitchen to get some water that he might feed the horses, and

I presume Phillis has refused to let him have any." All at once we heard a distant crash like sound of plates and dishes. Mrs. Stanley started in alarm. "Do go and see what the matter is, I am sure there is something wrong, that Irishman will be the death of Phillis one of these days." I now passed through the hall, and as I approached, the noise increased. First of all came the shrill voice of Phillis, "Ha' dun, I say; I tell ye I won't hab nuffin to do wid de stuff no way; go way, you poor white trash; I tell yer I won't."

"Yer stupid an' contrary old nagur, don't I tell ye tish the master's ordhers?"

"Tain't no such thing, I tell yer I won't; who eber heerd of a cullerd wooman a-takin' a bran mash afore, I'd like to know?"

"You haythin ould nagur, don't I tell ye 'tish the masther's ordhers?"

"Tsint no such thing, I'll call missus, dat I will."

I thought the joke had proceeded far enough, so I flung open the door. The floor was strewn with broken dishes, tables were overturned, and in the midst was Phillis seated on a broken chair sputtering and gasping as Mulrooney had at this moment seized her. Her head was under his left arm while with his right he was conveying a tin-cup of the warm bran-mash to her up-turned mouth. "An' sure, sir, what'nd I be doin' but given' black Phillis the bran mash accordin' to yer orders?" "Oh! you stupid Irishman."

He walked away muttering, "An' if they calls horses Phillis, an' Phillis horses, I'd like to know how I'm ever to find out the difference."

#### EARLY RISING.—*John G. Saxe.*

"God bless the man that first invented sleep!"

So Sancho Panza said, and so say I;  
And bless him, also, that he didn't keep  
His great discovery to himself; or try  
To make it—as the lucky fellow might—  
A close monopoly by "patent right!"

Yes—bless the man who first invented sleep,  
 (I really can't avoid the iteration ;)  
 But blast the man with curses loud and deep,  
 Whate'er the rascal's name, or age or station,  
 Who first invented, and went round advising  
 That artificial cut-off—early rising !

“ Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed ;”  
 Observes some solemn, sentimental owl.  
 Maxims like these are very cheaply said ;  
 But e'er you make yourself a fool or fowl,  
 Pray, just inquire about the rise—and fall,  
 And whether larks have any bed at all.

The “ time for honest folks to be in bed,”  
 Is in the morning, if I reason right ;  
 And he who cannot keep his precious head  
 Upon his pillow till 'tis fairly light,  
 And so enjoy his forty morning winks,  
 Is up to knavery ; or else—he drinks !

Thomson, who sung about the “ Seasons,” said  
 It was a glorious thing to *rise* in season ;  
 But then he said it—*lying—in his bed*  
*At 10 o'clock A. M.*—the very reason  
 He wrote so charmingly ! The simple fact is,  
 His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice.

'Tis, doubtless, well to be sometimes awake—  
 Awake to duty, and awake to truth—  
 But when, alas ! a nice review we take  
 Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth,  
 The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep,  
 Are those we passed in childhood, or—asleep.

'Tis beautiful to leave the world awhile,  
 For the soft visions of the gentle night ;  
 And free, at last, from mortal care or guile,  
 To live, as only in the angel's sight,  
 In sleep's sweet realm so cosily shut in,  
 Where, at the worst, we only *dream* of sin.

So let us sleep, and give the maker praise.  
I like the lad who, when his father thought  
To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase  
Of vagrant worm by early songster caught,  
Cried, "Served him right! it's not at all surprising;  
The worm was punished, sir, for early rising!"

---

### LIMIT TO HUMAN DOMINION.

God has given the land to man, but the sea He has reserved to Himself. "The sea is His, and He made it." He has given man "no inheritance in it; no, not so much as to set his foot on." If he enters its domain, he enters it as a pilgrim and a stranger. He may pass over it, but he can have no abiding place upon it. He cannot build his house, nor so much as pitch his tent within it. He cannot mark it with his lines, nor subdue it to his uses, nor rear his monuments upon it. It steadfastly refuses to own him as its lord and master. Its depths do not tremble at his coming. Its waters flee not when he appeareth. All the strength of all his generations is to it as a feather before the whirlwind; and all the noise of his commerce, and all the thunder of his navies, it can hush in a moment within the silence of its impenetrable abysses. Whole armies have gone down into that unfathomable darkness, and not a floating bubble marks the place of their disappearing. If all the populations of the world, from the beginning of time, were cast into its depths, the smooth surface of its oblivion would close over them in an hour; and if all the cities of the earth, and all the structures and monuments ever reared by man, were heaped together over that grave for a tombstone, it would not break the surface of the deep, or lift back their memory to the light of the sun and the breath of the upper air. The sea would roll its billows in derision, a thousand fathoms deep, above the topmost stone of that mighty sepulchre. The patient earth submits to the rule of man, and the mountains bow their rocky heads before the hammer of his power and the blast of his terrible enginery. But God alone controls the mighty sea.

## SUPPOSING

Suppose that a man, avaricious and old,  
Should come to me jingling his silver and gold,  
And offer a share of his Mammon to me,  
If I to the sale of myself would agree—

I wouldn't—would you?

Supposing a hero, all bristling with fame,  
And big with the weight of a wonderful name,  
Proposed in a moment of bland condescension  
To give me his hand and a little attention—

I wouldn't—would you?

Supposing a youth, with his heart in his eyes,  
That shone like the light of the beautiful skies,  
Should promise to love me through all his glad life,  
And begged that I'd be his own dear little wife—

Guess I *would*—wouldn't you?

## THE CAVALRY CHARGE.

With bray of the trumpet  
And roll of the drum  
And keen ring of bugles,  
The cavalry come.  
Sharp clank the steel scabbards,  
The bridle chains ring,  
And foam from red nostrils  
The wild chargers fling.

Tramp! tramp! o'er the green sward  
 That quivers below,  
 Scarce held by the curb-bit  
 The fierce horses go!  
 And the grim-visaged colonel,  
 With ear-rending shout,  
 Peals forth to the squadrons,  
 The order—" *Trot out!* "  
 One hand on the sabre,  
 And one on the rein,  
 The troopers move forward  
 In line on the plain.

As rings the word "*gallop!* "  
 The steel scabbards clank,  
 And each rowel is pressed  
 To a horse's hot flank;  
 And swift is their rush  
 As the wild torrent's flow  
 When it pours from the crag  
 To the valley below!

" *Charge!* " thunders the leader:  
 Like shaft from the bow  
 Each mad horse is hurled  
 On the wavering foe.  
 A thousand bright sabres  
 Are gleaming in air;  
 A thousand dark horses  
 Are dashed on the square.

Resistless and reckless  
 Of aught may betide,  
 Like demons, not mortals,  
 The wild troopers ride.  
 Cut right and cut left!—  
 For the parry who needs?  
 The bayonets shiver  
 Like wind-shattered reeds

The wounds that are dealt  
By that murderous steel  
Will never yield oase  
For the surgeons to heal.  
Hurrah! they are broken—  
Hurrah! boys, they fly—  
None linger save those  
Who but linger to die.

Rein up your hot horses  
And call in your men;  
The trumpet sounds "*Rally*  
*To color!*"—again.  
Some saddles are empty,  
Some comrades are slain,  
And some noble horses  
Lie stark on the plain;  
But war's a chance game, boys,  
And weeping is vain.

#### THE FIRST AND LAST DINNER.

Twelve friends, much about the same age, and fixed by their pursuits, their family connections, and other local interests, as permanent inhabitants of the metropolis, agreed one day when they were drinking wine at the Star and Garter at Richmond, to institute an annual dinner among themselves, under the following regulations:—That they should dine alternately at each other's houses on the first and last day of the year; and the first bottle of wine uncorked at the first dinner should be recorked and put away, to be drunk by him who should be the last of their number; that they should never admit a new member; that, when one died, eleven should meet, and when another died, ten should, and so on; and when only one remained, he should on these two days dine by himself, and sit the usual hours at his solitary table; but the first time he had so dined, lest it should be the only one, he should then uncork the first bottle, and, in the first glass, drink to the memory of all who were gone.

Some thirty years had now glided away, and only ten remained; but the stealing hand of time had written sundry changes in most legible characters. Raven locks had become grizzled; two or three heads had not as many locks as may be reckoned in a walk of half a mile along the Regent's Canal—one was actually covered with a brown wig—the crow's feet were visible in the corner of the eye—good old port and warm Madeira carried against hock, claret, red burgundy, and champagne—stews, hashes, and ragouts, grew into favor—crusts were rarely called for to relish the cheese after dinner—conversation was less boisterous, and it turned chiefly upon politics and the state of the funds, or the value of landed property—apologies were made for coming in thick shoes and warm stockings—the doors and windows were more carefully provided with list—the fire was in more request—and a quiet game of whist filled up the hours that were wont to be devoted to drinking, singing, and riotous merriment. Two rubbers, a cup of coffee, and at home by eleven o'clock, was the usual cry, when the fifth or sixth glass had gone round after the removal of the cloth. At parting, too, there was now a long ceremony in the hall, buttoning up great coats, tying on woolen comforters, fixing silk handkerchiefs over the mouth and up to the ears, and grasping sturdy walking-canes to support unsteady feet.

Their fiftieth anniversary came, and death had indeed been busy. Four little old men, of withered appearance and decrepit walk, with cracked voices and dim, rayless eyes, sat down by the mercy of heaven, (as they tremulously declared,) to celebrate, for the fiftieth time, the first day of the year, to observe the frolic compact, which half a century before, they had entered into at the Star and Garter at Richmond. Eight were in their graves! The four that remained stood upon its confines. Yet they chirped cheerily over their glass, though they could scarcely carry it to their lips, if more than half full: and cracked their jokes, though they articulated their words with difficulty, and heard each other with still greater difficulty. They mumbled, they chattered, they laughed, (if a sort of strangled wheezing might be called a laugh,) and as the wine sent their icy blood in warmer pulses through their



veins, they talked of their past as if it were but a yesterday that had slipped by them, and of their future as if it were but a busy century that lay before them.

At length came the LAST dinner; and the survivor of the twelve, upon whose head four score and ten winters had showered their snow, ate his solitary meal. It so chanced that it was in his house, and at his table, they celebrated the first. In his cellar, too, had remained the bottle they had then uncorked, recorked, and which he was that day to uncork again. It stood beside him. With a feeble and reluctant grasp he took the "frail memorial" of a youthful vow, and for a moment memory was faithful to her office. She threw open the long vista of buried years; and his heart travelled through them all: Their lusty and blithesome spring,—their bright and fervid summer,—their ripe and temperate autumn,—their chill, but not too frozen winter. He saw, as in a mirror, how one by one the laughing companions of that merry hour, at Richmond, had dropped into eternity. He felt the loneliness of his condition, (for he had eschewed marriage, and in the veins of no living creature ran a drop of blood whose source was in his own,) and as he drained the glass which he had filled, "to the memory of those who were gone," the tears slowly trickled down the deep furrows of his aged face.

He had fulfilled one part of his vow, and he prepared himself to discharge the other by sitting the usual number of hours at his desolate table. With a heavy heart he resigned himself to the gloom of his own thoughts—a lethargic sleep stole over him—his head fell upon his bosom—confused images crowded into his mind—he babbled to himself—was silent—and when his servant entered the room alarmed by a noise which he heard, he found his master stretched upon the carpet at the foot of an easy chair, out of which he had fallen in an apoplectic fit. He never spoke again, nor once opened his eyes, though the vital spark was not extinct till the following day. And this was the LAST DINNER.

## MARY STUART.

ELIZ.— How, my Lords!  
Which of you then announced to me a prisoner  
Bowed down by wo? I see a haughty one,  
By no means humbled by calamity.

MARY.—Well be it so;—to this will I submit.  
Farewell, high thought, and pride of noble mind!  
I will forget my dignity, and all  
My sufferings; I will fall before *her* feet,  
Who hath reduced me to this wretchedness.  
The voice of Heaven decides for yon, my sister.  
Your happy brows are now with triumph crowned.  
I bless the Power Divine which thus hath raised you.  
But in your turn be merciful, my sister; [*kneels.*]  
Let me not lie before you thus disgraced;  
Stretch forth your hand, your royal hand, to raise  
Your sister from the depths of her distress.

ELIZ.—You are where it becomes yon, Lady Stuart;  
And thankfully I prize my God's protection,  
Who hath not suffered me to kneel a suppliant  
Thus at your feet, as yon now kneel at mine.

MARY.—Oh! there are gods who punish haughty pride:  
Respect them, honor them, the dreadful ones,  
Who thus before thy feet have humbled me!  
Before these strangers' eyes, dishonor not  
Yourself in me: profane not, nor disgrace  
The royal blood of Tudor. In my veins  
It flows as pure a stream as in your own.  
Oh! for God's pity, stand not so estranged  
And inaccessible. \* \* \* \* \*

ELIZ.—What would you say to me, my Lady Stuart?  
You wish'd to speak with me; and I, forgetting  
The Queen, and all the wrongs I have sustained,  
Fulfil the pious duty of the sister,  
And grant the boon you wished for of my presence.  
Yet I, in yielding to the gen'rous feelings

Of magnanimity, expose myself  
To rightful censure, that I stoop so low,  
For well you know you would have had me murdered.

MARY.—Oh! how shall I begin? Oh! how shall I  
So artfully arrange my cautious words,  
That they may touch, yet not offend your heart?  
Strengthen my words, O Heaven! and take from them  
Whate'er might wound. Alas! I cannot speak  
In my own cause without impeaching you,  
And that most heavily. I wish not so;  
You have not, as you ought, behaved to me:  
I am a Queen, like you, yet you have held me  
Confined in prison. As a suppliant  
I came to you, yet you, in me, insulted  
The pious use of hospitality;  
Slighting in me the holy law of nations,  
Immured me in a dungeon—tore from me  
My friends and servants; to unseemly want  
I was exposed, and hurried to the bar  
Of a disgraceful, insolent tribunal.  
No more of this;—in everlasting silence  
Be buried all the cruelties I suffered!  
See—I will throw the blame of all on fate;  
'Twas not your fault, no more than it was mine.

Now stand we face to face; now, sister, speak:  
Name but my crime, I'll fully satisfy you.  
Alas! had you vouchsafed to hear me then,  
When I so earnest sought to meet your eye,  
It never would have come to this, nor would,  
Here in this mournful place, have happened now  
This so distressful, this so mournful meeting.

ELIZ.—My better stars preserv'd me! I was warn'd  
And laid not to my breast the pois'nous adder!  
Accuse not fate! Your own deceitful heart  
It was, the wild ambition of your house.  
Ev'n here, in my own kingdom's peaceful haunts,  
Were fanned the flames of civil insurrection.  
\* \* \* \* \* The blow was aim'd  
Full at my head, but yours it is which falls.

MARY.—I'm in the hand of Heaven. You never will  
Exert so cruelly the power it gives you.

ELIZ.—Who shall prevent me? Say, did not your uncle  
Set all the kings of Europe the example  
How to conclude a peace with those they hate?  
Say then, what surety can be offered me,  
Should I magnanimously loose your bonds?  
Force is my only surety; no alliance  
Can be concluded with a race of vipers.

MARY.—Oh! this is but your wretched, dark suspicion!  
For you have constantly regarded me  
But as a stranger, and an enemy.  
Had you declared me heir to your dominions,  
As is my right, then gratitude and love  
In me had fixed, for you, a faithful friend  
And kinswoman.

ELIZ.— Your friendship is abroad.  
Name *you* my successor! The treach'rous snare!  
That in my life you might seduce my people;  
And, like a sly Armida, in your net  
Entangle all our noble English youth;  
That all might turn to the new rising sun,  
And I——

MARY.—O sister, rule your realm in peace;  
I give up every claim to these domains.  
Alas! the pinions of my soul are lamed;  
Greatness entices me no more; your point  
Is gained; I am but Mary's shadow now—  
My noble spirit is at last broke down  
By long captivity:—you've done your worst  
On me; you have destroyed me in my bloom!  
Now end your work, my sister; speak at length  
The word, which to pronounce has brought you hither;  
For I will ne'er believe that you are come  
To mock unfeelingly your hapless victim.  
Pronounce this word:—say, "Mary, you are free:  
You have already felt my power—learn now  
To honor, too, my generosity."  
Say this, and I will take my life, will take

My freedom as a present from your hands.  
 One word makes all undone;—I wait for it;—  
 O let it not be needlessly delay'd.  
 For should you not, like some divinity,  
 Dispensing noble blessings, quit me now,  
 Then, sister, not for all this island's wealth,  
 For all the realms encircled by the deep,  
 Would I exchange my present lot for yours.

ELIZ.—And you confess at last that you are conquered;  
 Are all your schemes run out? No more assassins  
 Now on the road? Will no adventurer  
 Attempt again, for you, the sad achievement?  
 Yes, madam, it is over;—you'll seduce  
 No mortal more. The world has other cares;  
 None is ambitious of the dang'rous honor  
 Of being your fourth husband; you destroy  
 Your wooers like your husbands.

MARY.—[*Starting angrily.*] Sister, sister!—  
 Grant me forbearance, all ye pow'rs of heav'n!

ELIZ.—Those then, my Lord of Leicester, are the charms  
 Which no man with impunity can view,  
 Near which no woman dare attempt to stand?  
 In sooth, this honor has been cheaply gained;  
 She who to all is common, may with ease  
 Become the common object of applause.

MARY.—This is too much!

ELIZ.—[*Laughs insultingly.*] You show us now, indeed,  
 Your real face; till now 'twas but the mask.

MARY.—My sins were human, and the faults of youth;  
 Superior force misled me. I have never  
 Denied or sought to hide it: I despised  
 All false appearance as became a Queen.  
 The worst of me is known, and I can say,  
 That I am better than the fame I bear.  
 Wo to you! when, in time to come, the world  
 Shall draw the robe of honor from your deeds.  
 Virtue was not your portion from your mother;  
 Well know we what it was which brought the head  
 Of Anne Boleyn to the fatal block.

.... The gen'rous Britons are cheated by a juggler.  
If right prevailed, you now would in the dust  
Before me lie, for I'm your rightful monarch !

CROMWELL AND CHARLES I.

With stern, sad brow, and mournful mien and rigid lips com-  
prest,  
And head low bent in brooding thought upon his mail-clad  
breast,  
With all the stormy elements that swept his mighty soul,  
Subdued to silent, solemn awe beneath a dread control,  
He of the iron heart and frame, and spirit's fiery mould,  
Gazed on that form, that slept in death—ghastly, and stiff,  
and cold.

Before him lay his crowned king—his liege whom he had sworn  
To honor with the loyalty by faithful subject borne ;  
Whose sacred person he was vowed to guard from every foe,  
Whose rightful throne his oaths were pledged to shield from  
hostile blow,  
And yet that kingly neck beneath the headsman's stroke had  
bent,  
That throne had crumbled to the ground—that sceptre's power  
was rent.

And he—he who with folded arms and sorrow's sternest air  
Upon that strangely pallid face so long stood gazing there,  
How could he see that axe descend, and yet forbear to spring  
With vengeful fury on the power that dared assail his king ?  
How could he see that monarch's throne just tottering to its  
fall,  
Nor interpose his stalwart arm, his life's best blood, his all ?

Across his flashing eye the mist of feeling gathers now,  
His lips relax, and softer light is falling o'er his brow ;  
No weakly woman's nature stirs this warrior's heart, and yet  
The cheek, made rugged by the toils of war's sad strife, is wet.

Strange man ! A conqueror he stands before the conquered  
there,  
His exultation but a groan, his triumph but a tear.

"Would God thou hadst not perished thus ! Would God thou  
hadst not wrought  
With suicidal hand the fate so blindly on thee brought ;  
That thou by priestly power had ne'er submitted to be led,  
And to the majesty of law hadst bowed thine own proud head,  
And still maintained thy solemn oaths, in reverent faith and  
fear,  
Thou hadst to-day been on thy throne and not upon thy bier.

"Thy people broke not fealty till 'twixt this canse and thine  
Thy sacrilegious sword had drawn the deep dissevering line ;  
Till covenanted rights, that blood of thousand heroes slain  
Had flowed to win, were trampled down in scorn and high  
disdain ;  
Till at the shrine of lawless power thou soughtst with vain  
disguise  
To make a nation's fondest hope, thy costly sacrifice.

"With zeal I served thee once ; but when thy unrelenting hand  
Weighed its usurping force 'gainst the freedom of the land,  
When holy faith and liberty within one scale were laid,  
And loyalty and tyrant rule in balance were arrayed,  
Then since I must choose 'twixt liberty and faith, my choice I  
fling ;  
'Keep my allegiance to my God, and break it to my king.'

"And yet I fain had turned aside this fearful, fatal blow ;  
No vengeance in my heart required thy princely blood to flow.  
Thy form ! how fit for length of years ! unsilvered still thy hair.  
How mildly grave thy face ! No dark, deceitful lines are there.  
But He, who marked thy devious course, had smote thee with  
his rod ;  
And here thou liest, the monument of an avenging God."

THE CREATION OF MAN.—*Swinburne.*

Before the beginning of years  
There came to the making of man  
Grief, with a gift of tears;  
Time, with a glass that ran;  
Pleasure, with pain for leaven;  
Summer, with flowers that fell;  
Remembrance, fallen from heaven;  
And madness, risen from hell;  
Strength, without hands to smite;  
Love, that endures for a breath;  
Night, the shadow of light;  
And life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand  
Fire, and the falling of tears,  
And a measure of sliding sand  
From under the feet of the years;  
And froth from the drift of the sea;  
And dust of the laboring earth;  
And bodies of things to be  
In the houses of death and of birth;  
And wrought with weeping and laughter,  
And fashioned with loathing and love,  
With life before and after,  
And death beneath and above,  
For a day and a night and a morrow,  
That his strength might endure for a span,  
With travail and heavy sorrow,  
The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the south  
They gathered as unto strife;  
They breathed upon his mouth,  
They filled his body with life;  
Eyesight and speech they wrought  
For the veils of the soul therein;



A time for labor and thought,  
A time to serve and to sin ;  
They gave him light in his ways,  
And love, and a space for delight,  
And beauty, and length of days,  
And night, and sleep in the night.  
His speech is a burning fire ;  
With his lips he travaileth ;  
In his heart is a blind desire ;  
In his eyes foreknowledge of death ;  
He weaves, and is clothed with derision ;  
Sows, and he shall not reap ;  
His life is a dream and a vision  
Between a sleep and a sleep.

## WHITE DEVIL.

“Halt! Who comes there?” but there was no answer.

It was a starlight night. The sentinel caught sight of a white horse-approaching at a brisk walk. He could also see that it had no rider.

Head up, ears pointed forward, eyes opened to their widest extent, the *wild* horse stood for a minute and looked into the soldier's face. The soldier's surprise and admiration were so great that he stood like a statue. Without an instant's warning the horse sprang to the attack. Catching the sentinel by the shoulder he raised him off the ground, shook him as if he was an empty grain-bag, and hurled him against the heavy gate with terrible force. The yell of pain had scarcely died away before the relief came hurrying out.

When the sentinel recovered his senses no one would believe his story until the earth discovered the hoof-prints of the horse. However, no one felt easy until morning came. Soon after sunrise the horse was discovered bearing down on the fort from the direction of the mountain-range. He came forward at a sweeping trot, head up, tail streaming far behind, and his knee-action as perfect as if he had been trained on the course for years.

"Why, that's the hoss known among us and the Injuns as 'White Devil!' He's the ugliest, slyest, and most treacherous beast standing on four legs."

The scout related that the horse came to his notice about five years before, when the Indians made several attempts to capture him. In despair of securing him, one of the red men sought to kill him. The horse was only wounded by the bullet that was meant to take his life. He at once separated from the drove and followed his former pursuers like a shadow. He dashed into their camps at night, attacked lone Indians, and killed or disabled them.

"I'll give two hundred dollars to the man who captures that horse for me!" said the commander.

"You might just as well offer ten thousand. That 'ere hoss can pace, trot, and gallop, and thar isn't a wolf in the hull Sierra range which can smell of his heels. I'd as quick take the job of cleaning out all the reds in Arizona as of catchin' the White Devil. See that fore foot go up! See them ears lay back! He'll charge the hull crowd in less'n a minute!"

Before another word could be spoken the horse made a dash upon the men, screaming out as a troop-horse does when badly wounded in battle. The soldiers rushed for the gate. One of the hindermost was a private named O'Meary. White Devil seized him by the back, lifted him off his feet, and when the soldiers next looked O'Meary was being borne away with the swiftness of the wind. There were a dozen or fifteen horses at the post, and in five minutes as many men were galloping away in pursuit. The horsemen found the dead body of their companion bitten and stamped to a bloody mass.

"The beast is in for a long race. He will go down this valley, turn to the left, and before noon he will be back."

The wild horse courted pursuit. Three lasso-throwers started. Head up, mane rolling back over his shoulders like a wave of foam, and tail streaming out like a flag, White Devil lifted his feet and put them down as steadily as clockwork. While they were doing their best, he was not using all his power.

In seventy minutes White Devil was at the end of the valley, fresh as a daisy, while the mustangs, half a mile behind,

were reeking and blown. He was soon out of sight, and the chase was abandoned.

At daylight the strange horse looked down from the ridge again. A band of Indians, out on a hunt, had halted at the fort, and were anxious to organize a new chase. Well-mounted pursuers were ready soon after breakfast.

White Devil would neither break his trot nor let a horseman get within a hundred feet of him. He ran out on the prairie for twenty miles, tiring out every horse, and then returned over his route of the previous day. He crossed the ridge, and entered a dark cañon in the mountains. The Indians traced him, and then they camped down with the determination to wait till hunger should drive the fugitive out. Midnight came, and the watchers heard nothing.

With the soft tread of a wolf, almost, a foe stole upon the Indians sleeping under the walls of the fort. It was White Devil! The red men were still waiting in the dark cañon, but the horse had emerged from the range by some defile known and used before.

The sentinel at the gate saw the smouldering brands of the dying camp-fires flung high in the air, and next moment the Indians were yelling and screaming in affright. Back and forth charged the horse, uttering wild neighs.

The Indians were determined to kill the strange tormentor as soon as daylight came, though his life had heretofore been held sacred. He was heard racing up and down while night lasted, and when morning broke he was in plain sight.

Separating into squads of ten, the red men rode out on the prairie. White Devil stood still, ears flat to his head, and one forefoot raised a little. When three of the squads were within pistol shot they halted, and thirty rifles covered the brave lone horse. He gathered his feet like a cat, and dashed at the nearest. A roar of rifles stopped him. Struck by a score of balls, he halted, reared up, shook his beautiful head in agony of pain, and fell without a groan.

## AUNT TABITHA.

Whatever I do and whatever I say,  
Aunt Tabitha tells me that isn't the way;  
When she was a girl (forty summers ago),  
Aunt Tabitha tells me they never did so.

Dear aunt! if I only would take her advice!  
But I like my own way, and I find it so nice!  
And besides I forget half the things I am told;  
But they all will come back to me when I am old.

If a youth passes by it will happen, no doubt,  
He may chance to look in as I chance to look out;  
She would never endure an impertinent stare—  
It is horrid she says, and I mustn't sit there.

A walk in the moonlight has pleasures I own,  
But it isn't quite safe to be walking alone;  
So I just take a lad's arm for safety you know,  
But Aunt Tabitha tells me they never did so.

How wicked we are, and how good they were then!  
They kept at arms' length those detestable men;  
What an area of virtue she lived in! but stay,  
Were the men all such rogues in Aunt Tabitha's day?

If the men were so wicked, I'll ask my papa  
How he dared to propose to my darling mamma;  
Was he like the rest of them? Goodness! who knows,  
And what would I say if a wretch should propose?

I'm thinking if aunt knew so little of sin,  
What a wonder Aunt Tabitha's aunt must have been!  
And her grand-aunt—it scares me—how shockingly sad,  
That we girls of to-day are so frightfully bad!

A martyr will save us, and nothing else can ;  
Let me perish to rescue some wretched young man ;  
Though when to the altar a victim I go,  
Aunt Tabitha will tell me *she* never did so.

## THE LAST REDOUBT.

Kacelyevo's slope still felt  
The cannon's bolts and the rifles' pelt ;  
For a last redoubt up the hill remained,  
By the Russ yet held, by the Turk not gained.

Mehemet Ali stroked his beard ;  
His lips were clinched and his look was weird ;  
Round him were ranks of his ragged folk,  
Their faces blackened with blood and smoke.

"Clear me the Muscovite out !" he cried.  
Then the name of "Allah !" echoed wide,  
And the fezzes were waved and the bayonets lowered,  
And on to the last redoubt they poured.

One fell, and a second quickly stopped  
The gap that he left when he reeled and dropped ;  
The second—a third straight filled his place ;  
The third—and a fourth kept up the race.

Over their corpses the living sprang,  
And the ridge with their musket-rattle rang,  
Till the faces that lined the last redoubt  
Could see their faces and hear their shout.

In the redoubt a fair form towered,  
That cheered up the brave and chid the coward ;  
Brandishing blade with a gallant air,  
His head erect and his bosom bare.

"Fly! they are on us!" his men implored;  
But he waved them on with his waving sword.  
"It cannot be held; 'tis no shame to go!"  
But he stood with his face set hard to the foe.

Then clung they about him, and tugged, and knelt.  
He drew a pistol from out his belt,  
And fired it blank at the first that set  
Foot on the edge of the parapet.

Over that first one toppled; but on  
Clambered the rest till their bayonets shone,  
As hurriedly fled his men dismayed,  
Not a bayonet's length from the length of his blade.

"Yield!" But aloft his steel he flashed,  
And down on their steel it ringing clashed;  
Then back he reeled with a bladeless hilt,  
His honor full, but his life-blood spilt.

They lifted him up from the dabbled ground;  
His limbs were shapely, and soft, and round,  
No down on his lip, on his cheek no shade—  
"Bismillah!" they cried, "'tis an Infidel maid!"

Mehemet Ali came and saw  
The riddled breast and the tender jaw.  
"Make her a bier of your arms," he said,  
"And daintily bury this dainty dead!"

So a deeper trench 'mong the trenches there  
Was dug, for the form as brave as fair;  
And none, till the Judgment trump and shout,  
Shall drive her out of the Last Redoubt.

## ZARA'S EAR-RINGS.

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they've dropt into the well,  
And what to say to Muca, I cannot, cannot tell."

'Twas thus, Granada's fountain by, spoke Albuarez's daughter,—

"The well is deep, far down they lie, beneath the cold blue water.

To me did Muca give them, when he spoke his sad farewell,  
And what to say when he comes back, alas! I cannot tell.

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they were pearls in silver set,  
That when my Moor was far away I ne'er should him forget;  
That I ne'er to other tongue should list, nor smile on other's tale,

But remember he my lips had kissed, pure as those ear-rings pale.

When he comes back, and hears that I have dropped them in the well,

Oh! what will Muca think of me, I cannot, cannot tell.

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! he'll say they should have been,  
Not of pearl and of silver, but of gold and glittering sheen,  
Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamond shining clear.  
Changing to the changing light, with radiance insincere—  
That changeful mind unchanging gems are not befitting well—  
Thus will he think—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell.

"He'll think when I to market went, I loitered by the way;  
He'll think a willing ear I lent to all the lads might say;  
He'll think some other lover's hand among my tresses noosed,  
From the ears where he had placed them my rings of pearl unloosed;

He'll think when I was sporting so beside this marble well,  
My pearls fell in—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell.

“ He'll say I am a woman, and we are all the same;  
He'll say I loved when he was here to whisper of his flame—  
But when he went to Tunis my virgin troth had broken,  
And thought no more of Muca, and cared not for his token.  
My ear-rings! my ear-rings! O luckless, luckless well!  
For what to say to Muca, alas! I cannot tell.

“ I'll tell the truth to Muca, and I hope he will believe—  
That I have thought of him at morning, and thought of him  
at eve;  
That musing on my lover, when down the sun was gone,  
His ear-rings in my hand I held, by the fountain all alone,  
And that my mind was o'er the sea, when from my hand they  
fell,  
And that deep his love lies in my heart, as they lie in the  
well.”

#### HUON AND THE SULTAN.

Sir Huon, mindful of the favoring hour,  
While rests in peaceful silence all around,  
Pursues his task, by plighted promise bound,  
Leaves his fair angel in the old man's power,  
Gives him the ivory horn, and cautions well  
By timely use the danger to repel;  
Then boldly hastens forward to the place,  
Where gasps the Sultan wearied with the race,  
And heaving with his breath the billowy pillows swell.

Low on his knee Sir Huon humbly bends,  
With cool, heroic look, and gentle tone  
Begins:—“ Imperial Charles, before whose throne  
I bow, his faithful vassal sends  
To hail thee, Asia's lord! with greeting fair,  
And beg—(forgive what duty bids declare,  
For as my arm, my tongue obeys his laws)—  
And beg, great sir, four grinders from your jaws,  
And from your reverend beard a lock of silver hair!”



He speaks it and is silent, and stands still  
In expectation of the Sultan's word,  
Soon as the Caliph had the message heard.  
But words, alas ! are wanting to my will ;  
I cannot paint, while pride and rage conspire,  
How every feature writhes with maniac ire ;  
How from his throne he darts, how fiercely stares,  
How from his eye incessant lightning glares,  
While every bursting vein high boils with living fire.

He stares—would curse ; but fury uncontrolled  
In his blue lips breaks short the imperfect sound.  
“Tear out his heart ! to dust the villain pound !  
Hack him, hack him limb by limb a thousandfold !  
With searching awls explore each secret vein !  
Crack joint by joint ! each tortured sinew strain !  
Roast him ! to all the winds his ashes cast !  
Him and his Emperor Charles ! whom lightnings blast !  
Teeth ! beard ! beneath this roof ? to me ? it burns my  
brain !”

“Caliph of Bagdad ! ” says the tranquil knight,  
With noble pride—“let all be silent here !  
Mark me. The Emperor's awful lash severe,  
And the bold promise that I dared to plight,  
Long on my soul, ere now, have heavy sate !  
Yet bitter, monarch, is the force of Fate.  
What power on earth her sovereignty withstands ?  
Whate'er to do or suffer Fate commands  
Must be performed, and borne with patient mind sedate.

“Here stand I, like thyself, a mortal man,  
Alone, in proud defiance of thy train,  
At risk of life my honor to maintain.  
Yet honor bids propose another plan :  
Abjure thy faith ; from Mahomet recede ;  
With pious lip profess the Christian creed.

Erect the cross in all these Eastern lands;  
So wilt thou more perform than Charles demands;  
Charles shall remain content, and thou from trouble  
freed."

Scarce had our knight the last proposal made  
Than the old Caliph, hell within his breast,  
Raves, shrieks, and stamps the ground like one possessed!  
On each swoln feature frenzy stood displayed.  
Not less enraged, around their fiery king  
Up from their seats at once the pagans spring,  
And foam, and threat, and horrid vengeance swear;  
Swords, lances, daggers clatter in the air;  
All press on Mahomet's foe, and closely round enring.

Brave Sherasmin, the guardian of the fair,  
Who thinks he views amid the press afar  
His former lord victorious in the war,  
Glowes at the scene with wild, triumphant air;  
But roused by Rezia's agonizing cries,  
The fond delusion of the dreamer flies;  
He sees the youth close girt by heathen foes;  
Sets to his lips the horn, and loudly blows—  
As one ordained by Heaven to bid the dead arise.

Loud rings the castle with rebellowing shocks;  
Night, tenfold midnight, swallows up the day;  
Ghosts to and fro like gleams of lightning play,  
The stony basis of the turret rocks;  
Clap after clap, and peals on peals resound;  
Terrors unknown the heathen race confound;  
Sight, hearing lost, they stagger, drunk with fear;  
Drops from each nerveless hand the sword and spear;  
And stiff upon the spot all lie in groups around.

With miracle on miracle oppressed,  
The Caliph struggles with the pangs of death!  
His arms hang loose, deep drawn his heavy breath;  
Scarce beats his pulse; it flutters, sinks to rest.

At once the storm is hushed that roared so loud ;  
While, sweetly breathing o'er the prostrate crowd,  
A lily vapor sheds around perfume,  
And, like an angel image on a tomb,  
The fairy sprite appears, arrayed in silver cloud.

## THE PIPE.

“ Old man, Heaven bless you ! does your pipe taste sweetly ?  
A beauty, by my soul !  
A red clay flower-pot, rimmed with gold so neatly ;  
What ask you for the bowl ? ”

“ Oh, sir ! for worlds that bowl I would not part with ;  
A brave man gave it me ;  
Who won it, now what think you ? of a bashaw  
At Belgrade's victory. ”

“ Another time I'll hear your story,  
Come, old man, be no fool !  
Take these two ducats—gold for glory—  
And let me have the bowl. ”

“ I'm a poor churl, as you may say, sir ;  
My pension's all I'm worth ;  
Yet I'd not give that bowl away, sir,  
For all the gold on earth.

“ Just hear now—once, as we hussars, all merry,  
Hard on the foe's rear pressed,  
A blundering rascal of a janizary  
Shot through our captain's heart.

“ At once across my horse I hove him,  
The same would he have done !  
And from the smoke and tumult drove him  
Safe to a nobleman.

"I nursed him, and before his end, bequeathing  
His money and this bowl  
To me, he pressed my hand, just ceased his breathing,  
And so—he died—brave soul!

"Thenceforth in all campaigns, this pipe, I bore it,  
In flight or in pursuit;  
It was a holy thing, sir, and I wore it  
Safe sheltered in my boot."

"You move me—aye, even to tears—old sire;  
What was the brave man's name?  
Tell me that I, too, may admire,  
And venerate his fame."

"They called him only the brave Walter,  
His farm lay near the Rhine."

"Heaven bless your old eyes! it was my father,—  
And that same farm is mine.

"Come, my old friend! you've seen some stormy weather:  
With me is now your bed;  
We'll drink of Walter's grapes together,  
And eat of Walter's bread."

#### UNCLE'S LOVE-LIFE.

*Rebecca.* Uncle Aminadab, why have you never married?

*Aminadab.* Bekase I 'spose it wan't so writ.

*R.* Were you never in love?

*A.* In what?

*R.* In love—I mean, were you never troubled with the tender passion?

*A.* What is the nater of that ere complaint, Becky?

*R.* Why, uncle Aminadab, what a question! It aint a complaint at all. It's a kind of all-overish sort of feeling—a combination of the pleasant and painful.

*A.* Stop—stop! I guess I know now—it's the fever'n ager.

I had it in 18-18 out in York State. Them's very much the symptoms. Fust I was hot, then cold—leastwise, fust cold then hot, and ever so much better when they wan't on. Yes, I've had it.

*R.* [*Laughing.*] What a funny man you are, anyhow, uncle Aminadab! You don't understand me at all. Love is the affection, the liking, you know, which a man feels for a woman, and *vice versa*.

*A.* I don't know the *vissy vussy*, but I *hev* experienced that ere *likin*.

*R.* Oh, uncle! well, I *never*—then you have been in love—how droll! How many times? Come, now, be honest, uncle. Only *real* likings, you know. Only those cases when you felt it would be a great satisfaction to be torn asunder by wild horses, or cut up in little bits for the sake of the loved one.

*A.* Wall, I never much keered about bein run onto by wild hosses, and I am agin choppin human critters into mincemeat, anyhow, but raily, them likins did kim it on me purty strong, Becky.

*R.* Well, now, tell me all about it, won't you, uncle dear?

*A.* 'Twan't no great. But ef you want to know my adventures, I must tell you on 'em, I reckon. When I was twenty-one years old, I might have had pick and choice of the gals in our neighborhood. But somehow or nuther, I didn't keer much about 'em. But abeout this time our old school marm got married, and the d'rectors went over to Weston and hired Deacon Spaulding's youngest darter to take her place. The very fust time I sot eyes on Permely Spauldin, I felt that I was a goner. Suthin' seemed to run right through me, and I kim purty near screechin' right eout. At fust I didn't zactly know what ailed me. Howsomever, to make a long story short, I soon found eout 'twas the school marm—'twas a *likin* I—

*R.* Then you were really in love, uncle? You didn't marry her, of course?

*A.* Wall, no. Can't 'zactly say I did. But I never kim so near till't afore nor sence.

*R.* Oh, that's so nice! How near the hymeneal altar did you get, uncle?

*A.* I don't know nothin about your highmen-all halters,

but the change of a single syllable in a talk I had with that ere gal would hev tired me up faster'n a—you get eout!

R. Only one syllable, uncle?

A. Nary another. This is the way it was. I kept a growin' more and more miserable till at last I kim to a dead kerchuck, and I says to myself to onct, says I, Aminadab, says I, get out of misery to onct, says I. I will, says I. The next night, Saturday, found me at Cap'n Enos Jenkins'. She sot on one side of the room, and I sot t'other, and there we sot and sot, nyther sayin nothin to t'other. Arter flattenin my nose agin a glass a lenthly long spell, I turned right square round and says—*the moon aint south yit by a jugfull*, says I; but she never stirred more'n though she'd bin ov stun or a hetben idle. So thar we sot and sot agin.

R. O, dear, how funny! Ha, ha, ha! O uncle 'Minadab!

A. Fummy? Wall, 't'wan't anything but funny to me. I'd a gin boot to a bin in a bumblebees' nest. Howsomever, I felt the time hed kim to do or die and I broke right out.

"Miss Spauldin," says I.

"Wal," says she.

"Permely," says I.

"Wall."

"Will you hev me?"

"No."

"You won't?"

"I won't."

"Good night," says I.

"Good night," says she.

That night I slept better'n I'd done for three weeks.

R. And do you call that near being married, uncle Aminadab?

A. Why, in course I do. She could hev said *yes* just as easy as *no*—but I'm glad she didn't. She turned out to be a pesky scold, and married Isaiah Cumstock; she rattled in his ears like a kettle-drum.

R. Now, uncle, let's have the other episode.

A. Tother what?

R. I mean the other love adventure.

A. Wall, for several years 'arter Permely mittened me, I

didn't care a snap for all the gals in creation. But Liddy Baker! When I seed her one nite at spellin' schule lookin' so purty, with her eyes so blue and her mouth so puckered up, I wanted to bite her.

*R.* Why, uncle, wanted to bite her?

*A.* Wal, in short I'd got the likin's agin, the wust kind; but I hadn't forgot the time when I axed Permely Spauldin', and I darsn't go nigh her. I got sick and lost my appetite. I hollered in my sleep, and even tried to write poetry.

*R.* Ha! ha! ha! poetry?

*A.* Yes, but it was dredful hard to git aeout. I was asleep when I was tuk. Next mornin' all I could remember was—"Oh, Liddy, oh, Liddy,—oh, Liddy, Liddee." Then I broke, and for two weeks I couldn't find rhyme that seemed appropriate. Chickadee, bumble-bee, apple-tree, and sich like was continually runnin' thro' my head, and at last I struck eout and fetched this line—"You shall be my chicky, chicky, biddee." I couldn't go n' further and I gin up poetry. Next I tried prose, but I spilte a quire of paper and couldn't git further'n—Miss Baker;—I take my pen in hand, but I couldn't tell her what I tuk it in hand for.

*R.* Well, uncle, did you finally propose?

*A.* I sort o' did, and I sort o' didn't. Parsonally speakin' I *didn't*; by proxy I did.

*R.* By proxy?—*How was that?*

*A.* Wal, you see Moses Pendergrass and me had allers been very sociable—allers told one another everything—so one day, I ups and tells him all abeout it. Says I to Mose, says I, hadn't you just as liv ask her for me? says I. He said he had. So to make a long story short, one bitter cold night in January we started for the house. It was agreed that I should stay in the wood-shed while Mose went in and sot matters ail rite. He thought he'd fix things in half an hour, an' as 'twas 8 o'clock when he went in, I kalkerlated on bein' in Paradise abeout half arter. But there I sot and sot on the choppin' log till I herd the clock strike nine, an' then I had to git up an' stomp my feet an' thrash my hands to keep from freezin'. Ten o'clock;—then 'leven o'clock,—an' still no Mose. At—last—jest—abeout midnight,—when I'd got nearly—fro-zen through,—

a-o-u-t he comes. I rushed up to him, an' with a shakin' voice, "*M-m-mo—M-m-mose,*" says I, — "*Wh-wh-wh-a-a-t—d-d-does—Sh-sh-she—s-s-ay?*" "Aminadab," says he, 'pon my word, I forgot to ask her." An' the mean fox went an' married her hisself.

ROLAND GRAY.

- "The snow is on the ground, the storm is overhead,  
And I am here once more to say what I so oft have said;  
You'll answer now, nor longer leave my longing heart to  
break;  
The time has come, nor come in vain, when I must hear you  
speak."  
But mute as though she heeded not still silent Janet stands,  
Her troubled eyes far gazing, as she clasps her nervous  
hands.  
"How like a ghost you look, Janet! I pray you, answer me."  
With fevered lips and white wan cheeks she murmured fear-  
fully:  
"O God, protect all Christian souls this Christmas eve at  
sea!"

- A dark frown deepened on his brow, his face grew all  
aflame;  
His hot blood stirred, and fierce, though low, his smothered  
accents came:  
"Why, dearest Janet, so say I, and all men good and true;  
But your wild words no answer make to what I've said to  
you.  
For five long years I've loved you well; full five long years  
to-day!"  
"For five long years," she softly said, "have I loved Roland  
Gray!"  
There flashed a rash oath from his lips—he cast her hand  
aside;—  
"If e'er you've prayed, pray well to-night for Roland's soul,"  
he cried;  
Then forth into the sullen night he went with angry stride.



But soon 'mid boomings long and loud, men's souls are  
thrilled and stirred ;  
A cry for help comes from the sea ; the minute-gun is heard.  
Crowds gather on the hill-tops ; and again, again, again,  
The booming cannon calls for help, but calls, alas ! in vain.  
Black darkness shrouds the boisterous sea, and hides the  
distant skies,  
But none can stretch a hand to save, the darkness blinds  
their eyes.  
And still the minute-gun booms out, and loud the wild waves  
roar,  
While brave hearts strain and struggle ; hearts that ne'er  
knew fear before  
Quail now—they feel the horrors of a wreck on leeward  
shore.

Day dawns—and by the shuddering sight, as the darkness  
rose,  
Is seen a noble vessel beat by ocean's angry blows ;  
While Janet wanders on the beach, or climbs the rocky  
steep,  
Her eager eyes now reaching o'er the dread, mysterious deep.  
The crew have taken to their boats long ere the day had  
broke ;  
One man alone stands on the deck, a noble heart of oak ;  
A frozen calm is in his face—he lifts his eyes to pray—  
The Royal Cygnet was the ship, her captain Roland Gray.  
Spare him, O God ! let him not die, not die this Christmas-  
day !

The Christmas bells were sending forth sweet music on the  
air,  
When Janet's eye beheld him with a wild and dumb  
despair,  
While helpless, terror-smitten crowds look down with vated  
breath,  
And watch the seething, swirling waves stretch forth their  
arms of death.

But one there stood among them, scowlingly, by Janet's side,

His dark face bent above her, as she watched the foaming tide.

"What will you do now, Janet, if the life you love I save,  
And all for love of you I dare for him a watery grave?"

She laid her cold hand in his palm—no other answer gave.

A thousand voices rang applause, as, lowered to the wreck,  
A moment more he stood beside his rival on the deck ;  
He seized him in his stalwart arms—with murder in his eye.  
He went to slay him, not to save ; by him must Roland die.  
They writhe and strive together, and while reeling to and fro,

Roll from the groaning vessel to the boiling sea below ;  
And there they wrestle, life for life, like giants in a fray,  
While dark, grim death above them waits and watches for his prey ;

But one man lived to reach the land—and that was Roland Gray.

#### THE BEGGAR AND HIS DOG.—*Chamisso.*

"I am a broken, old, weary man!  
And earn a penny I never can ;  
I have no money—no bread—no dole—  
Hunger and want are my portion sole.

"When I moaned with pain and fever shook me,  
Who pitied me, when all else forsook me ?  
When alone in the wide cold world I stood  
Who was it bore me companionhood ?

"When woe pressed sore, whose love was unflinching ?  
Who warmed my limbs when the frost was pinching ?  
And when I was hungry and surly, who  
Growled not, but patiently hungered too ?

“ Our wretched life we have both, old friend,  
Drained to the dregs; it must have an end;  
Old and sickly thou’st grown like me;  
I must drown thee; and this is my thanks to thee!

“ This is my thanks for thy love unswerving!  
’Tis the way of the world with all deserving;  
Though my part in many a fight I’ve played—  
S’dcath! I am new at the hangman’s trade!

“ Here is the cord; here is the stone;  
There is the water; it must be done.  
Come hither—poor dog! never look on me more,  
One push with my foot and all is o’er.”

As he tied round his neck the fatal band  
The dog fawned on him and licked his hand  
He tore back the cord in trembling haste—  
And round his *own* he bound it fast.

And wildly he uttered a fearful curse—  
And wildly he gathered his latest force—  
And he plunged in the flood; white eddies rushed—  
Recoiled—chafed—bubbled—and all was hushed.

In vain sprang the dog to his rescue then—  
Howled to the ships, for the aid of men;  
Whining and tugging gathered them round—  
’Twas the corpse of the beggar they laid on the ground.

To the grave in silence the beggar was borne,  
With the dog alone to follow and mourn;  
And over the turf that wrapped his clay—  
The fond brute stretched him—and died where he lay.

## LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS.

I HAF von funny leedle poy,  
 Vot gomes schust to my knee;  
 Der queerest schap, der createst rogue  
 As efer you dit see;  
 He runs, und schumps, und schmashes dings  
 In all barts off der house—  
 But vot off dot? he vas mine son,  
 Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measles und der mumbs,  
 Und efery ding dot's oudt;  
 He sbills mine glass of lager bier,  
 Poots schnuff indo mine kraut;  
 He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese—  
 Dot was der roughest chouse.  
 I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy  
 But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,  
 Und cuts mine cane in dwo,  
 To make der schticks to beat it mit—  
 Mine cracious, dot vas drue!  
 I dinks mine hed vas schplit abart,  
 He kicks oup sooch a touse—  
 But, nefer mind, der poys vas few  
 Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions sooch as dese:  
 Who baints mine nose so red?  
 Who vos it cuts dot schmoodth blace oudt  
 Vrom der hair ubon mine hed?  
 Und vhere der plaze goes vrom der lamp  
 Vene'er der glim I douse—  
 How gan I all dese dings eggsblain  
 To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?

I somedimes dink I schall go vild  
Mit sooch a grazey poy,  
Und vish vonce more I Gould haf rest .  
Und beaceful dimes enshoy ;  
But ven he vas ashleep in ped,  
So quiet as a mouse,  
I prays der Lord, " dake anydings,  
But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

THE FACE AGAINST THE PANE.

Mabel, little Mabel,  
With her face against the pane,  
Looks out across the night,  
And sees the beacon light  
A-trembling in the rain.  
She hears the sea-bird screech,  
And the breakers on the beach  
Making moan, making moan,  
And the wind about the eaves  
Of the cottage sobs and grieves ;  
And the willow tree is blown  
To and fro, to and fro,  
Till it seems like some old crone  
Standing out there all alone  
With her woe,  
Wringing as she stands  
Her gaunt and palsied hands,  
While Mabel, timid Mabel  
With her face against the pane,  
Looks out across the night  
And sees the beacon light  
A-trembling in the rain.

Set the table, maiden Mabel,  
And make the cabin warm ;  
Your little fisher-lover  
Is out there in the storm.

And your father—you are weeping !  
 O Mabel, timid Mabel,  
 Go spread the supper-table,  
 And set the tea a-steeping ;  
 Your lover's heart is brave,  
 His boat is staunch and tight ;  
 And your father knows  
 The perilous reef,  
 That makes the water white.  
 But Mabel, Mabel darling,  
 With her face against the pane,  
 Looks out across the night  
 At the heacon in the rain.

The heavens are veined with fire !  
 And the thunder, how it rolls !  
 In the lullings of the storm  
 The soleunn church-bell tolls  
 For lost souls !  
 But no sexton sounds the knell  
 In that belfry old and high ;  
 Unseen fingers sway the bell  
 As the wind goes tearing by !  
 How it tolls for the souls  
 Of the sailors on the sea !  
 God pity them, God pity them,  
 Wherever they may be !  
 God pity wives and sweethearts  
 Who wait and wait in vain !  
 And pity little Mabel,  
 With her face against the pane.

A boom !—the light-house gun ;  
 ( How its echo rolls and rolls ! )  
 'Tis to warn the home-bound ships  
 Off the shoals.  
 See ! a rocket cleaves the sky  
 From the fort—a shaft of light !  
 See ! it fades, and, fading, leaves

Golden furrows on the night !  
What made Mabel's cheek so pale ?  
What made Mabel's lips so white ?  
Did she see the helpless sail  
That, tossing here and there,  
Like a feather in the air,  
Went down and out of sight ?  
Down, down, and out of sight !  
O, watch no more, no more,  
With face against the pane ;  
You cannot see the men that drown  
By the beacon in the rain !

From a shoal of richest rubies  
Breaks the morning clear and cold ;  
And the angel on the village spire,  
Frost-touched, is bright as gold.  
Four ancient fishermen,  
In the pleasant autumn air,  
Come toiling up the sands,  
With something in their hands,  
Two bodies stark and white,  
Ah ! so ghastly in the light,  
With sea-weed in their hair !  
O, ancient fishermen,  
Go up to yonder cot !  
You'll find a little child,  
With face against the pane,  
Who looks toward the beach,  
And, looking, sees it not.  
She will never watch again !  
Never watch and wake at night !  
For those pretty, saintly eyes  
Look beyond the stormy skies,  
And they see the Beacon Light.

## LOVE AND LATIN.

Dear friends, never marry for knowledge,  
Though that, of course, should form a part;  
For often the head, while at college,  
Grows wise at the cost of the heart.  
Let me tell you a fact that is real:  
I once had a beau in my youth,  
My brightest and best beau-ideal  
Of manliness, goodness and truth.  
Oh! he talked of the Greeks and the Romans,  
Of Saxons and Normans and Celts,  
And he quoted from Virgil and Homer,  
And Plato and——somebody else.  
And he told me his deathless affection,  
By means of a thousand strange herbs,  
With numberless words in connection  
Derived from the roots of Greek verbs.  
One night, as a slight innuendo, -  
When nature was mantled in snow, -  
He wrote on the frost in the window  
A sweet word in Latin—*Amo*.  
Oh! it needed no words for expression,  
For that I had long understood,  
But there was his written confession,  
Present tense and indicative mood.  
But, oh! how man's passion will vary,  
For scarcely a year had passed by,  
When he changed the *Amo* to *Amare*,  
But, instead of an *e* was a *y*.  
Yes, a Mary had certainly taken  
The heart once so fondly my own,  
And I the rejected, forsaken,  
Was left to reflection alone.  
Since then I've a horror of Latin,  
And students uncommonly smart;



True love, one should always put that in,  
To balance the head by the hear<sup>t</sup>  
To be a fine scholar and linguist,  
Is much to one's credit I know,  
But "I love" should be said in plain English,  
And not with the Latin *Amo*.

## SEBASTIAN GOMEZ.

'Twas morning in Seville ; and brightly beamed  
The early sunlight in one chamber there,  
Showing, where'er its glowing radiance gleamed,  
Rich, varied beauty. 'Twas the study where  
Murillo, the famed painter, came to share  
With young aspirants his long-cherished art.

The pupils came, and glancing round,  
Mendez upon his canvas found,  
Not his own work of yesterday,  
But, glowing in the morning ray,  
A sketch, so rich, so pure, so bright,  
It almost seemed that there were given  
To glow, before his dazzled sight,  
Tints and expression warm from heaven.

Murillo entered, and amazed,  
On the mysterious painting gazed ;  
" Whose work is this ?—speak, Ferdinand !  
Isturitz ! Mendez !—say, whose hand  
Among ye all !—how—but we shall see  
Ere long into this mystery.  
Sebastian ! "

At the summons came  
A bright-eyed slave,  
Who trembled at the stern rebuke  
His master gave.

Murillo bade him now declare  
What rash intruder had been there,  
And threatened if he did not tell  
The truth at once—the dungeon-cell.  
“Thou answerest not,” Murillo said;  
    (The boy had stood in speechless fear.)  
“Speak on!”—At last he raised his head  
    And murmured, “No one has been here.”  
“’Tis false! Listen, now! I would know  
    Who enters here! There have been found  
    Before, rough sketches strewn around;  
By whose bold hand, ’tis yours to show;  
    See that to-night strict watch you keep,  
    Nor dare to close your eyes in sleep.  
If on to-morrow morn you fail  
    To answer what I ask,  
The lash shall force you—do you hear?  
    Hence! to your daily task.”

’Twas midnight in Seville; and faintly shone  
    From one small lamp, a dim uncertain ray  
Within Murillo’s study;—all were gone  
    Who there, in pleasant tasks or converse gay,  
    Passed cheerfully the morning hours away.  
’Twas shadowy gloom, and breathless silence, save,  
One bright-eyed boy was there—Murillo’s little slave.

He breathed a prayer to heaven for aid;  
It came—for soon in slumber laid,  
He slept, until the dawning day  
Shed on his humble couch its ray.

“I’ll sleep no more!” he cried; “and now  
    Three hours of freedom I may gain,  
Before my master comes; for then  
    I shall be but a slave again.”  
The terror of the humble slave  
    Gave place to the o’erpowering flow

Of the high feelings nature gave—  
Which only gifted spirits know.  
He touched the brow—the lip—it seemed  
His pencil had some magic power;  
The eye with deeper feeling beamed—  
Sebastian then forgot the hour!  
Forgot his master, and the threat  
Of punishment still hanging o'er him;  
For, with each touch, new beauties met  
And mingled in the face before him.

At length 'twas finished; rapturously  
He gazed—could aught more beauteous be!—  
Awhile absorbed, entranced he stood,  
Then started—horror chilled his blood!  
His master and the pupils all  
Were there e'en at his side!

Speechless, bewildered—for a space  
They gazed upon that perfect face  
Each with an artist's joy;  
At length Murillo silence broke,  
And with affected sternness spoke,—  
“Who is your master, boy?”  
“You Señor,” said the trembling slave.  
“Nay, who, I mean, instruction gave,  
Before that virgin's head you drew?”  
Again he answered, “Only you.”  
“I gave you none,” Murillo cried!  
“But I have heard,” the boy replied,  
“What you to others said.”  
“And more than heard,” in kinder tone,  
The painter said; “'tis plainly shown  
That you have profited.”

“What” (to his pupils) “is his meed?  
Reward or punishment?”  
“Reward, Reward!” they warmly cried;  
(Sebastian's ear was bent

To catch the sounds he scarce believed,  
But with imploring look received.)  
"What shall it be?" They spoke of gold  
And of a splendid dress;  
But still unmoved, Sebastian stood,  
Silent and motionless.

"Courage!" his master said, and each  
Essayed, in kind, half-whispered speech,  
To soothe his overpow'ring dread.  
He scarcely heard, till some one said,  
"Sebastian—ask—you have your choice,  
Ask for your *freedom*!" At the word  
The suppliant strove to raise his voice,  
At first but stifled sobs were heard,  
And then his prayer—breathed fervently—  
"Oh, master! make my *father* free!"  
"Him and thyself, my noble boy!"  
Thy talents rare, and filial love,  
E'en more have fairly won;  
Still be thou mine by other bonds—  
My pupil and my son.

Murillo knew, e'en when the words  
Of generous feeling passed his lips,  
Sebastian's talents soon must lead  
To fame, that would his own eclipse.

#### KILLED AT THE FORD.

He is dead, the beautiful youth,  
The heart of honor, the tongue of truth,  
He, the life and light of us all,  
Whose voice was as blithe as a bugle-call,  
Whom all eyes followed with one consent,  
The cheer of whose laugh and whose pleasant word,  
Hushed all murmurs of discontent.

Only last night as we rode along  
Down the dark of the mountain gap,  
To visit the picket guard at the ford,  
Little dreaming of any mishap,  
He was humming the words of some old song ;  
    *" Two red roses he had on his cap  
And another he bore at the point of his sword."*

Sudden and swift a whistling ball  
Came out of a wood, and the voice was still  
Something I heard in the darkness fall  
And for a moment my blood grew chill ;  
I spoke in a whisper as he who speaks  
In a room where some one, is lying dead ;  
But he made no answer to what I said.

We lifted him up to his saddle again,  
And through the mire, and the mist, and the rain  
Carried him back to the silent camp,  
And laid him as if asleep on his bed ;  
And I saw by the light of the surgeon's lamp,  
Two white roses upon his cheeks,  
And one, just over his heart, blood-red !

And I saw in a vision how, far and fleet  
That fatal bullet went speeding forth,  
Till it reached a town in the distant north,  
Till it reached a home in a sunny street,  
Till it reached a heart that ceased to beat  
Without a murmur, without a cry ;  
And a bell was tolled in that far off town  
For one who had passed from cross to crown,  
And the neighbors wondered that she should die.

## PASO DEL MAR.

Gusty and raw was the morning,  
A fog hung over the seas,  
And its gray skirts, rolling inward,  
Were torn by the mountain trees;  
No sound was heard but the dashing  
Of waves on the sandy bar,  
When Pablo of San Diego  
Rode down to the Paso Del Mar.

The pescadore, out in his shallop,  
Gathering his harvest so wide,  
Sees the dim bulk of the headland  
Loom over the waste of the tide;  
He sees, like a white thread, the pathway  
Wind round on the terrible wall  
Where the faint, moving speck of the rider  
Seems hovering close to its fall.

Stout Pablo of San Diego  
Rode down from the hills behind;  
With the bells on his gray mule tinkling,  
He sang through the fog and the wind.  
Under his thick, misted eyebrows  
Twinkled his eye like a star,  
And fiercer he sang, as the sea-winds  
Drove cold on the Paso Del Mar.

Now Bernal, the herdsman of corral,  
Had travelled the shore since dawn,  
Leaving the ranches behind him;—  
Good reason had he to be gone!

The blood was still red on his dagger,  
The fury was hot in his brain,  
And the chill, driving scud of the breakers  
Beat thick on his forehead in vain.

With his blanket wrapped gloomily round him,  
He mounted the dizzying road,  
And the chasms and steeps of the headland  
Were slippery and wet, as he strode ;  
Wild swept the wind of the ocean,  
Rolling the fog from afar,  
When near him a mule-bell came tinkling  
Midway on the Paso Del Mar.

" *Back !* " shouted Bernal, full fiercely,  
And " *Back !* " shouted Pablo, in wrath,  
As his mule halted, startled and shrinking,  
On the line of the terrible path !  
The roar of devouring surges  
Came up from the breakers' hoarse war,  
And " *Back, or you perish !* " cried Bernal,  
" *I turn not on the Paso Del Mar !* "

The gray mule stood firm as the headland ;  
He clutched at the jingling rein,  
When Pablo rose up in the saddle,  
And smote, till he dropped it again.  
A wild oath of passion swore Bernal,  
And brandished his dagger still red,  
While fiercely stout Pablo leaned forward,  
And fought o'er his trusty mule's head.

They fought, till the black wall below them  
Shone red through the misty blast ;  
Stout Pablo then struck, leaning further,  
The broad breast of Bernal at last,

And frenzied with pain the swart herdsman  
Closed round him his terrible grasp,  
And jerked him, despite of his struggles,  
Down from his mule, in his clasp.

They grappled with desperate madness  
On the slippery edge of the wall;  
They swayed on the brink, and together  
Reeled out to the rush of the fall.  
A cry of the wildest death anguish  
Rang faint through the mist afar,  
And the riderless mule went homeward  
From the fight of Paso Del Mar.

---

#### A CATEGORICAL COURTSHIP.

I sat one night beside a blue-eyed girl—  
The fire was out, and so, too, was her mother;  
A feeble flame around the lamp did curl,  
Making faint shadows, blending in each other;  
'Twas nearly twelve o'clock, too, in November,  
She had a shawl on, also, I remember.  
Well, I had been to see her every night  
For thirteen days, and had a sneaking notion  
To pop the question, thinking all was right,  
And once or twice had made an awkward motion  
To take her hand, and stammered, coughed and stuttered,  
But somehow nothing to the point had uttered.  
I thought this chance too good now to be lost;  
I hitched my chair up pretty close beside her,  
Drew a long breath, and then my legs I crossed,  
Bent over, sighed, and for five minutes eyed her;  
She looked as if she knew what next was coming,  
And with her foot upon the floor was drumming.  
I didn't know how to begin, or where—  
I could'nt speak, the words were always choking;  
I scarce could move—I seemed tied in my chair—



I hardly breathed—'t was awfully provoking;  
 The perspiration from each pore was oozing,  
 My heart and brain and limbs their power seemed losing.  
 At length I saw a brindle tabby cat  
 Walk purring up, inviting me to pat her;  
 An idea came, electric-like, at that—  
 My doubts, like summer clouds, began to scatter,  
 I seized on tabby, though a scratch she gave me,  
 And said, "Come, Puss, ask Mary if she'll have me?"  
 'Twas done at once—the murder now was out,  
 The thing was all explained in half a minute;  
 She blushed, and turning pussy cat about,  
 Said, "Pussy, tell him, yes!" Her foot was in it!  
 The cat had thus saved me my category,  
 And here's the catastrophe of my story.

## MUTUAL ASSISTANCE.

A man very lame was a little to blame,  
 To stray far from his humble abode;  
 Hot, thirsty, bemired, and heartily tired,  
 He laid himself down in the road.

While thus he reclined, a man who was blind,  
 Came by and entreated his aid:  
 "Deprived of my sight, unassisted to-night,  
 I shall not reach home, I'm afraid."

"Intelligence give of the place where you live,"  
 Said the cripple, "perhaps I may know it;  
 In my road it may be, and if you'll carry me,  
 It will give much pleasure to show it.

"Great strength you have got, which alas! I have not,  
 In my legs so fatigued every nerve is;  
 For the use of your back, for the eyes which you lack,  
 My pair shall be much at your service."

Said the other poor man, "What an excellent plan!  
 Pray get on my shoulders, good brother;  
 I see all mankind, if they are but inclined,  
 May constantly help one another."

## THE COURTIN'.

God makes sech nights, all whlte an' still, furz you can look  
or listen,

Moonsshine an' snow on field an' hill, all silence an' all glisten.  
Zekle crep' up, quite unbeknown, an' peeked in thru the  
winder,

An' there sot Huldry, all alone, with no one nigh to hinder.

A fire-place filled the room's one side with half a cord o' wood  
in,—

There warn't no stoves till Comfort died, to bake ye to a  
puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out towârd the pootiest, bless  
her!

An' leetle flames danced all about the chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crooknecks hung, and in amongst 'em  
rusted

The ole queen's-arm that gran'ther Young fetched back from  
Concord busted.

The very room, ooz she was in, seemed warm from floor to  
ceilin',

An' she looked full ez rosy agin ez the apples she was peelin'.

'T wss kin' o' kingdom come to look on sech a blessed cretur,

A dogrose blushin' to a brook sint modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1, clean grit an' human natur,

None could'nt quicker pitch a ton, nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals, he'd squired 'em, danced  
'em, druv 'em,

Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells,—all is, he couldn't love  
'em.

But long o' her, his veins 'ould run all crinkly, like curled  
maple,

The sid she breshed felt full o' sun ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice had sech a swing as hisn in the choir;

My! when he made Ole Hundred ring, she *knowed* the Lord  
was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer, when her new meet-  
in-' bunnet

Felt, somehow, thru its crown, a pair o' blue eyes sot upon it.  
 Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some*! she seemed to 've gut  
 a new soul,

For she felt sartin-sure he 'd come, down to her very shoe-  
 sole.

She heerd a foot, an' knowed it, 'tu, a-raspin' on the scraper,—  
 All ways to once her feelins' flew, like sparks in burnt-up  
 paper.

He kin' o' loitered on the mat, some doubtfe o' the sekle,  
 His heart kep' goin' pity-pat, but hern went pity-Zekle.

An' yit, she gin her cheer a jerk, ez though she wished him  
 funder,

An' on her apples kep' to work, parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?" "Wal—no—I come  
 designin'"—

"To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es agin to-morrer's  
 i'nin."

To say why gals act so or so, or don't, would be presumin';  
 Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no* comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust, then stood a spell on t'  
 other,

An' on which one he felt the wust, he couldn't ha' told ye,  
 nuther.

Says he, "I 'd better call agin." Says she, "Think likely  
 Mister."

That last word pricked him like a pin, an'—wal, he up an  
 kissed her.

When Ma, bimeby, upon 'em slips, Huldry sot, pale as ashes,  
 All kin' o' smily roun' the lips, an' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jest the quiet kind, whose naturs never vary  
 Like streams thet keep a summer mind snow-hid in Jenooary.  
 The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued too tight for all ex-  
 pressin',

Till mother see how matters stood, an' gin 'em both her  
 blessin'.

Then her red come back, like the tide down to the Bay o'  
 Fundy,

An' all I know is, they was cried in meetin' come nex' Sun  
 day.

## JONTEEL HOMME.

In Angleterre, I vas vat you call de emigrant; becane in de revolntion, ma foi! ven my countree, dat I love so much, vant to cut off my head, I take to my feet, and run away very fast, so dat de guillotine can no cut short my valk over de sea—not at all. Here I make the montre, vat you call the vatch. I am de horologer, de clock-maker, and get de living by de *tick*. Mais dans Paris, in my own countree, I vas very large man, indeed; vas nobleman, and stood very high indeed in de grand armee Royale.

De oder day, I vas valk in vat you call you Park, and dere I see sit on de bench, un pauvre homme. He seem very hungry, very cold; he looked very dirty, very ragged, and very poor, indeed—but he appear very jonteel man for all dat. I go to him, and I say to him—for I see in de twinkle of de eye he vas von Frenchman—vas my countree-man: “Mon ami, my friend, my countree-man, for vat you sit on dis bench here, vy you not go to de cook-shop, de restaurateur, vere dey eat de beef and de monton, and de sallad, and de pomme de terre?” He say to me: “I am brave Français, I am jontil homme,—I am one of de first men in all France, bnt I am sans sous, point d’argent, I have not one single farthing dans tout le monde, not a penny in all de vorld, and no credit at all.”

Den he show me his pockets filled vid very large holes, but noting else; but he appear a very jontil-homme for all dat. And all at vonce, immediately, instantment, in de half second, I recollect to have seen him in Paris, dress all in de silver and in de gold lace. Jontilhomme, or nobleman, I forget vich, but it vas all de same, I look again,—ma foi! he have no lace but de rags, and no silver but de gray hair dat grow out of de hole in de top of his hat, like you see de pigeon claw stick out of de pie,—but he vas a very jonteel homme for all dat.

He make de graceful bow to me. Mon Dieu! his knee come out of de pantaloons, and I see his great toe look at me out of de end of his boot. I say to him: My countree-man,

mon ami, no d'argent, no credit, no dinner! vat for you leave you logement, den?—vy you no take de refreshment, and de sleep in you bed? He say to me: “Ah, mon ami! I have no logement, no bed: I lodge in de open air, vere I pay no rent, and I sleep here: de bench is my matrass, and de tree dat hang over my head de curtain.” “Ma foi! no logement, no bed! pauvre homme, my heart is melt vid de great big pity for you. My friend, my countree-man, I shall take you home to my maison, and give you de diner and de sleep for de night. My landlady is very particulaire, she no like de stranger to sleep in her domicile; so, ve vill wait, and get de bon appetite till it is dark—den, you sall pull off you shoe, and ve vill steal up de stair, and nobody sall know dat you are dere.” Vell, ve valk under de tree, and talk of de grand restaurateur vere dey have de five hundred dishes for dinner, at de splendid palace of de great monarque a Versailles, till at last it grow to de dark night—den, ve steal home to my logement, and I open de door vid de littel key vat I have in my pocket; den I rub my shoe on de mat, and I leave de dirt; mon ami, my countree-man, he rub his shoe on de mat, and he leave de sole dere—but he vas a very jonteel homme for all dat. Ve have de littel joke on his loss of de sole; den I pull off my shoe, and dere is my stocking; mon ami, my countree-man, he pull off his shoe, and dere is only his foot: he have no stocking at all. Vell, ve have the littel joke because he have no stocking, and ve creep up de stair light as de feather, vidout anybody hear. Vell, ve get into my room, mon apartment, mon chambre a lit; dere I strike de light, make de fire, lay de cloth, and get my dinner from de cupboard. I pull out de large piece of bread, de neck of mouton dat vas boiled yesterday, and de great dish of soup dat I make hot; and I say: “Now, mon ami, my countree-man, ve vill have de dinner.” I get up for de cloth to put under my chin, dat I may no grease my frill vid de soup; ma foi! ven I come back to help myself dere is none!—mon ami, my countree-man, he has swallow it all up. Vell, ve have de littel joke about de soup, sure not to grease my frill now, and I go to take some mouton; ma foi dere is only de bones! mon ami, mon countree-man, he have eat up all de meat—but he vas a very jonteel man for all dat. Vell, ve

have de littel joke, and I laugh a littel, on de wrong side of my mouth, about my friend eat all de meat and leave me de bone: and I go to make shift vid de crust of bread—but, parbleu! dere is no bread at all! mon ami, my countree-man, he eat all de bread vwhile I eat de soup. Ve have not de littel joke dis time, and I content myself vid de cheese paring and de bit of salt. At last it come time to go to bed; and I say: “Mon ami, my countree-man, ve vill aller coucher, put our heads in de night-cap.” Vell, I pull off my coat, and dere is my vaist-coat; mon ami, my countree-man pull of his coat, ma foil, dere is no vaist-coat at all. I say: “Mon ami, my countree-man, dere is de old sack de man bring vid de pomme de terre. You shall make shift vid dat. Vell, he lay down on de potatoe sack, and I go to sleep.—In de morning I wake and look for mon ami, my countree-man;—and parbleu! he is no dere! I look and he is gone!—I say I say I will put on my clothes and see if he is down stairs. I look for my tings and parbleu dey is no dere, no more is my hat, nor my stocking, nor my shoe, nor my anyting: but dere is de chapeau vid de hole in de top, de pantaloons out of de knee, de shoe dat have no sole, and very littel body, and de greasy, rusty, ragged habit of mon ami, my countree-man. Vell, I say, he has dress himself in all my tings by mistake; he have no money no credit, no logement; he make shift and sleep in my potatoe sack; he get up vwhile I sleep and run away vid all my clothes; it is all very bad, ma foil—Vell! I make de fire vid his old clothes, and dey vere too bad for me, and I wrap myself up in de blanket and I tink I will go to vork; ven, parbleu! I find all de vatches dat vas left by my customers, because dey would not go, had all go vwhile I vas asleep! mon ami, my countree-man had taken dem vwhile I vas dormi, and I vas ruin, and oblige to run away—but he vas a very jonteel man for all dat.

BILLY AND BETTY.

As Billy and Betty were sparking one night,  
“Grammercy,” said he, and turned pale with affright;  
“Grammercy, dear Betty, a funeral is near,  
For a death-watch is ticking e’en now in my ear.”

Now Betty applied her left ear to his right,  
Pit-a-pat went her heart and her hair stood upright  
Now while she was listening it happen'd just then  
The clock in the parlor began to strike ten.

"I hear it," cried Betty, and panted for breath ;  
" 'Tis surely a death-watch, a token of death,  
Alas, for us all, what terrible signs,  
Tray howls every night and the tabby cat whines.

"To-day I was spinning, and out flew a coal  
And here in my bran new gown burnt a huge hole.  
Last week a hen crow'd, and to-day the cat dozed  
With one eye wide open and the other fast closed.

"Three times in the candle a coffin I've seen,  
Which signifies death, or pray what does it mean ?"  
"To be sure it means death," replied Will with a groan,  
"Some one in this house will be dead very soon.

"To-day when I put on the fire an old stick,  
A maggot was in it, I heard it go click.  
This moment a peach-tree is in second bloom,  
And the grass has decayed on the family tomb.

"Last night when I rode by the church-yard alone  
A whippoorwill sat on the marble tombstone.  
At that very instant a shooting star came  
Plump into the grave-yard and sparkled like flame."

"Oh ! dear," cried Betty, and seized Billy's arm :  
"Oh ! forgive me," said Will, "I don't mean any harm,  
But as I was saying, a death will take place,  
For the signs are as plain as the nose on my face.

"Last night while out riding, old Dobbin ne'er scares,  
By the gate of the church-yard, he pricked up his ears ;  
Then plunging aside—with a terrible snort—  
He stared at the yew-tree and breathed very short.

So I numbled a prayer, and my bosom I crossed,  
For I knew that old Dobbin was spying a ghost."  
"Oh! Billy, don't frighten me so,  
Good lack, don't you think the candle burns blue?"

"As blue as my coat, and I wish I may die  
If I don't smell brimstone." "Oh! dear, so do I."  
Now while they were staring with speechless affright  
A puff from the window extinguished their light.

Each started and screamed, but sad to relate,  
Their stools were capsized on the tail of the cat.  
The cat squalled aloud, and the lovers both roar'd,  
Which roused up a dog in the corner that snor'd.

And now there was barking, and mewing, and biting,  
And scratching, and squalling, and screaming, and fighting  
This moment the old negro ran into the room,  
And by the light of the fire was seen thro' the gloom.

They saw him half-clothed and blacker than night,  
With bright rolling eye-balls and teeth grinning white,  
And both in a panic dropt down on their knees,  
Crying, "Oh! sweet Mr. Devil, oh! pray if you please."

Old Cuffy replied, with a most ludicrous stare,  
"Why, I'ae not de debbil, I'ae Cuffy," "Why so you are!"  
Thus ended the uproar, and thus ends the wrong;  
In short, to be brief, one should never be long.

#### THE CLEARIN'.

"Then why do I sell it?" you ask me again,  
"Big cabin an' clearin, an' all?"  
Well, stranger, I'll tell you, though may be you'll think  
It an't any reason at all.



There's plenty of hardship in pioneer life,  
A hard-workin' stint at the best ;  
But I'd stick to it yet, if it wasn't for this,  
A heart like a log in my breast.

D'ye see, over there by the cotton-wood tree,  
A climbin' rose, close by a mound,  
Inside of a fence made of rough cedar boughs ?—  
Prairie wolves an't too good to come round—

Well, Hetty, my darling old woman, lies there ;  
Not very old either, you see ;  
She wa'n't more 'n twenty the year we come West ;  
She'd a been—comin' grass—thirty-three.

What a round little face an' a cheek like a peach  
She had, little Hetty, be sure !  
What courage to take me—she knew all the while  
I was friendless and terrible poor !

How she worked with a will at our first little hut,  
In the field and among garden stuff,  
Till her forehead was burned, and her poor little hand,  
Through its hardships, got rugged and rough.

But many a time, when I come in the door  
Quite sudden, I've found her just there,  
With eyelids all red, an' her face to the east—  
You see, all her own folks was there.

I cheered her, an' told her we'd go by and by,  
When the clearin' and plowin' was through ;  
And then came the baby—he wa'n't very strong,  
So that Hetty had plenty to do.

But after a while she got gloomy again ;  
She would hide in the corn-field to cry.  
We hadn't no meetin' to speak of, you see,  
No woman to talk to was nigh.

An' she wanted to show little Joe to the folks;  
She was hungry, I s'pose, for the sight  
Of faces she'd seen all the days of her life.  
That was natteral, stranger, an' right.

But just when she thought to go over the Plains  
The devils of Sioux was about;  
So poor Hetty waited a harvest or two,  
Through the summer of locusts and drought.

That left us poor people. The next coming spring  
Such a wearisome fever came round;  
An', stranger—hold on till I tell you —there now,  
It laid little Joe in the ground.

I know'd then I'd got to send Hetty off East,  
If I cared about keepin' her here;  
She pined to a shadder, an' moped by his grave,  
Though her eyes brighter grew, and more clear.

If you'd seen her poor face, when I told her I'd go  
And take her home visitin'! Well,  
I'll never forget how she put out her hands  
Into mine, an', fur joy, cried a spell.

She didn't feel strong though, that week or the next,  
An' the cough an' the fever increased;  
While softly she whispered—she couldn't speak loud—  
“ You'll take me hy'm-by to the East?”

\* \* \* \* \*

She never got East; any further than that,  
You see stranger, by the tree—that mound—  
But I'm goin' to take her and Joe, when I go,  
To her father's old buryin'-ground.

This, stranger, 's the reason I'm willin' to sell;  
You can buy at a bargain, you see;  
It's mighty good land fur a settler to own,  
But it looks like a graveyard to me.

## LOVE CAME FLYING IN AT THE WINDOW.

No, there's no use hunting for a husband. When your time has come, you'll marry. Some is marked out for it, and some isn't. Now there was Fenella Jackson; you'd hev thought if ever a gal was cut out to make a match, *she* was. But there she is, an old maid. Pretty and accomplished, engaged four or five times, but 'twasn't to be. And there's Jane Jones, that went out a dress-making for a living, and she's got the richest man in the town. There's no telling; and you can't fix things—they fix themselves.

My cousin, Neptany Ann, she was a widder, and she wasn't left very well off, and she was sort of good-lookin' and not more'n thirty; so she says right out and out, soon as her mourning was off: "I mean to marry again." And her relations they all thought 'twas quite sensible; but nobody proposed.

Then Neptany went to see her friends in Boston, and her friends in New York, and there it was the same thing. She went home to her own house, and didn't board nor visit any more, and stopped dressing up.

"I declare, Aunt Milliken," says she, "it's jest the funniest thing to me that I've got to set down and take care of myself when folks that a'n't no better than I be anyway, step off and settle down. There's Mrs. Flint—lean as a guide-post, married to Squire Becker; and Fanny Jones, she's making her wedding-dress; and here am I. What does it mean?"

"It means your time isn't come," says L. "If he's a coming he'll come if you go and sit on the top of a mountain. You may hunt the world over for your love, and just when you make up your mind you can't find him he'll come a flying in at the window."

"He'll have to come in a hurry if he's coming here," says Neptany, laughing; and just then, smash-bang-crash something came flying through the big bow window; and first we jumped up and shrieked, for what had come through the bow window was an elderly gentleman with a bald head. He'd

had his hat on when he came through, and when we'd picked him up we found he wasn't as much hurt as we should have expected.

Neptany was a master-hand to fix up folks that were sick of anything, and she managed beautifully, and I made him a big bowl of boneset tea straight off. And Neptany says to him :

"And now, sir, may I ask how it was you came flying through my window instead of knocking at my door?"

"I didn't fly, I was thrown," says he ; "I was riding a horse I didn't know. And the first thing I knew I was over his head."

"Might have killed you," says Neptany.

"Well," says he, "that wouldn't have made much difference. I'm only a miserable old bachelor. What good is a bachelor — lonely, unloved, uncared for;" and then he groaned, and I gave him another swig of boneset tea.

"Well," says Neptany Ann, "I've heard old bachelors complain before, but I never pity 'em. It's all their own fault. Why haven't they proposed to some nice, sensible girl, and settled down with a wife? Any man can get married. It's all in his own hands."

When she said that the old bachelor sat up on the sofa and brought his fist down on the table with a bang that made the new bowl of boneset I'd jest-filled up slop over.

"It isn't," says he. "I know people think so, but there's many and many a man that wants to get married and can't. There's a fate against it. Madam, I give you my word of honor that every girl I've ever proposed to has refused me."

"More fools they," says I.

"I think so too," says he. "I'm not a bad-looking man. And not one of all the girls I've asked but have said 'No!'"

"Your time hadn't come," says I.

"And it won't now," says he. "Why, I've known ugly men, crooked men, lazy men, all sorts of men, to get dear, loving, sweet, beautiful women for wives; and here am I. I'd like to know what's the matter with me."

"Your time hasn't come," says I.

"Such things are mysteries, as my poor, dear, late husband used to say," said Neptany Ann.

She just lugged his name in for a reason she had.

"Ah!" says the bachelor, pricking up his ears. "You're a widow, then?" "Yes," says Neptany.

"Now be candid; if I'd said to you, 'Ma'am, here I am; will you have me?' why, would you have said 'no?'"

"May be I shouldn't have said 'no,'" said Neptany.

"Yes you would," said the bachelor.

"I don't think I should," said Neptany. "You're quite good-looking; you've a warm heart and a way I like. Why should I?"

"I'll prove you would," said the bachelor, getting up from the lounge. "Now, ma'am, here I am. I haven't known you long, but you're a very handsome woman, and a good one, I'll bet. I offer you my hand and heart and fortune. Will you be my wife? Now!"

"But you are only joking, you see," says Neptany.

"No, I'm in earnest." "I make you a serious offer. Your friends, the Pimlicoës, may have spoken of me, Mr. Jobling. Now, will you have me?"

"Yes," said Neptany Ann. "Honestly 'yes?'" says he.

"Honestly 'yes,'" says Neptany.

I jest sat down on a rocking-chair, and says I:

"What did I say—hunt the world over for love, and you won't find him, and just as you lock your door he comes flying in at the window."

#### SWERTING'S REVENGE.

Oh, a warrior's feast was Swerting's—in his burg beside the Rhine;

There from gloomy iron bell-cups, they drank the Saxon wine,  
And the viands were served in iron up, in coldest iron all!  
And the sullen clash of iron arms resounded through the hall.

Uneasily sat Frotho there, the tyrant of the Danes; [chains  
With low'ring brow he quaffed his cup, then eyed the iron  
That hung and clanked like manacles at Swerting's arms and  
breast, [vest;  
And the iron studs and linked rings, that bossed his ducal

"What may this mean—this chilling gloom—sir duke—and  
 brother knights, [sights ?  
 Why meet I here such wintry cheer—such sorry sounds and  
 Out on your shirts of iron ! will ye hear to have it told  
 That I found ye thus, when Danish knights go clad in silks  
 and gold ?"

"King ! *gold* befits the freeman ; the *iron* marks the slave !  
 So thought and spoke our fathers, and their sons are just and  
 brave.

"But I came not here to hold a *parlé*, or tell a tristful tale ;  
 But to bid the dastard tremble, and to make the tyrant quail.  
 Oh, strong, sir king, is iron ; but the *heart* is stronger still ;  
 Nor earth, nor hell, can hold in thrall a people's mighty will."  
 While his words yet rang like cymbals, there strode into the  
 hall,

Twelve swarthy Saxon Rittersmen with flaming torches tall.  
 They stood to catch a signal glance, from Swerting's eagle eye ;  
 Then again they rushed out, waving their pitchy brands on  
 high.

The Danish king grows paler, yet he brims his goblet higher,  
 But the sultry hall is dark with smoke—he hears the hiss of  
 fire !

Up starts the king ; he turns to fly ; Duke Swerting holds him  
 fast, [the cast,

"Nay—golden king ! the dice are thrown, and thou must bide  
 If thy chains can fether *this* fell foe, the glory be thine own ;  
 Thine be the Saxon Isod for aye, and thine the Saxon throne !"  
 But hotter, hotter burns the air all through that lurid hall ;  
 And louder groan the blackened beams ; the crackling rafters  
 fall.

And Frotho writhes and rages ; fire stifling his quick gasp,  
 But strong and terrible as death, his foe maintains his grasp,  
 "Behold, thou haughty tyrant—behold, what *men* can dare !  
 So triumph such ! so perish, too, enslavers *everywhere* !"  
 And the billowy flames, while yet he speaks, come roaring  
 down the hall,  
 And the Fatherland is loosed for aye from Denmark's iron  
 thrall.

## PSALM CXXXVII.

(SCOTCH VERSION,) AS READ BY EDWARD IRVING.

By Babel's streams we sat and wept | when Zion we thought  
on ;

In midst thereof we hang'd our harps | the willow trees upon.  
For there a song required they, | who did us captive bring:  
Our spoilers call'd for mirth and said, | a song of Zion sing.

O how the Lord's song shall we sing | within a foreign land ?  
If thee, Jerusalem, I forget, | skill part from my right hand.  
My tongue to my mouth's roof let cleave, | if I do thee forget,  
Jerusalem, and thee above | my chief joy do not set.

Remember Edom's children, Lord, | who in Jerus'lem's days,  
Ev'n unto its foundation, | Raze, raze it quite, did say.  
O daughter thou of Babylon, | near to destruction ;  
Bless'd shall be he that thee rewards, | as thou to us hast done.

Yea, happy surely shall he be—thy tender little ones  
Who shall lay hold upon, and them | shall dash against the  
stones.

SLAIN AT SADOWA.—*Bloomfield Jackson.*

The cannon were belching their last  
O'er the fields where the routed were flying,  
And shouting pursuers strode fast  
Through the heaps of the dead and the dying.

War's rage was beginning to wane ;  
The fierce cared no longer to strike ;  
And the good stooped to soften the pain  
Of victors and vanquished alike.

A yellow-haired Austrian lad  
Lay at length on a shot-furrowed bank ;  
He was comely and daintily clad  
In the glittering dress of his rank.

Not so white, though, his coat as his cheek,  
Nor so red the sash, crossing his chest,  
As the horrible crimson streak  
Of blood that had welled from his breast!

His foes approached where he was laid,  
To bear him in reach of their skill;  
But he murmured, "Give others your aid;  
By our Fatherland! let me lie still."

At dawn they came searching again,  
To winnow the quick from the dead;  
The boy was set free from his pain,  
And his faithful young spirit had fled.

As they lifted his limbs from the ground,  
To hide them away out of sight,  
Lo! under his bosom they found  
The flag he had borne through the fight.

He had folded the silk he loved well,  
Lest a thread should be seen at his side:  
To wave it in triumph he fell;  
To save it from capture he died.

The head of the sternest was bared  
As they gazed on the shot-riven rag,  
And the hand of the hardest spared  
To make prey of that Austrian flag.

O'er the tomb of their brother they bowed,  
With a prayer for a spirit as brave;  
And they gave him the flag for a shroud  
In his narrow and nameless grave.



## THE CHILDREN IN THE MOON.

Hearken, child, unto a story !  
For the moon is in the sky,  
And across her shield of silver,  
See ! two tiny cloudlets fly.

Watch them closely, mark them sharply,  
As across the light they pass,—  
Seem they not to have the figures  
Of a little lad and lass ?

See, my child, across their shoulders  
Lies a little pole ! and lo !  
Yonder speck is just the bucket,  
Swinging softly to and fro.

It is said, these little children,  
Many and many a Summer night,  
To a little well far northward  
Wandered in the still moonlight.

To the wayside well they trotted,  
Filled their little buckets there,  
And the Moon-man looking downwards,  
Saw how beautiful they were.

Quoth the man, " How vexed and sulky  
Looks the little rosy boy !  
But the little handsome maiden  
Trips behind him full of joy.

To the well behind the hedgerow  
Trot the little lad and maiden ;  
From the well behind the hedgerow  
Now the little pail is laden.

How they please me ! how they tempt me !  
Shall I snatch them up to night ?  
Snatch them, set them here for ever,  
In the middle of my light ?

Children, ay, and children's children  
Should behold my babes on high,  
And my babes should smile for ever,  
Calling others to the sky! "

Thus the philosophic Moon-man  
Muttered many years ago,  
Set the babes with pole and bucket,  
To delight the folks below.

Never is the bucket empty,  
Never are the children old;  
Ever when the moon is shining  
We the children may behold.

Ever young and ever little,  
Ever sweet and ever fair!  
When thou art a man, my darling,  
Still the children will be there!

Ever young, and ever little,  
They will smile when thou art old!  
When thy locks are thin and silver  
Theirs will still be shining gold.

They will haunt you from their heaven,  
Softly beckoning down the gloom—  
Smiling in eternal sweetness  
On thy cradle, on thy tomb!

#### MAUD AND MADGE.

They sat and combed their beautiful hair,  
Their long bright tresses, one by one,  
As they laughed and talked in their chamber there,  
After the revel was done.

Idly they talked of waltz and quadrille,  
Idly they laughed like other girls,  
Who over fire, when all is still,  
Comb out their braids and curls.

Robes of satin, and Brussels lace,  
Knots of flowers, and ribbons too,  
Scattered about in every place,  
For the revel is through.

And Maud and Madge, in robes of white,  
The prettiest night-gowns under the sun,  
Stockingless, slipperless, sit in the night,  
For the revel is done :—

Sit and comb their beautiful hair,  
Those wonderful waves of brown and gold,  
Till the fire is out in the chamber there,  
And the little bare feet are cold :

Then out of the gathering winter chill,  
All out of the bitter St. Agnes weather,  
While the fire is out and the house is still,  
Maud and Madge together,—

Maud and Madge, in robes of white,  
The prettiest night-gowns under the sun,  
Curtained away from the chilly night  
After the revel is done,—

Float along in a splended dream,  
To a golden gittern's tinkling tune,  
While a thousand lusters shimmering stream  
In a palace's grand saloon.

Flashing of jewels and flutter of laces,  
Tropical odors sweeter than musk,  
Men and women with beautiful faces,  
And eyes of tropical dusk.

And one face shining out like a star,  
One face haunting the dreams of each,  
And one voice, sweeter than others are,  
Breaking in silvery speech ;

Telling through lips of bearded bloom  
An old, old story over again,  
As down the royal bannered room,  
To the golden gittern's strain,

Two and two they dreamily walk,  
While an unseen spirit walks beside,  
And, all unheard in the lover's talk,  
He claimeth one for his bride.

O Maud and Madge, dream on together,  
With never a pang of jealous fear !  
For, ere the bitter St. Agnes weather  
Shall whiten another year,

Robed for the bridal and robed for the tomb,  
Braided brown hair and golden tress,  
There'll be only one of you left for the bloom  
Of the bearded lips to press.

Only one for the bridal pearls,  
The robe of satin and Brussels lace—  
Only one to blush through her curls  
At the sight of a lover's face.

O beautiful Madge, in your bridal white !  
For you the revel has just begun ;  
But for her who sleeps in your arms to-night,  
The revel of Life is done !

But robed and crowned with your saintly bliss,  
Queen of Heaven and bride of the sun,  
O beautiful Maud, you'll never miss  
The kisses another hath won.

# CLASSES—READINGS.

---

Persons desirous of forming classes for instruction, or wishing an evening's ENTERTAINMENT of READINGS for the public, or in the social circle, are respectfully requested to address—

J. E. FROBISHER,

NEW YORK.

---

## TESTIMONIALS.

---

Odd-Fellow's Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, last night, to hear Mr. FROBISHER and his class. All our teachers have taken lessons, beside a many pupils in the High and Ward schools.—*Zanesville Courier*.

We most cordially commend him as an able, efficient, and faithful teacher.—*Graduating Class and Juniors, Dartmouth College*.

Mr. FROBISHER has given entire satisfaction, and we heartily recommend him as a very able teacher.—*Students of Kenyon College*.

In our opinion he has few equals in this noble art, and we therefore commend him as a successful and industrious teacher.—*Under Graduates and Students of Franklin College*.

His Lecture before the Teacher's Association was received with rapturous applause. All were delighted.—*Cleveland Daily Herald*.

We cheerfully recommend him as an efficient and faithful teacher of Elocution.—*Students of Victoria College, Canada*.

Mr. FROBISHER delivered his Lecture before the Institute to a delighted audience.—*Port-Hope Guide, Canada*.

---

Mr. and Mrs. FROBISHER gave their second entertainment before a large and well-filled house, and were loudly applauded. "Hagar," by Mrs. FROBISHER, drew tears from the audience. Mr. FROBISHER has formed a number of classes, several of which are composed of young ladies. He has a large one of the members of the Ontario Literary Society, which gives fine satisfaction.—*Toronto Daily Globe, Canada.*

Mr. FROBISHER has been lecturing for the last three nights to the largest audiences. One minute you could hear a pin drop, and the next his voice would be drowned in thunders of applause.—*Bowmanville Statesman, Canada.*

As a whole, the Lecture and Readings by Mr. and Mrs. FROBISHER were superior to anything of the kind we have had in Toronto for a considerable period. Mr. FROBISHER is a lineal descendant of the great navigator, Sir MARTIN FROBISHER, of the time of Queen Elizabeth.—*Toronto Daily Globe, Canada.*

The Readings were of the highest order, and the applause which so continually broke in upon them must have been very encouraging to Mr. FROBISHER.—*Boston Daily Courier.*

Professor FROBISHER is a strong advocate of the natural system of delivery, and affords in himself an excellent example of its superiority. His "Bells" are exceedingly effective, and evince an astonishing power over the voice.—*Montreal Daily Gazette.*

#### DAILY PAPERS OF NEW YORK CITY.

Dodworth's Hall was filled by an appreciative audience. The entertainment was a decided success.—*World.*

The Readings at Dodworth Hall were attended by a highly intelligent audience, completely filling the room. The pieces were well selected, and were received with enthusiastic applause.—*Tribune.*

The Readings by Professor FROBISHER, at Dodworth Hall, were well attended, and proved one of the most successful entertainments of the kind that has been given for some time.—*Times.*













